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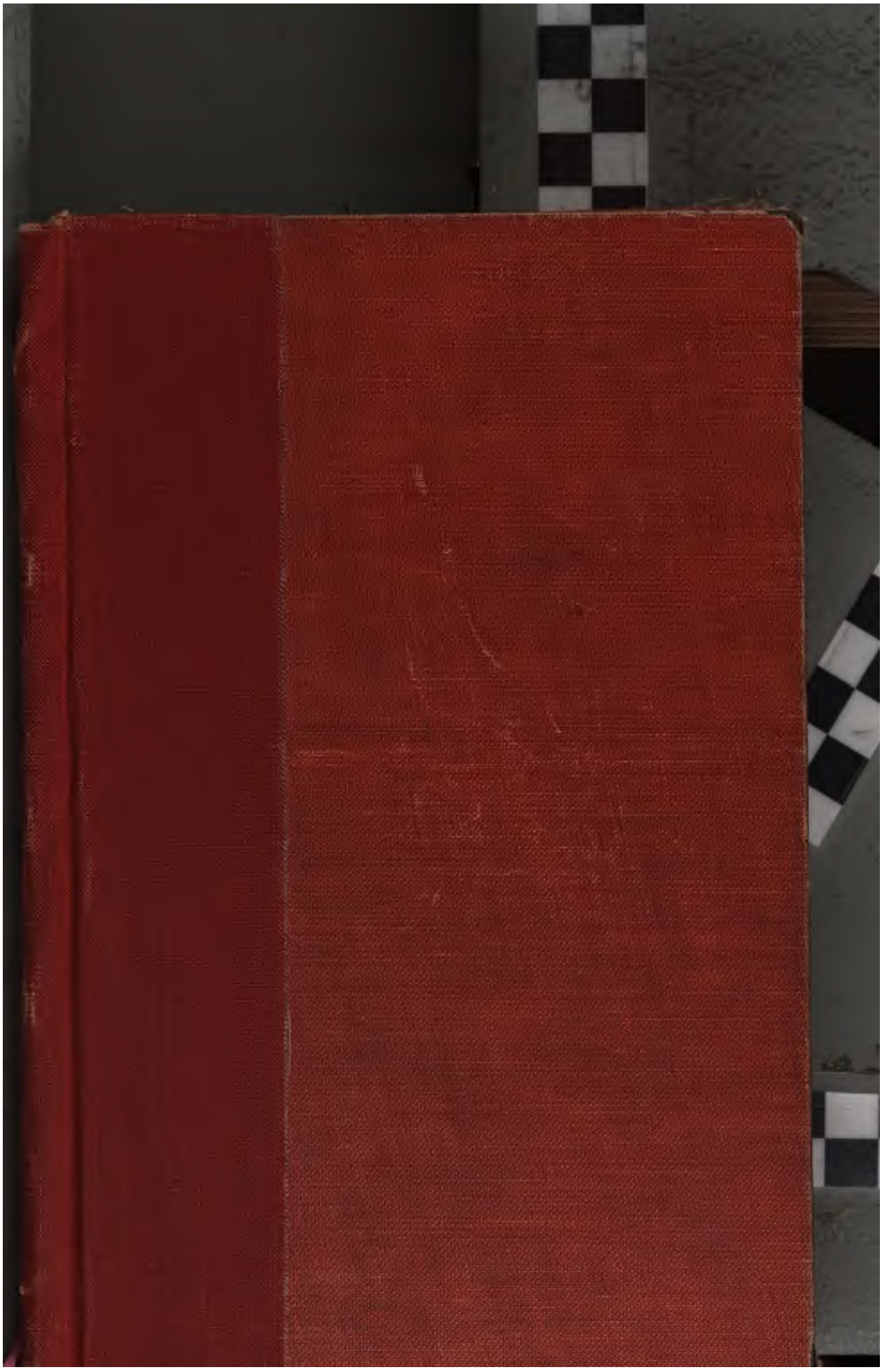

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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a N
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting l
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn the
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs comp
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens w
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe be
Mark by what wretched ſteps ~~their~~ Great * * *
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Veni
~~In each~~ One equal court, how Guilt and Greatneſs ~~equ~~
And all that rais'd the Hero ſunk the
Now Europe's Lawrels on ~~their~~ his brow
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang
Then ſee ~~them~~ him broke with Toils, or l
r infamous for *plunder'd* Provinces.

me,
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and great,
at!
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ay,
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roſe;
I ran,
Man. 290
behold,
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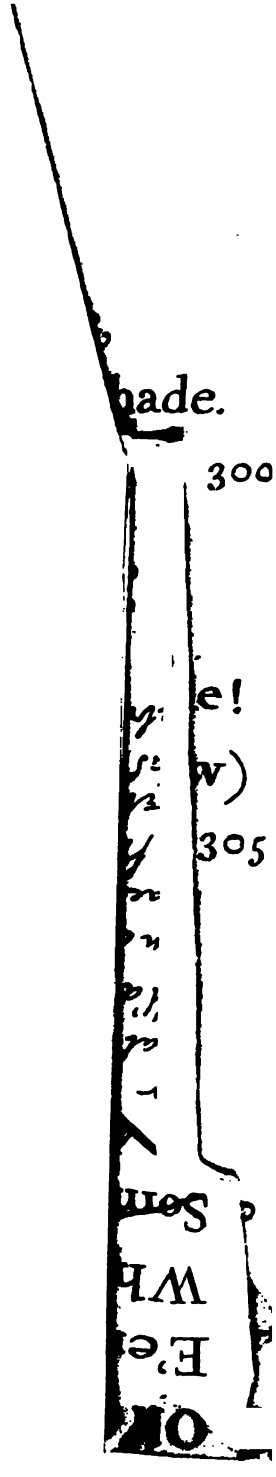
in Eaſe,



THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS.

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,

AND

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A.

VOL. III.

POETRY.—VOL. III.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
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This Volume is Dedicated

TO

P. F. WILLERT, Esq., M.A.,

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,

IN TOKEN OF

A LONG FRIENDSHIP CONFIRMED BY MANY COMMON

ASSOCIATIONS, TASTES, AND SYMPATHIES.

PREFACE.

In assuming the responsibility for the completion of this edition of Pope's writings, I must express a regret, which, I am confident, will be shared by all students of Pope, that unavoidable circumstances should have prevented the work from being finished by the hand which has already impressed upon it so distinct a character. Perhaps only a succeeding editor, after a painful experience of the perplexed, and almost hopeless, labyrinth of doubt and mystery, by which most of Pope's dealings are surrounded, can appreciate the full extent to which English literature has suffered by the loss of Mr. Elwin's patient and accurate investigations. I may, however, be permitted to hope that the reader, though he has been deprived of a knowledge and judgment which cannot be replaced, and though he may hereafter meet with opinions differing to some extent from those which have been expressed in the earlier part of the work, will have no reason to complain of any breach of continuity in the *method* in which the evi*dence, whether* it tells against

Pope or in his favour, is laid before him for consideration.

For the help I have received in a laborious task I have many acknowledgments to make. I cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Elwin for the patient kindness he has shown in answering the enquiries I have from time to time had occasion to make of him, for the valuable information with which he has furnished me, and for his liberality in allowing me to use his transcript of the Chauncy MS., which throws so much light on the meaning of Pope's satires. At the same time I desire very gratefully to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy I have met with from Mr. R. Garnett, Superintendent of the Reading Room at the British Museum, whose wide acquaintance with books, always generously placed at my disposal, has been of material assistance to me; and from Mr. E. M. Thompson, Keeper of the MSS. in the Museum, who has given me every facility for obtaining the facsimile of the draft of the Epistle to Jervas, which is inserted in this volume. My friend, the Rev. E. C. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington College, has been good enough to revise some interpretations of difficult passages in Horace, which I submitted to his judgment; and Mr. E. Ford, of Old Park, Enfield, has given me several valuable references, illustrating from an antiquarian point of view the meaning of Pope's text.

To previous labourers in the same field of literature my obligations are numerous. Much of the information in this volume has of course been extracted from the earlier library editions; but much is also derived from contemporary sources. Nothing testifies more strongly to the enduring popularity of Pope's poetry, than the care and ability which have been expended on the cheaper editions of his works. The edition of the late Mr. Carruthers is noteworthy, not only for the extent and general accuracy of the information which it produces in a popular form, but also as being the first edition in which the conflicting evidence as to Pope's character is subjected to anything like a rigorous examination. The excellent Globe edition, the work of Professor Ward, is too well known to require notice from me; and the same may be said of the admirable notes on the Satires, written by the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and published by the Clarendon Press, which ought to be in the hands of every student of Pope. Of Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Pope' in the 'English Men of Letters' series, I have said more in my General Introduction, and while dissenting decidedly from some of his conclusions, I gladly take the opportunity of acknowledging the advantage I have derived from the great literary ability with which he has reduced very stubborn materials into a readable and popular shape. To him, as to the other writers I have mentioned,

I owe more than can appear on the surface; but whenever any of the information in my commentary has been consciously obtained solely from external sources, I have indicated the quarter from which it comes; those notes, which, from the exercise of independent judgment, memory, or research, I have felt might be considered as my own, are left unsigned.

W. J. C.

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ERRATA.

Page 145. After note 2, *add:* From Dryden, "Absalom and Achitophel," v. 620.

Page 223. *Dele* words "If it was written, as Pope pretends, when he was only seventeen (see note 1, p. 217), Teresa Blount would have been at that date a mere child"; this statement being inaccurate.

Page 285, in the seventh line from the top of the page, *instead of* "Lady Deloraine continued in the family of the young princesses," *read* "Miss Mackenzie continued," &c.

Page 304. *Instead of* "This Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, 3rd July, 1734–5," *read* "This Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, 3rd July, 1734."

Page 342, note 4. *Instead of* 1725, *read* 1723.

Page 473, v. 30. *Instead of*

"Admit your law to spare the knight requires?"

read

"Admit *your law to spare* the knight requires,"

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

MORAL ESSAYS AND SATIRES.

THE study of Satire is full in an almost equal proportion of fascination and difficulty. A satirical poet draws his materials not from the lasting forms and images of the unseen world, but from the actions, manners, and fashions of his own passing age. As a master of expression he preserves in his verse the life of the past in a state of suspended animation, and the reader, who possesses a perfect key to his meaning, may therefore hope to recover the image of a vanished society, as it appeared to the mind of a poet, claiming in a special sense to represent Truth. But to arrive at the exact meaning of the satirist is a matter of difficulty, since the effect of his portrait is produced by a thousand shades and touches of personal allusion, the significance of which has been obscured by the lapse of time. And even supposing that the sense of his text is fully grasped, there is still a doubt how far his satire itself is just. All satirists have been doomed to suffer from a suspicion that their moral zeal is not so disinterested as they pretend. Juvenal's descriptions of vice are thought to be exaggerated for the sake of poetical effect; Horace was accused of indulging his love of ridicule; Boileau had to defend himself from the charge of envy. It is at least a question whether the indictment, brought against the satirist by his contemporaries, is not as well founded as that which he himself brings against his age.

In the Satires of Pope, all these doubts and difficulties are experienced in an aggravated form. In the first place, he

unites in himself the various characteristics of all his predecessors. His satiric writings comprehend the Moral Essays, the Imitations of Horace, the so-called Prologue and Epilogue to the Satires, and the Dunciad; and in these several poems he is by turns philosophical like Persius, autobiographical like Horace, an assailant of social corruption like Juvenal, and a scourge of literary pretenders like Boileau. Moreover, his account of his motives varies as much as his manner. At one time he speaks of himself as driven to satire by the bent of his genius:

> Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
> *Imitation of Horace*, Sat. i. 2, 14.

At another moment he protests that he resorts to it only in self-defence:

> Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more,
> But touch me, and no minister so sore.—*Ibid.*, v. 75.

And, in yet another mood, he professes himself a plain moral reformer:

> Ask you what provocation I have had?
> The strong antipathy of good to bad.
> *Epilogue to Satires*, ii. 197.

But, besides this inconsistency with himself, the evidence proves incontestably that, with regard to the second of the motives thus alleged, he was himself the first aggressor in many of the quarrels in which he was engaged, and that, as to the third, a large element of personal or party feeling underlies his most solemn protestations of public spirit. Add to this his unconquerable propensity to mystification and intrigue. He was, as Lady Bolingbroke said, 'un politique aux choux et aux raves.' The obscurity of personal allusion, which is a paramount difficulty in all satire, becomes almost desperate in Pope, from his habit of veiling his personal allusions under fictitious names or initial letters. Even in his own day the practice was felt to be an objection, and we find Swift making his protest against it on three several occasions. On the appearance of the Dunciad, the Dean writes to Pope (16 July, 1728):

"The notes I could wish to be very large in what relates to the *persons* concerned, for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages:—I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts would not be understood till an explanation came out, and a very full one. Again I insist you must have your asterisks filled up with the real names of the real dunces."

Swift's advice was followed with regard to the dunces; but in the subsequent satires, when more formidable persons were attacked, Pope, whether from caution or a desire to stimulate curiosity, reverted to his old practice of 'hints and initial letters.' Once more Swift remonstrated (December, 1732):

"Your poem on the 'Use of Riches' has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length where I happened to know them, and writ explanatory notes, which, however, would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am."

And again he writes to Alderman Barber, 8th August, 1738:

"I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem 'MDCCXXXVIII.,' called 'Dialogue II.,' but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters."

If this was the feeling of an intimate friend of Pope's, living always within reach of an explanation of difficulties, how much more must it be ours, to whom the things and persons described in these satires are at most but images, and who can only grope among the obscurities of the text by the light of research and conjecture! How can we hope, nearly one hundred and forty years after Pope's death, to appreciate rightly the numerous judgments passed by him on his contem-

poraries, to reconcile the inconsistencies in his own account of himself, to penetrate the motives which led him to make constant changes in the various editions of his Satires and Moral Essays, to alter the names of the persons satirised, and to perplex the plain meaning of his text by the ambiguities and equivocations of his notes?

Problems such as these ought at least to receive the most careful and dispassionate examination of the commentator; yet, though the numerous editors of Pope have been almost all men of more than average ability, their remarks are disfigured by an appearance of acrimony and party spirit. The reason is that Pope himself has made it almost impossible to consider the nature of his poetical genius apart from his moral character. Whenever he was hard pressed by the many assailants whom his satire provoked, he was in the habit of falling back on his reputation for integrity and virtue, while his enemies on their side were never wearied of pointing out the wide difference between his professions and his practice. The conflict was prolonged beyond his life. Within a very short period after his death, Bolingbroke, his most intimate friend, employed Mallet, another of his favoured acquaintance, to blast his reputation; and, in indirect answer to Mallet's charges, appeared the edition of his works by Warburton, the preface to which was evidently intended as a defence of the poet:

"To have been one of the first poets in the world," says the editor, "is but his second praise. He was in a higher class. He was one of the *noblest works of God*. He was an *honest Man*. A man who alone possessed more real virtue than in very corrupt times, needing a satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life will be contained a large account of his writings; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his genius, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his moral character exemplified by his more distinguished virtues."

Warburton's commentary on the text, written in the same

spirit of moral and critical adulation, naturally provoked opposition from those who were inclined to take a less favourable view of the poet's character and genius. Hence a succession of editors arose, each bent on establishing his own view, and demolishing that of his immediate predecessor; and thus, amid a conflict of theories on matters which were almost beyond the reach of evidence, a considerable portion of the poet's text, which might have been explained by those who lived nearest to his own time, has been left, as of merely secondary interest, to the tender mercies of modern conjecture. Ungrateful as it may seem for an editor to find fault with the work of his predecessors, it is necessary at this point to dwell with some detail on their shortcomings, in order that the reader may judge with what caution all commentaries on Pope's satires should be approached, and more especially the edition of Warburton, from whose original stem the whole controversy on Pope's genius has been gradually developed.

Pope, by his will, left to Warburton the property in all such of his 'works already printed as he hath written or shall write commentaries or notes upon; and all the profits from editions as he shall publish without future alterations.' Warburton had first attracted Pope's attention by his defence of the Essay on Man, and had afterwards written a commentary on the Essay on Criticism. Struck with the ability which he showed, Pope determined to make further use of him, and he did so in a very characteristic fashion. In a letter dated 27 November, 1742, he writes to him:

"A project has arisen in my mind to make you in some measure the editor of the new edition of the 'Dunciad,' if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude or advertisement to the public of your commentaries on the Essays on 'Man,' and on 'Criticism,' which I propose to print next, in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous

a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies."

Warburton made no objection to this proposal, and consented to appear before the public as the author of notes which had really been written by Pope, a curious illustration of the literary unscrupulousness of both Poet and Editor, for which the former eventually paid a heavy penalty. When Pope made his will, he had expected that Warburton would be as eager to uphold his poetical credit with the public as the latter had shown himself when he wrote his apology for the Essay on Man. But Warburton was not a man to lose sight of his own interest in single-hearted zeal for another, and his circumstances, when he published his edition of the poet's works, were materially different from those in which he undertook his defence against Crousaz. At the earlier date notoriety was his object; in 1751 he had not only established his reputation as a writer, but was in a fair way to promotion in the Church. It would have been contrary to his interest to throw himself heart and soul into the business of explaining, illustrating, and defending all the keen personal and political satires of his author, and he accordingly contented himself with attaching to the text, tedious panegyrical commentaries, which rather obscured than explained the poet's sense. As to the personal and allusive portions of the satires he endeavoured to slur them over by assuming, after his fashion, an air of arrogant superiority. For instance the following passage occurs in the Epistle to Murray:

> His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds,
> Asked for a groat he gives a hundred pounds;
> Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
> Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.—Ver. 85–88.

It is exceedingly important to know why Pope uses the name 'Timon' here, and who was intended by it; while the incident of the 'three ladies' deserves explanation as a curious illustration of contemporary manners. All however that Warburton vouchsafes to say upon the subject is:

"The common reader I am sensible will be always more solicitous about the names of these three ladies, the unlucky play, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our author's sense or the illustration of his poetry, even when he is more moral or sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings."

These extravagant pretensions sufficed to relieve Warburton from the duty of explaining obscure personal allusions in the text, but could not extricate him from the difficulty of commenting on Satires reflecting directly on the Court. To make his task less ungrateful, he did not hesitate—as the following evidence will prove almost to certainty—to pervert and misinterpret the sense of the poems which had been entrusted to his care. In the Epilogue to the Satires, Pope, with bitter irony, represents the Queen forgiving the Prince of Wales on her death-bed, it being notorious that she had then refused him her pardon:

> Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
> And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
> All parts performed, *and all her children blest.*—Dialogue i. 82.

These lines (though not published in the poem in its separate folio form) occur in the volume of collected poems printed in 1738, and in all subsequent editions, *without any note*, but in Warburton's edition of 1751, the following note is appended:—

"Carolina, Queen Consort to George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution."—POPE.

It would of course have been quite in Pope's manner to guard himself by veiling the satire of the text under the commendations of a foot-note, but if that had been his intention, the note would have appeared in the early editions of his Satires. Time, however, would have rendered such a precaution unnecessary, and we may be certain that the poet would

not have been anxious in 1743–4 (when he prepared, with the aid of Warburton, the edition which after his death was suppressed) to mislead the reader as to his real meaning. We are driven therefore to conclude that the note was manufactured by Warburton, for the purpose of obscuring the sense, and of introducing his own acknowledged note, which runs thus:

"How highly our poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his letters to Mr. Allen, written at that time; in which, amongst others equally respectful, are the following words: 'The Queen showed by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears.'"—WARBURTON.

Whatever Pope may have written to Allen in private, Warburton must have known perfectly well that the Epilogue to the Satires was designed to promote the cause of the Opposition, who in 1738 were rallying round the Prince of Wales. His note, with others equally tending to mitigate Pope's Satires on the Court, was inserted in his own interest, and doubtless served its purpose, for in 1753 he obtained a prebend at Gloucester, in 1755 one at Durham; while in 1755 he was made King's Chaplain, and in 1757 Dean of Bristol.

But this is not the worst. To gratify his own private resentments Warburton did not scruple to misrepresent Pope's intentions with regard to persons who were still alive. It is well known that the Allens were on bad terms with Martha Blount, and Warburton, who had married the niece of the former, so far entered into the quarrel as to endeavour to deprive Pope's favourite of one of the most precious compliments which the poet had paid her. The Epistle on the Characters of Women was addressed 'To a Lady,' who was generally understood to be Martha Blount; and indeed Pope himself, with an evident reference to her, says in a letter to Swift (16th February, 1733):

"Your lady-friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character, which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef-d'œuvre;* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire and so willing to misapply characters."

Warburton, taking advantage of his position as editor, sought to deprive Martha Blount of the honour which the poet had intended for her, and in a note on the very first line of the poem calls attention to the conclusion:

"Let me not omit to observe the great beauty of the conclusion: it is an encomium on an *imaginary* lady to whom the Epistle is addressed."

The character of the address referred to testifies in itself to the absurdity of this statement, which is also in direct contradiction to Pope's own declaration to Swift. Warburton's *animus* is plainly shown in his note on the apostrophe to the *imaginary* lady (Moral Essays, ii. 259):

"The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, created out of the poet's imagination: who therefore feigned those circumstances of a husband, a daughter, and *love for a sister*, to prevent her being mistaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did as the ancient poets were wont when they had made their Muse, invoke and address his poem to her."

Warburton went still further. Under cover of Pope's prestige as a satirist, he made attacks on persons with whom the poet had no quarrel, but who had given some offence to himself. Thus, in his edition of 1751, in a note on the line in the New Dunciad,

Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

he implies that Edwards, the author of 'Canons of Criticism,' is intended. No mention is made of Edwards in the edition of 1743, the last published during Pope's lifetime; indeed, he was at that date unheard of. But in 1747 Warburton brought out his edition of Shakespeare, and this work Edwards,

in his 'Canons of Criticism,' published a few months afterwards, handled pretty severely. Warburton was much nettled, and avenged himself by the reference to Edwards in the above-mentioned note. His animosity against his critic even caused him to delay the publication of his edition of Pope, as we find from a letter of Horace Walpole to Montagu, dated 15th June, 1751:

"Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week. * * * I am told the edition has waited, because he had cancelled above one hundred sheets (on which he had written notes) since the publication of Edwards' 'Canons of Criticism.'"

The rumour as to the number of sheets cancelled is of course a great exaggeration, but the papers left by Warburton show that cancels were actually made for the purpose mentioned by Walpole.

Besides Edwards, Warburton had designed punishments for other of his personal enemies in the notes to the Dunciad. In a letter written to Hurd, 10th February, 1750, together with which he sends him a copy of that edition of the 'Dunciad' which was printed to supply the market while the general edition of the works was preparing, he says:

"In this there is *a new Dunce or two that came in my way;* but I shall have a general reckoning with them, which I hope you will not think unsuitable to my character, and then adieu to the Dunces for ever."

One of these 'new Dunces' was Dr. John Burton, of Eton, who seems to have given offence to Warburton by a 'saucy joke' about Allen, with whom he had been staying. Bishop Hurd informs us that "Burton was, at the intercession of Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, left out in the general edition of all Mr. Pope's works in 1751."[1]

It will thus be seen that Warburton not only slurred over the explanation of difficult passages in Pope's text, but that to promote his interest, or to gratify his spite, he did not scruple to misrepresent the plain intention of his author, and to introduce

[1] Letters from a Late Eminent Prelate to One of his Friends, p. 43.

into his notes irrelevant sarcasms of his own. Such a perversion of his trust of course raises the further presumption that he may have tampered with the text itself, which we know differs in several important respects from all the editions published in Pope's lifetime. The account Warburton gives of the circumstances, under which the first Moral Essay was recast, is not intrinsically probable; and it will be generally allowed that the alteration in the form of the Third Essay, from an Epistle to a Dialogue, shows bad judgment. Neither of these changes was effected in any of the editions published under the superintendence of the poet himself; yet Warburton after 1740 was in constant communication with the latter, and according to his own account objected to the original form of what is now the First Moral Essay when 'at the author's desire he *first examined* this Epistle.' Warburton however acquired great influence over Pope by the service which he rendered him in defending the Essay on Man; and in the absence of the suppressed edition which Pope prepared just before his death in conjunction with Warburton, and which would have removed all doubts upon the subject, we must conclude that, as far as the text is concerned, the first editor did not so far venture to depart from the terms of the will, which made his property in the poems conditional on their being published without alterations, as to make changes in the form of the Moral Essays on his own responsibility. The same consideration must also forbid us to entertain the very natural suspicion that, after Pope's death, and without authority from him, he altered the references to 'Reverend Sutton' [Moral Essays, iii. v. 106 and note; Epilogue to Satires, i. v. 16 and note] made in two of the poems as originally published, in order to spare a man to whom he himself was under considerable obligations.[1]

Quite enough evidence, however, remains of the untrust-

[1] Since the above was written I have found, by reference to the unpublished correspondence between Pope and Warburton in the British Museum, that Pope consented to remove Sutton's name.

worthiness of Warburton's work to make us deplore the fact that his edition should have been taken as the starting-point for all succeeding investigations. Warton—who gives as his reason for undertaking his own edition, 'the universal complaint that Dr. Warburton had disfigured and disgraced his edition with many forced and far-sought interpolations, totally unsupported by the passages they were brought to elucidate,'—did much less than might have been expected from his opportunities towards clearing up the difficulties of the text. He reproduced many of Warburton's most useless notes, and if he did not imitate the turgid comments of the first editor, he equalled or even surpassed him in the irrelevancy of his observations. His reading was wide and miscellaneous, and he was more anxious to display this, than to illustrate the meaning of his text. The mixture of indolence and ostentation which 'disfigures' his edition may be inferred from the following instance. In his Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, Pope says:

> When *servile chaplains* cry that birth and place
> Endue a *peer* with honour, truth, and grace;
> Look in that breast, most dirty D——! be fair,
> Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
> Yet still not heeding what your heart can teach,
> You go to church to hear those flatterers preach:
> Indeed could wealth bestow, or wit, or merit,
> A grain of courage or a spark of spirit;
> The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
> If D * * * loved sixpence more than he.—v. 220.

Upon which Warton remarks:

"I have in vain searched for the name to which this blank belongs. Of all sorts of writing, personal satire is not only the most unintelligible but the most short-lived. How many of the characters to whom La Bruyère alludes are unknown! Theodor is Santeuil; Menelaus, Count de Brancas. It was long before it was understood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71st maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan: in his 342nd maxim the D. d'Espernon; and in his 393rd, M. Le Tellier: and in maxim 200, he has a conversation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any subject but

poetry and criticism. Three parts of Hudibras are become unintelligible."

Thus, very characteristically, Warton endeavours to cover his ignorance of what the readers of Pope wished to know, by displaying his knowledge of what they did not care to know at all. And yet all the time the key to the problem lay under his very eyes. Warburton, who knew what name was intended, though he did not care to explain the allusion, had already informed the world that the 'servile chaplain' was Dr. Kennett; and with such a hint Warton ought to have been as well able as Gilbert Wakefield (who published his notes on Pope soon after Warton's edition had appeared) to fill up the blanks. Other and equally ill-founded complaints of Warton as to the unintelligible character of personal satire in general, and of Pope's in particular, may be found in his notes to Dunciad, iv. 511, and to Imitation of Horace, Epistle i., Book i. v. 88. His somewhat gossiping turn of character is shown in his manner of imparting the special information at his disposal, which he simply retails as he received it, without attempting to sift the nature of the evidence, even where it most gravely affects the character of the poet. He was the first to give authority, in a loosely worded note, to the story that Pope received £1000 from the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character of Atossa; a charge which, if established, constitutes, as he says, 'the greatest blemish in our Poet's moral character,' but the truth of which he makes not the slightest effort to examine. The general tendency of Warton's edition is to correct the extravagant idea of Pope's genius which had been raised by the panegyrics of Warburton.

Bowles, who had been Warton's pupil at Winchester, and who constituted himself his master's successor in disparaging the genius of Pope, was the first of the poet's editors to make any attempt at explaining the obscurities of the text. His edition, published in 1806, preserved the principal notes of Warburton and Warton, and included an Essay in which both the moral and the poetical character of Pope were subjected to

a somewhat unfavourable examination. Out of this Essay grew the great Pope controversy between Bowles on the one hand, and Byron, Campbell, Disraeli, and Roscoe on the other, which first showed by what mysteries the poet's life and works were surrounded. Bowles, however, did not himself contribute greatly towards the elucidation of difficulties. He accepted without question the *bona fides* of Warburton; was as much in the dark as Warton respecting the personal allusions which had puzzled the latter; and was occasionally led into mistakes by his eagerness to make out a case against the poet's moral character. Thus he rests part of his hypothesis, concerning the liaison between Pope and Martha Blount, upon the supposed relationship of the latter to Pope's correspondent Edward Blount, who was connected only in the most remote antiquity with the family of Mapledurham. Nevertheless, though he was often wrong, and though his general view of the poet is too much coloured with animosity, Bowles may fairly lay claim to having exposed certain features in Pope's real character, which had been altogether disguised in the pompous panegyrics of Warburton.

Roscoe published his edition in 1824, avowedly in correction of the iconoclasm of Bowles. The view of the poet which he presents may be said to be more remote from the truth than that of any of the preceding editors. Pope, in Roscoe's judgment, could not possibly fail in respect of gratitude or manliness; and accordingly he labours to prove, in the teeth of the evidence, that Bufo was not meant for Halifax, or Sappho for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Nor is he much more careful of facts, even where they tell in favour of his hero. He is indignant, on abstract moral grounds, with Bowles, for suggesting that Martha Blount became less strict in her conduct after the *death of her brother;* but he never discovers that Edward Blount was not her brother at all. In fact it may be said that where Roscoe adds to the commentary which he compiled from the editions of Warburton, Warton, and Bowles, the tendency of his notes is generally to obscure and mislead.

Thus it has happened that, in spite of all the talent which has been employed in illustrating the genius of Pope, he has suffered more from his commentators than any other great satirical poet, and that, for a true understanding of the spirit and details of his satires, it is necessary to get clear of the edition of Warburton, and of all the subsequent controversy which it provoked. As we have long passed the period when direct testimony could throw light on the moral character of the poet, we must rely for our conclusions in this respect on documentary and circumstantial evidence. With regard to the obscurities of personal allusion in the text, much must now be regarded as beyond the reach of explanation, and much must remain mere conjecture. But even on this ground there are many points which deserve attention and investigation.

To begin with, we may learn something from the poet's method in his various attacks on individual reputations. Sometimes, where no danger is apprehended, he gives a name in full, as in the case of persons of notorious ill-fame, 'Ward, and Waters, Chartres, or the Devil;' or of well-known characters who were dead, such as Wharton, who however was originally introduced into the First Moral Essay, under the name of 'Clodio.' Sometimes we have a blank ——; sometimes asterisks, generally according to the number of syllables in the name intended: sometimes initials simply, or initials and final letters; occasionally fictitious names resembling the names of the persons satirized, as Delia for Deloraine, Bubo for Bubb Dodington, Worldly for Wortley Montagu. Five names at least are employed to denote Lord Hervey—Lord Fanny, Sporus, Paris, Adonis, and Narcissus; and some of these he changes for each other in different versions of the same passage, partly no doubt for the purpose of piquing curiosity, and partly to elude detection.

Light is also thrown upon the poet's underground proceedings by a comparison between his text, as it stood in the various editions published during his life, and that which, since Warburton's work, has been accepted as the authorised version. Pope made considerable alterations from time to time both in

his verse and in his notes, and these changes are frequently to be traced to personal and political motives, full of interest as revelations of his character. Again, the secret history of the period, as disclosed in such works as the Duchess of Marlborough's Correspondence, the letters of Lady Suffolk, Lady M. W. Montagu, and Horace Walpole, Lord Hervey's Memoirs, and the Marchmont Papers, helps to explain the sense of certain passages in the Satires, which have been passed over or despaired of by the commentators. Notable instances of difficulties overcome by memory and reading are found in Mr. Croker's ingenious interpretations of Imitation of Horace, Epistle i., Book i., v. 90, and Epilogue to Satires, i., 73, 74. Horace Walpole, in his 'Notes on Pope,' and Lord Hailes, in his letter to Malone (see the 'Life' of the latter, p. 253) give the key to several enigmas, which have hitherto baffled conjecture. Last, but certainly not least, the transcript which Mr. Elwin has made from the Chauncy MS., and which he has kindly placed at my disposal, affords most important clues to the meaning of some of the allusions, in which fictitious names are used; and so also, though of course to a much less considerable extent, do the annotations of Lord Orrery, in his copy of Pope's works (preserved at Marston Hall near Frome, the seat of Lord Cork),[1] and those of Edward, Earl of Oxford, in the folio copy in the Bodleian Library.

With regard to the general spirit of the Satires, pitfalls abound for those who yield to the very natural excitement of 'defending a thesis,' either on the side of the Pope or anti-Pope factions. It has been already said that our view of the justice of the Satires must largely depend on our judgment of

[1] Mr. Elwin has transcribed Lord Orrery's notes, which are in his own handwriting at the beginning of the volume, together with the following memorandum: 'Whatever names appear here in manuscript were never communicated by the author, but are merely the guess work of idle hours, and may be deemed the echoes and recoils of busy town whispers. This much it is necessary to attest in defence of the person who gave this book to O.'

the character of the poet; but this itself is in question; for if we are to believe himself, he was a saint, while his enemies depict him as a detestable hypocrite. It does not follow, however, that either the one account or the other is entirely true; the only way to decide between them is to let each party plead their own cause, and then to see how far the pleadings are consistent with indisputable facts.

Pope had to answer the time-honoured charge brought against all satirists, from Horace downwards, of wanton libel and malignant motive. He makes, in effect, the same defence as his predecessors have always done. To the charge of aggressiveness he replies, like the Roman Satirist, that he only wrote in self-defence. 'Melius non tangere clamo!' says Horace. 'Peace,' says Pope,—

> Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more,
> But touch me, and no minister so sore.
>
> *Imitation of Horace*, Sat. i. B. 2, 75.

On the question of motive, Trebatius warns Horace to beware of a law against '*mala* carmina,' and the poet, playing on the word, replies that his verses are 'bona,' implying both that they were good in themselves, and that they were written for the public good. Pope is still stronger in his professions,—

> O sacred weapon left for Truth's defence,
> Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
> To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
> The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
> Reverent I touch thee, but with honest zeal;
> To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
> To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
> And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
> Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains
> That counts your beauties only by your stains,
> Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
> The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
> All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
> All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,
> All, all but Truth drops dead-born from the press,
> Like the last Gazette or the last address.
>
> *Epilogue to Satires*, Dialogue ii. 212.

These assertions of his innocence and public spirit are the

poet's plea for all four classes of his satires: the 'Dunciad' directed against the bad writers who had attacked him; the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,' and the 'Imitations of Horace,' which form a kind of poetical and autobiographical apology for his moral character; the two Dialogues entitled 'MDCCXXXVIII.,' which inveigh against the general corruption of the age; and the 'Moral Essays,' which contain many particular representations of folly and vice deduced from general philosophical principles. On the other side, Pope's enemies loudly proclaim that his professions are not to be trusted; they declare that, in their quarrel with him, he was the first aggressor, and that, so far from being inspired by 'honest zeal,' 'the object of his spleen was human-kind.'[1]

When we come to weigh the evidence, the first thing that strikes us is a certain contradiction between the reforming ardour professed in the lines quoted above and the ethical system which Pope had formulated in the 'Essay on Man' and in the 'Moral Essays.' It was natural that Persius, from the high ground of Stoicism, or even Juvenal, from his more human level of patriotism and common sense, should inveigh against the corruption of a debased society. But Pope's philosophy, as expressed in the 'Essay on Man,' was founded—whatever Warburton may urge to the contrary—on pure fatalism. If, as he says, 'all partial evil' is 'universal good;' if the characters of the miser and the prodigal are directly formed and fashioned by Providence for the furtherance of its own designs, why should the poet have disturbed himself on account of the vice and folly about him, or have done more than amuse himself, like Mandeville, with noting the inconsistencies of human character? And, indeed, this position of mere spectator is the one which he assumes in the first and second Moral Essays; while even the panegyric on the Man of Ross, in the third Moral Essay, seems rather to flow from his feeling than from his principles. How

[1] Verses to the Imitator of Horace.

can we reconcile with the philosophic unconcern of these Essays, the moral zeal professed in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, which was written about the same period? Must we not infer either that his moral conclusion is inconsistent with his intellectual premisses, or that the inadequacy of these premisses is proved by the natural working of his own moral instinct?

How far Pope's satiric genius was really inspired by 'the strong antipathy of good to bad,' may be gathered from the circumstances attending the production of the 'Dunciad.' The 'Dunciad' was the first of his regular satires; it was by far the most extensive in its design; and to the bitter attacks upon his character which it provoked we owe the whole series of his apologetic satires, comprehending the Epistle to Arbuthnot and the Imitations of Horace. Can it then be said that this poem was undertaken in the public interest or in simple self-defence?

The idea of the work was probably suggested by Arbuthnot, whose ironic turn of mind gave a considerable bias to Pope's satirical genius. Very soon after his introduction to Arbuthnot, we find Pope confiding to Gay (Oct. 23, 1713) the original design of the Grub Street Journal, the title of which was to be 'The Works of the Unlearned,' and 'in which whatever book appears that deserves praise shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grub Street.' This was a general scheme, quite in Arbuthnot's manner, and as such it obtained, Pope tells us, the approval of Swift. But in 1715 the Scriblerus Club were dispersed, and the execution of the design being postponed, the idea of the ironical praise of Dulness was afterwards revived by the poet in an entirely new and imaginative form, and with the intention of employing it against his personal enemies. Of a war against the dunces, originating in such private motives, Swift never heartily approved. "Take care," said he to Pope in his letter of 26th November, 1725, "the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is

as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses; and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle." This was good sense, and Pope felt it to be so, for he says, in his answer of 10th Dec., 1725: "I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. * * * So let Gildon and Phillips rest in peace." Unfortunately his invention or his inclination proved, in the end, too strong for his judgment. The 'Treatise on the Bathos,' and the 'Dunciad,' were direct attacks, not only on Gildon and Phillips, but on a host of other scribblers, who had either given Pope cause of offence, or offered plain marks for his ridicule.

Here, then, we have direct evidence that Pope's original design in the 'Dunciad' was merely to clear off scores with his personal enemies. And in this sense the public read and enjoyed the satire. But when the first effect of the brilliant display of wit and invention had passed, they began to see that the means employed in the poem were out of all proportion to its end, and Pope found that the morality of his work was being called in question. He accordingly fell back on his original idea of the 'Works of the Unlearned,' and caused to be prefixed, to what he called the first correct copy of the 'Dunciad,' a letter to the publisher, with the signature of Cleland—his 'man William'—in which the writer, under cover of a desire for the success of the poem, offers an apology for its character. He pleads, in the first place, that it was written in self-defence, the poet's victims having been the first aggressors; and, in the second place, he insists that the extermination of a set of writers, who lived upon defamation, was for the public interest. He next sets himself to meet the arguments, advanced by the objectors, of the obscurity and poverty of the persons ridiculed; and finally he puts forward, as of his own accord, a consideration which contains the gist of the question as to the morality of the 'Dunciad.'

"There remains what in my opinion might seem a better

plea for these people than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from Satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for being a Wit. They are not ridiculed because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau."

Having mentioned Boileau, the writer then proceeds to institute a comparison between that poet and Pope, with a view of sheltering the latter behind a great authority. Now Boileau is above all things a 'candid satirist,' and his satire, as Pope says, was directed against pretenders. Take, for instance, his account of his motives in his Address 'A son Esprit.' He supposes an objector to protest that it was wrong in him to attack the writings of Chapelain, because the latter was so good a man: the fact of his victim's goodness he fully recognizes:

> Mais que pour un modèle on montre ses écrits;
> Qu'il soit le mieux renté de tous les beaux esprits;
> Comme roi des auteurs qu'on l'élève à l'empire;
> Ma bile alors s'échauffe, et je brule d'écrire;
> Et s'il ne m'est permis de le dire au papier,
> J'irai creuser la terre, et, comme ce barbier,
> Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe:
> Midas, le roi Midas a des oreilles d'âne.

Here it is evident that Boileau's plea is quite different from any that Pope could justly advance. In the first place he

does not satirise the man, but his writings; in the second place he satirises a pretender who had actually succeeded in imposing upon the public. Chapelain, who is said to have received a pension of 8000 livres, had been the instrument of Cardinal Richelieu, who wished to be as absolute in art as he was in politics; and Cotin, another of Boileau's victims, exercised through the fashionable Hôtel Rambouillet, of which he was a client, a powerful influence on the opinions of the time. It was, of course, open to Boileau's adversaries to argue that his attacks were merely prompted by envy; but on the other hand, if his own premisses were allowed, it was certain that Chapelain, Cotin and the rest, might go great lengths in corrupting the public taste. But could this be said of Dennis, Ralph, Oldmixon, and the other scribblers whose 'poverty and obscurity' were ridiculed in the 'Dunciad'? No doubt they 'set up for being wits,' but was it the case that 'a great number who were not naturally fools,' were made so by believing in their pretensions? Of the whole crew, James Moore Smyth was the only one who had an entrance into fashionable society, and he was of little consideration there; while the recognized supremacy in literature of writers like Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, ought to have proved that there was no pressing necessity for a satirist 'to protect the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition.'

It is evident from these considerations that we cannot accept literally Pope's estimate of his satire as the 'honest zeal' of a moral reformer. Must we then adopt as the only alternative his enemies' view of his character? According to these he was the Joseph Surface of poetry, of whom it may be said ironically: 'There is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.' And no doubt a very large number of Pope's actions must be ascribed to deliberate hypocrisy. It was hypocrisy which made him complain in a letter to Caryll (May 12, 1735) of Curll's 'shameless industry' in publishing the surreptitious edition of the Letters in 1735, when he himself had furnished Curll with his materials; hypocrisy

which made him disavow to the same correspondent (31st Dec., 1734) the authorship of the 'Sober Advice,' almost at the very moment that he was sending the MS. of that poem to Bolingbroke; hypocrisy which prompted him to report further to Caryll (18th Feb., 1734-5) how he had disavowed the poem to young Bentley, who complained of the addition of his father's name to the notes on the Satire, but apologised on being told that Pope was not the writer; hypocrisy which caused him to publish as 'just warm from the brain,' the verses on 'The Dying Christian to his Soul,' an inferior copy of which had been sent to Caryll more than twenty years before the publication of the fictitious letter to Steele in which it was pretended that the finished verses had been enclosed.[1] All these frauds, and many more of the same kind, tell their own tale, and those who like to conceive of an entire character by seizing on some of its most prominent features, may be content to dash off the portrait of Pope by saying that 'lying and equivocation was the habit of his life.'[2]

But this hypothesis will not cover all the facts of the case. However deeply intrigue and falsehood may have corrupted his whole code of literary morals, there was a large portion of his character which cannot be explained in this way. There was no unreality in his indignant zeal on behalf of the injured Mrs. Weston; in the relief which he afforded to the sufferings of Mrs. Cope; in his generous and patient bounty to Savage; in the liberal interest he showed in the rising merits of Johnson; above all in his life-long devotion to his parents. Lord Chesterfield testifies strongly to this effect. 'Pope,' says he, 'was as great an instance as any he quotes of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blamable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him.' Add to this that in the

[1] See Vol. VII. of this Edition, p. 397 and p. 187.
[2] Macaulay Essays, one-vol. edit., p. 718.

professions of virtuous motive, which abound in his satires, there is a ring of sincerity which sounds different from the hollow generalities of the practised hypocrite. His popularity, too, is evidence in his favour; the world finds out the real quality of men in the long run; but the changes of time and taste have not affected Pope's position as one of the great English classics.

In Pope, then, we have to do with a remarkably complex character. It will not do simply to brand him as a hypocrite, for the essence of hypocrisy consists in unreality; but behind the falsities of Pope there is an eagerness and intensity which gives them a human interest, and makes us feel that, in his poetry, we are in contact with the nature of the man himself. To separate that moral nature into its various elements, so as to decide how much is deliberately false, how much may be accepted as true, and how much is self-deception, we ought, following his own rule, to examine his

> Proper character,
> His fable, subject, scope in every page,
> Religion, country, genius of his age.

On this principle much of the inconsistency in his conduct will be found to correspond with the union of opposite conditions in his nature: the piercing intelligence and artistic power, lodged in the sickly and deformed frame; the vivid perception of the ridiculous in others, joined to the most sensitive consciousness of his own defects; the passionate desire for fame, aggravated by a fear of being suspected by his countrymen on account of his religion; the conflicting qualities of benevolence and self-love; the predominance of intellectual instinct; the deficiency of moral principle. It might be predicted of a character so highly strung, so variously endowed, so 'tremblingly alive' to opinion, and so capable of transformation, that it would exhibit itself in the most diverse aspects, according to the circumstances by which it was tested.

And this is just what we find. Perhaps no man of genius was ever more largely influenced by his companions and his surroundings than Pope. The history of his literary life falls

naturally into three periods: i., the period of retired study and imaginative composition at Binfield; ii., the period of the Translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, during which most of his personal and literary feuds occurred, and which closes with the publication of the 'Dunciad;' iii., the period when, falling under the influence of Bolingbroke, after the return of the latter from exile, he wrote the 'Essay on Man,' and his moral and political satires.

i. His instincts were domestic. 'Mr. Pope,' writes Swift to Gay (May 4, 1832), 'has always loved a domestic life from his youth.' The larger part of his life was spent at Binfield, in the retirement of Windsor Forest. There the weakliness of his frame, and the limitation of his acquaintance, as well as the bent of his genius, encouraged him in habits of incessant study, and there he furnished himself with those stores of reading, out of which he constructed his ideas of men and society. The impressions of things, which he thus formed, were lasting; his most familiar correspondence and his most bitter satire continued till his death to bear marks of his early intercourse with Cicero, Seneca, and Montaigne; and he invariably viewed his own character through the medium of the moral sentiments which he derived from those writers. His existence in the Forest was undisturbed by the quarrels and vexations of his later years, and the character of all his early poetry is pastoral, pathetic, ardent, and fanciful. Here he wrote the delicate and beautiful 'Rape of the Lock,' and conceived the idea of the passionate 'Elegy on the Unfortunate Lady,' and formed the abstract system of taste expounded in the 'Essay on Criticism.' At the same time, in the last-named poem, the germs of his native satiric faculty showed themselves in those 'strokes of ill-nature,' to which Addison objected in the 'Spectator;' while the curious precocity of his intellect enabled him to correspond on an equal footing with men of the world like Cromwell and Wycherley. Altogether this was probably the period of his life when his happiness was most complete; it was certainly then that his creative genius was most active.

ii. Towards the close of his father's residence at Binfield, however, his rising fame brought him frequently to London, and a new era in his life began. He was introduced into an atmosphere, social, political, and controversial, in which his latent genius for satire rapidly developed. Party spirit ran high, and men of talent naturally ranged themselves on the side of the Whigs, who commanded the services of Halifax, Addison, Steele, Dorset, Rowe, Philips, and many others. Swift, as the Coryphæus of the Tories, was glad to enlist the genius of Pope on that side, and he introduced him to Arbuthnot, thus composing the famous triumvirate who formed the mainstay of the Scriblerus Club. The poet made the acquaintance of the leading men of the day; he mixed, too, in fashionable life. "I sit up," he writes to Caryll (April, 1715), "till one or two o'clock every night over Burgundy and Champagne, and am become so much a modern rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to do any sort of business." Yet he was deeply engaged, when he wrote this, on his Translation of Homer. In fact, all the active and social faculties in his nature, his self-love, his sense of the ridiculous, his keenness for money-getting, were as much stimulated at this period, as the contemplative part of his nature had been in the quiet of Windsor Forest. But he was not so happy. Writing to Caryll, his old Catholic friend, whom he evidently loved and respected, he says (Nov. or Dec., 1715):

"I should make you a very long and extraordinary apology for having been so long silent, if I were to tell you in what a wild, distracted, amused, hurried state both my mind and body have been ever since my coming to this town. A good deal of it is so odd that it would hardly find credit; and more, so perplexed, that it would move pity in you when you reflect how naturally people of my turn love quiet, and how much my present studies require ease. In a word, the world and I agree as ill as my soul and body, my appetites and constitution, my books and business, so that I am more splenetic than ever you knew me—concerned for others, out of humour with myself, fearful of some things, wearied with all."

This is the beginning of the period of his personal quarrels, which culminated in the publication of the 'Dunciad' in 1728. He quarrelled with Dennis; he quarrelled with Addison; he quarrelled with Philips; he quarrelled with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The lofty ideas which he had formed of his own virtue and benevolence were put to the rude test of experience, and any one but himself might have seen that they were not the sterling coin he thought them. But his self-love blinded him to all but the wickedness of his enemies. In his letters to his intimate friends, no less than in his apologies to the public, the author of the 'Dunciad' preserved the character of the moralist of Windsor Forest. Nor was his self-deception quite inexplicable. His enemies were, for the most part, a mean and malignant crew; and even if Pope's appetite for satire made him frequently the first aggressor, it must be admitted that his adversaries retaliated with weapons much less legitimate than those which had been used against them. The 'spretæ injuria formæ'—as deadly to a man like Pope as to a woman—the slanderous reports, destructive of the ideal character which he had imagined for himself; the imputations of blasphemy and malignity calculated to rob him of the respect which he sought, must all be taken into account. We cannot possibly excuse Pope's conduct, but we can compassionate him; we can understand how the overwhelming desire to set himself right with the public made him afterwards involve himself in the surreptitious publication of his mutilated correspondence; and we can feel that self-deception rather than hypocrisy is the key-note of such a passage as the following:—

> Not fashion's worshipper, not fashion's fool,
> Not lucre's madman, not ambition's tool,
> Not proud nor servile; be one poet's praise,
> That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways.
> That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
> And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
> That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
> But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
> That not for fame, but virtue's better end
> He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tears he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that to greatness still too near
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue, welcome ev'n the last!

Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 334—359.

iii. In the third period of his life we find him under the influence of Bolingbroke. The independent position which the success of his Translations had secured for him enabled him to survey the world at leisure, and, encouraged by his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' he began to turn to poetical account the study and reading of his youth. The fruits of Bolingbroke's instruction are seen in the 'Essay on Man,' and the 'Moral Essays.' Moreover, as that statesman was the guiding spirit of the Opposition to Walpole, he naturally imparted his political sentiments to his friend. No atmosphere could have been more congenial to Pope's habits of self-deception. An Opposition, especially if it be ill-compacted and wanting in unity of principle, instinctively assumes to itself the monopoly of virtue and enlightenment; nor have we, with our own experience, any difficulty in reading between the lines of the fine invectives of the 'Craftsman' against the despotism of Walpole. Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and Oxford, in their hour of danger or disgrace, all adopt one tone. Their language expresses a philosophic contempt of power and of an ungrateful world, while their actions betray an incessant hankering to regain the position they have lost. Pope, who had a natural inclination for this kind of posing, though professing himself superior to party, caught with readiness the cant of Opposition. His poetry, which at

Binfield had been peaceful and pastoral, becomes at Twickenham full of personal references, secret histories, and political allusion. His villa in the midst of three courts, Kew, Richmond, and Hampton Court, and surrounded by houses of the nobility, formed a natural centre for the Opposition leaders, and for all the social rumours and scandals of that day. "I am tugged back," he writes to Gay (11th September, 1730), "to the world and its regards too often, and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion." From such materials it was easy for his satiric and party spirit to frame an indictment against the universal corruption of the age, and particularly against the Court. The very act of Opposition became in his eyes a virtue:—

> But does the Court some worthy man remove?
> That instant I declare he has my love.
>
> *Epilogue to Satires* ii. 74.

And not only so, but voluntary secession from the Court prevailed with him to remove unworthy men from the purgatory of his own satire, as in the case of the notorious Sir George Oxenden, who, having been severely satirised in the first edition of 'MDCCXXXVIII.,' was pardoned in later editions, because it was remembered that he had voted with the party of the Prince of Wales.

Satire of this kind bears the stamp of self-deception. But it is indisputable that it also contains a considerable element of truth. Whatever benefits accrued to England from the accession of the House of Hanover, it cannot be denied that the Revolution was attended with great injustice and oppression to a large portion of the nation, and that to a Catholic like Pope the Brunswick dynasty was identified with the revival of the Penal Laws, with double taxes, and harsh restrictions of personal liberty. The quarrels in the Royal Family, of which the poet was evidently most minutely informed, were a

proper subject for party satire. The tone of the Church, Erastian and almost secular, especially in the Whig prelates, who owed their advancement to political interest, was certainly such as to invite stricture; while, the spiritual standard being low, the moral code of society was correspondingly debased. Gross sycophancy prevailed in the Court circles, and afforded an effective foil to Pope's constant professions of his own integrity and independence. Besides, the corruption of the monied interest, which had been encouraged by the Whigs as a means of maintaining the political balance against the landed aristocracy; the South Sea Bubble; the venal nature of Walpole's government, and its debasing influence on literature; all presented a fair theme to a moralist of Pope's party and character.

These considerations may help the reader to understand the spirit of the satires contained in this volume. It is useless to try to paint the character of Pope in glowing colours. Those who, like Warburton and Roscoe, represent his genius for poetry as being 'only his second praise,' and base his reputation on his honesty and virtue, rather than on his poetical genius, do him an ill service. The evidence is against them; after the publication of the Caryll correspondence, it is impossible any longer to regard him as 'one of the noblest works of God.' The present volume will afford many further proofs of the unscrupulous deceptions he practised under the influence of his self-love and passion for fame. We must acknowledge the imperfection of his character, and leave it to the indulgence of the world, which, partly from humanity, partly from gratitude, makes equitable allowance for the faults of men of genius. But an Editor who makes any admissions to the moral disadvantage of the author, of whose reputation he has become, in a sense, the trustee, is bound to vindicate more jealously his literary genius. The world is, after all, more concerned with Pope's performances as a poet, as a satirist, and as one of the chief architects of our language, than with his character as a man. His fame has been established for more than a century and a half; but, since his genius was

first recognized, questions affecting his position as a poet have been constantly raised; and many tendencies of taste in our own times make men reluctant to pay him the homage which is justly his due. For this reason I feel it to be desirable, in the preface to a volume which contains some of his most brilliant and characteristic writing, to make some reference to the very scholarly and interesting Sketch of Pope's Life and Genius by Mr. Leslie Stephen, which has been lately added to the series of 'English Men of Letters' edited by Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Stephen's admirable workmanship is well calculated to influence public opinion, and the fairness and moderation of his tone might make his verdict on the poet appear judicial, were it not that an undernote of disparagement, which runs through the volume, shows him to be the natural successor of Warton and Bowles. The fact—strange as it seems—is that Mr. Stephen, whose own literary qualities are of a kind that peculiarly qualify him for appreciating Pope, has little sympathy with his author. He surveys the literature of the eighteenth century from the position of superiority, which critics of the nineteenth century have long imagined themselves entitled to occupy; and he judges the poetry of Pope as a decided advocate of the Lake school, to which the former is in spirit so essentially opposed.

Hence he often manages to convey to the reader, doubtless unintentionally, a very inadequate, and even an erroneous, impression as to the general character of Pope's poetical style. For instance, in his criticism on his diction, after making some just remarks on the artificial atmosphere pervading the 'Translation of the Iliad,' and after asserting what is very true, that 'the style in which a woman is called "a nymph," and women generally are "the fair;" in which shepherds are conscious swains, and a poet invokes the muses and strikes a lyre, and breathes on a reed, and a nightingale singing becomes Philomel "pouring her throat"—represents a fashion as worn out as hoops and rings'—he proceeds:

"By Wordsworth's time the *Pope style* was effete; what

ought to be the dress of thought had become the rigid armour into which thought was forcibly compressed, and a revolt was inevitable. We may agree, too, that his peculiar style was in a sense artificial, even in the days of Pope. It had come into existence during the reign of the Restoration wits, under the influence of foreign models, not as the spontaneous outgrowth of a gradual development, and had therefore something mechanical and conscious, even when it flourished most vigorously. It came in with the periwigs, to which it is so often compared, and, like the artificial head-gear, was an attempt to give a dignified or full-dress appearance to the average prosaic human being. Having this innate weakness of pomposity and exaggeration, it naturally expired, and became altogether ridiculous, with the generation to which it belonged."

Now of course, if the 'Pope style' is fitly illustrated by the particular expressions quoted above, it deserves all the contempt which Mr. Stephen here pours upon it. Such diction is based on a servile and superficial imitation of the classical style, and, like all imitation which does not follow Truth and Nature, it has justly gone out of fashion. But on this principle of criticism we might pick out all the most extravagant classicisms of Milton, and declare that the style of 'Paradise Lost' was obsolete, because it describes the 'bush with frizzled hair implicit,' or seeks to give dignity to the 'average prosaic' act of Eve preparing dinner, by saying that she 'tempered dulcet creams.' We may read pages and pages of Pope's Translation of the Iliad and never meet with any language so grotesque as this; while, viewed as a narrative poem, and not simply as a reproduction of Homer's text, what reader would ever hesitate in his choice between Pope's version and those of Chapman, Cowper, or Lord Derby? Pope translated Homer at a time when the Latin element in our language was in course of development. He came to his work full of reminiscences of Statius and Ovid, writers whose spirit was quite alien to that of the Father of Poetry. Hence, as was natural, his translation, as Bentley said, was not Homer; but, for all

that, it has an epic character and distinction of its own, and a movement and inspiration, which are not attained by any of those which have sought to reproduce with more fidelity the spirit of the original. No one will venture to say Pope's 'Iliad' has gone, or is likely to go, out of fashion. With the exception of the 'Translation' the only poems of Pope in which the 'periwig' style is really very conspicuous, are the 'Pastorals,' 'Windsor Forest,' and the 'Rape of the Lock.' The 'Pastorals' and 'Windsor Forest' may be readily handed over to Mr. Stephen's tender mercies, with the exception of the fine lines in the latter poem on the Treaty of Utrecht, which deserve a better fate; but it is evident that the 'full-dress appearance given to the average prosaic human being' is the very essence of the mock heroic style in the 'Rape of the Lock.' If these poems are put out of account, what is there about 'Philomel' or the 'conscious swain' or the 'Muse,' in the 'Elegy,' in 'Eloisa to Abelard,' in the 'Dunciad,' in the 'Essay on Man,' in the 'Moral Essays,' or the 'Satires' and the 'Imitations of Horace,' which together make up more than three-fourths of Pope's poetical works?

Whatever there is in Pope's style of artifice and affectation—and scarcely any great poet is quite free from the defects of his age—is, as Mr. Stephen says, the product of false fashions of taste, which came in with the Restoration; but that in him which is characteristic and peculiar to himself, and which marks his extraordinary influence on the course of our literature, is as certainly 'the spontaneous outgrowth of a gradual development' as it is a living force in the present day. The prominent feature in his style is of course his elaborate treatment of the heroic couplet. Many of the secrets of his craft he had learned from Dryden, but Dryden himself only carried on the traditions of his immediate predecessors, Waller and Denham; while these, and all poets who used the metre, found its character sharply defined by the genius of the English language. Spenser, in 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' often anticipates the flow of Dryden; and Hall, the first

genuine English satirist, who also wrote under Elizabeth, has couplets which, for terseness, may compare with Pope's own. Even in Chaucer himself we are surprised to meet now and then with verses which ring almost as roundly and completely as if they had been written in the eighteenth century. So far is it from being true that the style of Pope had 'come into existence during the reign of the Restoration wits, and under the influence of foreign models.'

Nor did the style perish with the man in whose hands it undoubtedly reached the highest point of music and refinement. Mr. Stephen allows him 'a probably unequalled power of coining aphorisms out of common-place;' and though this compliment is paid in a somewhat disparaging spirit, it is undeniable that Pope has, by the force of style, attained that enviable measure of success, which was the avowed goal of Boileau's poetical ambition. Next to Shakespeare, he is certainly more frequently quoted than any English poet. The style which is 'familiar in our mouths as household words' cannot be obsolete.

And not only is Pope's style still popular in the truest sense of the word, but it forms the foundation on which have been built many of the most popular poems in the language. There is scarcely a distinguished poet in the eighteenth century who does not owe something of his style to Pope. However much they may differ from him and from each other, Gray, Collins, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Crabbe all do silent homage to his genius; and if it had not been for the exactness and propriety of metrical expression which Pope erected as a standard, it may well be doubted whether we should have enjoyed the beauty of form which we find in the 'Elegy in the Country Churchyard' or the 'Ode to Evening;' the striking moral manner that arrests the imagination in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' or the 'Deserted Village;' or the dramatic force of the character painting in the 'Borough.' Added to which, the author of 'Childe Harold,' the greatest master of idiomatic poetical English

that this century has seen, was never wearied in proclaiming his admiration for the genius of Pope, and the extent of his own obligations to him.

In the interest of English scholarship, therefore, I cannot help thinking it is much to be regretted that Mr. Stephen should have introduced into an Essay, which from its intrinsic merits must necessarily exert a wide influence on the public taste, a passage conveying a disparaging idea of Pope's poetical genius, to which he himself, in other parts of his book, pays a tribute of admiration. For nothing can be more just and appreciative than the following remarks, which certainly seem to be in direct contradiction to the previous strictures on the artificial character of Pope's style:

"Pope's best writing, I have said, is the essence of conversation. It has the quick movement, the boldness and brilliance, which we suppose to be the attributes of the best talk. Of course the apparent facility is due to conscientious labour. In the Prologue and Epilogue and the best parts of the Imitations of Horace, he shows such consummate mastery of his peculiar style, that we forget the monotonous metre. The opening passage, for example, of the Prologue is written with the perfect freedom of real dialogue; in fact, it is of course far more pointed and compressed than any dialogue could ever be. The dramatic vivacity with which the whole scene is given, shows that he could use metre as the most skilful performer could command a musical instrument."

The criticism is applicable, in a greater or less degree, to all the moral and satirical poems of Pope contained in the present volume. And it is by this thoroughly poetical standard, and not by his merits as a philosopher or a moralist, that Pope ought primarily to be judged. Yet on the whole—in spite of his conscientious resolve to allow Pope all that is justly his due—Mr. Stephen, overborne by his Wordsworthian instincts, cannot help placing him before the reader rather as a thinker than as a poet. Here for instance is a judgment upon the Moral Essays, which on philosophical grounds is quite just, but

which admirers of Pope will feel presents an utterly inadequate view of the poems under consideration:

"This sort of moralising, *which is the staple of Pope's Epistles*, upon the ruling passion or upon avarice, strikes us now as unpleasantly obvious. We have got beyond it, and want some more refined analysis and more complex psychology. Take for example, Pope's Epistle to Bathurst, which was in hand for two years, and is just 400 lines in length. The simplicity of the remarks is almost comic. Nobody wants to be told now that bribery is facilitated by the modern system of credit.

> Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
> That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!"

Certainly, if this were all that we were told in the foregoing couplet, or in the Epistle generally, the information would be superfluous. But is it not obvious that the above criticism gives a very imperfect account of the contents of one of the most highly polished of Pope's compositions? Mr. Stephen himself, from his high appreciation of Pope's gifts of style, is almost immediately forced into admissions, which I venture to think are fatal to his argument.

'This *triteness*,' he says, 'blinds us to the singular felicity with which the observations have been verified, a felicity which makes many of the phrases still proverbial. The mark is so plain that we do scant justice to the accuracy and precision with which it is hit. Yet when we notice how every epithet tells, and how perfectly the writer does what he tries to do, we may understand why Pope extorted *contemporary* admiration.'

Thus Mr. Stephen admits the perfect finish and propriety of Pope's style; he admits that his poetry 'extorted contemporary admiration.' But if the staple of his Moral Essays was so trite and common-place as his critic declares, it certainly would not have secured the admiration of the best judges of his own time. Bolingbroke and Swift, Mr. Stephen allows, were no fools; it might, indeed, be added that they were at least as

well qualified as any man now alive to judge of good writing; and their approval would never have been bestowed on any mere exposition of conventional truisms, however polished and melodious might be the language in which they were expressed. These men were critics, who 'showed no mercy to an empty line,' but demanded from every poet the satisfaction of those conditions which Boileau boasted with justice that he had fulfilled:

> Ma pensée au grand jour partout s'offre et s'expose;
> Et mon vers, bien ou mal, *dit toujours quelque chose.*

It was because Bolingbroke and Swift found in Pope the perfect expression of something that they felt ought to be said in verse, that they paid him with such profuse praise; and for the same reason he has for nearly five generations continued to be a favourite poet with thousands who have no taste for 'refined analysis and complex psychology.' Surely the reputation of a writer who has such a popular consent in his favour ought to be regarded as established. Those who require philosophical food in poetry must of course look elsewhere for it, but it is scarcely fair on Pope, because he does not provide it, to depreciate his verses as 'inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.'

If we rather seek to enquire what it is in Pope's moral and satirical poetry which has so long and so deeply interested the popular imagination, we shall find that his influence springs from three main sources. In the first place he is the poet of 'common sense.' He puts before the mind of the reader 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;' his reasoning may be wrong; but his language is so marvellously pregnant, that it necessarily forces us to reflect. Here again Boileau, addressing his Verses, describes with great felicity the ideal which poets of the class, to which he and Pope belong, have always in view:

> Vous croyez sur les pas de vos heureux aînés
> Voir bientôt vos bons mots, passant du peuple aux princes,
> Charmer également la ville et les provinces;
> Et par le prompt effet d'un sel réjouissant,
> Devenir quelquefois proverbes en naissant.

Poetry of this kind may be depreciated as 'trite' and un-

philosophical; but the secret of its success is the same as that of good oratory, of good painting, and of excellence in every other art; and its justification is its acceptance by the general sense of the world, 'semper, ubique, ab omnibus.'

In the next place Pope's satires are full of personal interest. As he shows such an intimate acquaintance with certain general sympathies and perceptions, and as we can always see the exact mark at which he is aiming, and take the measure of his defects or successes of expression, it is natural that we should be keenly interested in the private history of one who has so much in common with ourselves. Pope's personality is more visible in his verse, than that of any other English poet. Read in connection with the story of his life, his bright and pointed satires enable us to track minutely, through all their intricate obscurity, the windings of his remarkable character. We see him distinctly in his several relations to his friends and his enemies, to his parents and the public. The magic of his art which gives a kind of fascination to his daring literary frauds, extends its influence alike over the greatest and the humblest of those who came within the circle of his acquaintance, or on to the list of his enemies. It is easy to understand why Swift should have been so eager to be commemorated in one of his Epistles, and why poor Alderman Barber was ready to pay a small fortune for a compliment in a couplet, since even at this day he contrives to raise a certain interest in Ralph, Welsted, and Concanen, 'the grubs, and straws, and worms,' who have been preserved in the 'amber' of his verse.

Again, the personal and characteristic nature of his Satires gives them a rare historical value. If Shakespeare and Milton are the representative poets of England after the Reformation; if Dryden reflects in his verse all the influences of the Restoration, Pope was no less surely the poetical spokesman of the Revolution of 1688. From his natural genius as well as from the company he kept, he was well qualified to express the thoughts of an aristocracy which, after an age of unsettlement, had become the ruling power in the State, and

which was bent on establishing authoritative social standards of morals, taste, and breeding. Of the society which grew out of the Revolution we ourselves are the lineal descendants; and in Pope's satires we find a bright reflection of the men and things, whose influence helped to form the manners, habits, thoughts, and feelings, which, however modified by circumstances, have lasted into our own epoch. He shows us the rise of Woman as a controlling power in society and politics; the extension among the nobility of an Italian taste in painting and architecture; the hatred felt by the Catholics for the monied middle class, which was the backbone of the Revolution, the mainstay of Whiggery, and the bulwark of Protestantism. In his Satires too we see a mirror of the feelings of the Parliamentary Opposition directed by Bolingbroke and Pulteney; of their rancour against Walpole's foreign and domestic policy; of the relations between the Court and the party of the Prince of Wales; of the popular dislike of the Hanoverian dynasty and of Low Church principles. Besides, we have suggestive glimpses of the interior of society at a time when St. James's was the extreme West End of London, and old Burlington House was but just built. The 'British youth' appear at their diversions at White's Chocolate House, Hockley-in-the-Hole, or Fig's Academy. Complaints are heard from polite society of the degradation of the stage in consequence of the public passion for spectacles. The penniless 'man of rhyme walks forth' from the Mint; and the dealings of the ill-lodged bard of Drury Lane with his aristocratic or commercial patrons, are exposed in the full light of pitiless ridicule. As we read, the society of the past rises before the imagination in its dramatic reality. The age, in many respects, may have had the defects of its poet; but like him it was not without generous qualities; it is at least full of human and historical interest, whether it be regarded as the period when the British Empire first began to rise, or as the aristocratic stage of English society, in which the realities of character displayed themselves with a frankness wanting in our own democratic times, when the individual

is apt to disguise his natural impulses in deference to public opinion. It is a time too abounding in action and incident. Whoever chooses to master the details of the South Sea mania, and of the different frauds of the monied interest exposed in the House of Commons, and realises Pope's attitude of mind towards this class, will certainly read the Epistle to Lord Bathurst with fresh intelligence; and it may safely be predicted that he will be more struck with the keen irony of the poet's satire than with 'the simplicity of his remarks.'

In editing this portion of Pope's works, an endeavour has been made to draw out the full force and meaning of the text, which for various reasons has hitherto been only partially explained. The Moral Essays and Satires deserve to be read with the same attention as the works of Horace and Juvenal, and, in order to appreciate the extraordinary art and beauty of Pope's language, we must try ourselves to realise things exactly as they presented themselves to his thought. No attempt has been made in the following pages to claim for the poet either moral or artistic perfection. On the contrary it has been felt that, even with regard to the reputation of one's author, which every editor is bound to consider, it is kindest to Pope to put his dealings fully before the public, without reserve or palliation. While his literary conspiracies cannot be excused, still, in their intricacy and ingenuity, they are full of interest as illustrating *one side* of his character. Pope is the most fascinating of satirists, because his poetry is so largely coloured by his own personality; and his satires can only be properly understood when they are exhibited with their conflicting elements of truth and injustice; of vindictiveness and pathos; of intellectual unscrupulousness and poetical art; of passion and irony; of bold invective and ambiguous evasion. And, for the same reason, since his process of composition is so interesting in itself, and the general excellence of his workmanship is so obvious, I have thought the extent of his poetical achievements may be better appreciated if attention be called to passages, in which he has succumbed to difficulties of thought and

expression. The reader will also observe in the notes how extensively he borrowed from the writings of his predecessors, and at the same time what freshness and point he added to the materials he thus appropriated. The various alterations made in the text during his lifetime have been noted, even when they are unimportant, because they illustrate his intellectual subtlety. With regard to the number and length of the notes, I know that a commentator is in danger of becoming trifling and tedious; but if I am chargeable with this crime, I would fain hope that something may be imputed to an anxiety to do justice to the meaning of my author.

I have only to add that the different editions collated with Warburton's text comprise the folios of the various poems separately published, the quarto edition of the collected Satires and Epistles published in 1735, and the numerous small octavo editions of the same, published between 1735 and 1743 by B. Lintot, H. Lintot, Gilliver, Clarke, Dodsley and Cooper. Of these Mr. Croker collected a very complete set. In transcribing the variations from so many quarters I must, I fear, have been guilty of sins both of omission and commission, but I trust that these have not been serious. The text of the Moral Essays, as it stood in the edition of 1743, is given in an Appendix, in order that the reader may have an opportunity of judging for himself of the extent of the alterations, and of the value of the transpositions, for which Warburton took to himself so much credit. The 'Sober Advice from Horace' is omitted in this edition, for though the authorship was avowed by Pope in private, and though it was printed in Dodsley's octavo edition of 1738, and in succeeding editions up to 1743, it does not appear in Warburton's edition, and it may, therefore, be inferred that Pope wished it to be suppressed.

THE following is the account given by Warburton of the relationship of the Moral Essays to the 'Essay on Man':—

"The 'Essay on Man' was intended to be comprised in four books:

"The First of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

"The Second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and the parts of them which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

"The Third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics; in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, so far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the closest connection and the most interesting relation. So that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

"The Fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality; considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

"The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and *communicated* to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, ...ed, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

...this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly ... image of his own strong and capacious mind, and as we ...t a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra* ... now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more ... each of these projected books.

...a of man in the abstract, and considers him ... of his relations, becomes the foundation, ...ts, of the three following; so that ... take up again the first and second epistles ...at of man in his intellectual capacity at ... above. Of this only a small part of the

conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad; and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

"The Third Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an Epic Poem, as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

"The Fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and to treat of Ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members, of which, the four following epistles are detached portions; the two first, on the Characters of Men and Women, being the *introductory* part of this concluding book."

The substance of these remarks is also to be found in a conversation between Pope and Spence recorded by the latter in his 'Anecdotes,' p. 315. It is, however, very doubtful whether Pope had formed this design, which, if irregular, is certainly extensive, before he began to write the Moral Essays. Looking to his ordinary methods of poetical conception, we are inclined to ask whether it is likely that he would have started on his philosophical journey with such a minute survey of a very intricate subject, as that which Warburton describes. The Moral Essays themselves present no indications of being integral parts of a single design. They are indeed superficially connected by the appearance in each of the theory of the Ruling Passion, but, even as they stand in the text, they proceed by no such gradations of reasoning as we find (for instance) in a didactic poem like the 'De Rerum Naturâ.' Besides, the order in which they were originally published precludes the notion that they were produced by a sustained effort of philosophic thought. The Epistle to Lord Burlington on False Taste (now called the second part of the 'Use of Riches,') in which the Ruling Passion is only mentioned incidentally, appeared in 1731; the Epistle to Lord Bathurst, being the first part of the 'Use of Riches,' in 1732; the Epistle to Lord Cobham, 'Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men,'—which developes at length the theory of the Ruling Passion —in 1733; and the Epistle to a Lady, 'Of the Characters of Women,' in 1735. The poems thus separately issued seem to be the products of a mind taking a shrewd and consistent, but by no means a systematic view of the problems of existence. When, however, Pope collected them in the second volume of his poetical works, published in quarto in 1735, he endeavoured to stamp them with the appearance of a regular unity of design. He there prints

the Essay on Man as the first book of his 'Ethic Epistles,' and *in the second book* he places the four Epistles now known as the Moral Essays, together with the Epistles to Addison, Oxford, and Arbuthnot. But this arrangement is quite inconsistent with the plan detailed by Warburton; and besides, it is certain that the three last-named poems did not, and could not, form part of a moral scheme, conceived in Pope's imagination when he began to meditate the 'Essay on Man,' in or about 1729. For the Epistle to Addison was written according to his own account in 1715, and was certainly published in 1721; the Epistle to Lord Oxford appeared in the same year, that is to say before he had come under Bolingbroke's influence; while the Epistle to Arbuthnot, as will be seen hereafter, was designed as an answer to the attack made on him by Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu, in consequence of the publication of his First Imitation of Horace, in 1733. In the small editions, published subsequently, he alters the arrangement of the quarto and prints the Essay on Man as the 'First Book of the Ethic Epistles'; the Moral Essays, and the Epistles to Lord Oxford, Craggs, Addison, Jervas, Miss Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot, being grouped together, without any link of connection to the 'Essay on Man,' under the general title of 'Epistles to Several Persons.' As to the fourth book of the 'Dunciad,' while it is of course impossible to say that it might not have occupied an appropriate place in such a design as that sketched above, which might be entitled 'De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis,' it is difficult to see what relationship it bears to the 'Essay on Man,' and the 'Moral Essays.'

What seems likely is that the poet really meditated some extensive philosophical poem, and kept on adding to his original design at different periods. That he had conceived, and begun to execute, the scheme of the Essay on Man, of which the Moral Essays were really a part, as early as 1729, appears from the letter of Bolingbroke to Swift of Nov. 19th [or 27th], and from the letter of Pope to Swift of 28th Nov. in that year. Pope says: "The work he (Bolingbroke) speaks of with such abundant partiality is a system of ethics in the Horatian way." Bolingbroke writes: "Bid him (Pope) talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest. It is a fine one, and will be in his hands an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy of execution. This flatters his laziness. It flatters my judgment, who always thought that, universal as his talents are, this is eminently and peculiarly his above all the writers I know, living or dead; I do not except Horace."

These expressions become very intelligible when we remember that the matter of the 'Essay on Man' is Bolingbroke's. Pope sat at the feet of Bolingbroke as a master in philosophy. No doubt the two friends had often discussed the various questions of morals, taste, and politics which then engaged men's attention,

and Pope finding himself put in possession of principles which seemed to explain the different relations of human life, proceeded to illustrate and adorn these with all the resources of his art. Subsequently, he wrote to Swift, March 25th, 1736: "If ever I write more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, *which naturally follow the Essay on Man*, viz.: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, and application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples." Here, it is evident, we have a partial description of the design reported by Warburton; but it will be found to differ from the latter in some very important particulars. In the first place, though Pope speaks of the four contemplated Epistles as forming the natural sequel to the 'Essay on Man,' he does not suggest that they are added to that work as the Second Book of a connected poem; indeed, as has been already said, it was only a year before that he had published what are now called the 'Moral Essays' and other poems, as the Second Book of his 'Ethic Epistles.' In the next place, the scheme makes no mention of the Third or Fourth Books of the 'Greater Essay on Man,' in the latter of which, according to Warburton's account, the Moral Essays would have found a place.

We find, then, evidence of two distinct stages in the conception of the 'Great Essay on Man,'—the first, or what is now called the 'Essay on Man,' originally suggested to Pope by Bolingbroke; the second the scheme of the sequel to the Essay described in the letter to Swift. A third stage was afterwards reached in the design for the Third and Fourth Books, confided to Warburton and Spence. Unsuited for sustained philosophical labours, the poet's genius shrank from the execution of his floating ideas; but when he had collected the short and independent poems, in which he excelled, into one volume, being anxious to have it believed that they were only fragments of one vast fabric of thought, he gave out that the Moral Essays were an integral portion of the 'Greater Essay on Man.' It need hardly be said that this method of poetical architecture was entirely agreeable to the genius of Warburton, who delighted in darkening knowledge with metaphysics, and who had already proved to Pope by his Commentary on the 'Essay on Man,' how easily plain sense might be disguised by ingenious verbosity. Encouraged by his sympathy, Pope, in all probability, threw his philosophical ideas into the final form which Warburton has reported, and perhaps succeeded in persuading himself, and his

hearers, that he had conceived by a single effort of meditation what was really the growth of separate periods of thought.

The arrangement of the poems in this volume follows the edition of 1743, the last published during Pope's lifetime. I have not ventured to discard the title of 'Moral Essays,' which Pope adopted no doubt on Warburton's suggestion; but for the sake of convenient classification I have grouped together again all the 'Epistles to Several Persons,' departing in this from the order of Warburton and succeeding editors, who place several of these Epistles among the miscellaneous poems.

EPISTLE I.

"WHOEVER compares this with the former editions of the Epistle, will observe that the order and disposition of the several parts are entirely changed and reversed; though with hardly the alteration of a single word. When the Editor, at the Author's desire, first examined this Epistle, he was surprised to find it contain a number of exquisite observations, without order, connection, or dependence: but much more so, when, on an attentive review, he saw that if the Epistle were put into a different form, on an idea he had then conceived, it would have all the clearness of method and force of connected reasoning. The Author appeared as much struck with the thing as the Editor, and agreed to put the poem into the present order; which has given it all the justness of a true composition. The introduction to the Epistle on Riches was in the same condition, and underwent the same reform."—WARBURTON.

"In this poem Pope has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object, an innate affection which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension. * * * This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the resistless authority of the *ruling passion*."—JOHNSON.

"In my opinion this is the worst of Pope's Epistles: it is founded upon an absurd and unphilosophical principle; and though it is enlivened by humorous and accurate touches of character, it neither

exhibits much extent of thought, or superior happiness of fancy."—BOWLES.

"The object of this Epistle is to pursue still further a subject which the author had already started in the Essay on Man, and on which this may be considered as a further comment. This subject is 'The Ruling Passion'; an idea which though not originally his own, he seems to have delighted to expand and contemplate under every appearance of which it is capable. It is not therefore surprising that some of these views should appear inconsistent with or contradictory to others; or that they should have led to misapprehensions which it requires some degree of attention to explain. For want of this his true meaning has been greatly misunderstood, and he has been accused of inculcating opinions, not only doubtful and uncertain, but which, if assented to, would lead to consequences highly injurious. * *. It is evident that the poet considered the ruling passion merely as the *rudder* of the mind, upon the due management of which the success and happiness of life essentially depends."—ROSCOE.

The reader who compares the text of the Epistle as it stood in all the editions published in Pope's lifetime (see Appendix I.), and with the text as it now stands, will scarcely be inclined to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which Warburton thinks is due to himself as the chief author of the alterations. It is true that the poem in its first form wanted method and sequence. Pope was never a steady or systematic thinker; his gift was power of expression; and the merit of the Moral Epistles consists almost entirely in the epigrams and illustrations with which he illustrates well-worn themes. Warburton, on the other hand, an ingenious theorist but a diffuse writer, seems to have looked rather to the didactic than the poetical qualities of the composition, and to have induced Pope to transpose his verses in the hope of improving his philosophy. It cannot however be said that the commentator's ingenuity has given the Epistle more 'clearness of method and force of connected reasoning' than it originally possessed. No doubt at first sight it appears to be more regularly constructed. It is divided into three sections, which are supposed to mark the different stages of the argument. But a similar, though not the same, order of thought may readily be found in the old version of the Essay, showing that Pope had by no means put down his 'exquisite observations' without a preconcerted plan. The poet, in all the editions of the Epistle published during his lifetime, starts with a statement of the difficulties which beset the study of character, some of which he finds to be inherent in the subject matter, and others in the mind of the enquirer. He next shows that the nature of individual men is not to be discovered either inductively from their actions—for one action may be ascribed to many

motives—or deductively from character, because what is taken for a man's character is often really nothing but his circumstances; because circumstances themselves form and transform character; and because human nature is inconsistent with itself. Having then arrived at the conclusion that nothing is certain but the nature of God, and that the nature of man cannot be divined from his Actions, Passions, or Affections, he decides that, in judging of character, we must look to the Ruling Passion which affords the clue to the real nature of the man, as being the mainspring of all his actions. No doubt Pope put down his observations under the different heads of his argument in a somewhat aphoristic fashion, but, in the original form of the poem, this does not produce a disagreeable effect. Warburton's transpositions are certainly very ingenious; one or two are fortunate, especially that of the couplet which now concludes the second section; but generally speaking they have only resulted in giving the Essay a laboured air; and in one place (ver. 38) they have left the text ungrammatical as well as obscure.

His officiousness is the more to be regretted, as the observations of the poet taken separately are often striking, and are expressed with great point and terseness; whereas in the present version the reader, being obliged to follow the course of an apparently symmetrical, but really inconsecutive, argument, is irritated by the difficulties he encounters, and is rather inclined to take notice of defects of thought than of beauties of expression. It will be generally felt that Bowles is right in classing this as 'the worst of Pope's Epistles'; its philosophy, in which Pope was weak, predominates over its poetry, in which he was strong; and the style is harsh and elliptical, as in the 'Essay on Man,' without rising to the elevation and fancy which so often relieve us in our travels through that poem.

The Epistle is registered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 5, 1733, under the title of 'The Knowledge and Characters of Men,' Lawton Gilliver being the owner of the copyright.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 141. Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158 to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.[1]

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.[2]

I.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,[4]

[1] First printed in 1733.—POPE.

[2] Sir Richard Temple was created Baron Cobham of Cobham in Kent in 1714, partly as a reward for his services in the Low Countries under the Duke of Marlborough, but more particularly, no doubt, as a reward for his zeal in the Hanoverian cause. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, April 7, 1713, speaks of him as "the greatest Whig in the army." He was made Viscount in 1718, and rose to the rank of Field-Marshal. He became in succession Constable of Windsor Castle, a Privy Counsellor, and Governor of the Island of Jersey. Having joined the Opposition against Walpole, he was in 1731 deprived of his military commands, for voting against the Court, and he did not regain them till 1742, when the Opposition succeeded in defeating Walpole. He was the owner of Stowe—where his family had been settled since the time of Edward VI.—and laid out the celebrated gardens with the assistance of Bridgeman. Pope was a frequent visitor at Stowe, which he greatly admired. See Moral Essays, iv. 70. Cobham died in 1749. He had no issue, and his title and estates passed to his sister, from whom sprang the Grenvilles, famous in English history.

[3] A fine turned allusion to what Philostratus said of Euxenus, the tutor of Apollonius, that he could only repeat some sentences of Pythagoras, like those *coxcomb birds*, who were taught their εὖ πράττε and their Ζεὺς ἵλεως, but knew not what they signified.—WARBURTON.

[4] So Dryden in his Absalom and Achitophel:

> If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
> He means you no more mischief than a parrot.—WAKEFIELD.

Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
  And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.[1]
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions,[2] these[3] from guess.
There's some peculiar[4] in each leaf and grain,
Some unmarked fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?[5]
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.[6]
  That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
  Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?

[1] Madame de Sévigné: "Say what they will of the great book of the world, we must read others to know how to read that."—WARTON.

[2] The word is used in the technical sense given it by Locke: "For the mind being once furnished with simple ideas, it can put them together in several compositions, and so make variety of complex ideas, without examining whether they exist so together in nature, and hence I think it is that these ideas are called *notions*, as they had their original and constant existence more in the thoughts of men than in the reality of things."—Human Understanding, Bk. ii. c. 22.

[3] Warburton's edition reads "those," following a misprint in the first edition, which was corrected in the errata of the edition of 1735, "these" being the reading of the subsequent editions.

[4] The word is also used as a substantive by Milton:

> By tincture or reflection they augment
> Their small peculiar.
> Paradise Lost, Bk. vii.

[5] Warburton says that Pope in these lines (9–18) is reflecting on the system of La Rochefoucauld. The poet alleges that human nature is too full of delicate variety to admit of anything like scientific classification. Pope seems to have disapproved of La Rochefoucauld as an author. Writing to Swift, Oct. 15, 1725, he says: "I will not tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucauld's principles) till I see you here, face to face."

[6] There are above 300 sorts of moss observed by naturalists.—POPE.

On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolored, through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:[1]
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passions' wide rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense[2] subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought;
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they 're hid from none;

[1] These lines originally stood after ver. 24. "*Their* way" referred to "quick whirls and shifting eddies." When the passage was transposed it was forgotten that the plural pronoun had no corresponding noun to explain it. The only way to construe the line at present is to take "all" as meaning "all men;" "Life's stream hurries all men along too swiftly for the observer to mark their course." But it is plain that Pope meant the stream itself to be the thing observed, and "all too swift" to be understood simply as "too swift."

[2] *i.e.*, consciousness.

(So darkness strikes the sense[1] no less than light:)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight;[2]
And every child hates Shylock,[3] though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole,[4]
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,[5]
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,[6]
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,[7]
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.[8]

[1] "Fills the eye," in all the editions before Warburton's.

[2] James Brydges; first Duke of Chandos. Pope of course intended by this compliment to remove the impression, that the character of Timon in the Fourth Moral Essay was intended for the Duke.

[3] On a printed leaf of this Essay among the Warburton papers, Pope has crossed out "Shylock," and written over it the real name "Selkirk," for whom see Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue i. 92, and note, and Moral Essays iii. ver. 92, 94, and notes.

The name Shylock is applied in the Third Moral Essay, ver. 94, to Wortley Montagu.

[4] Him there they found
Squat like a toad.
Milton's Paradise Lost, Bk. iv. 799.

[5] The principal male character in Wycherley's Plain Dealer. "Generous" is not a very happy epithet for Manly, who is chiefly distinguished for his coarseness and want of manners. On the other hand, Macaulay's description of him as "the greatest rascal to be found in Wycherley's own writings," (Essay on the Comic Dramatists) is so curiously inappropriate that it can only be explained by supposing the writer to have confounded in his memory Manly with Vernish.

[6] It seems doubtful whether Pope had any particular parasite in view. Characters of the Times says that Umbra was Walter Carey, Esq., M.P. —CROKER. See note to ver. 177 of the Second Imitation of Donne.

[7] In the earlier editions:

Who but detests the endearments of Courtine.

Queen Caroline's habit of saying what she thought would be pleasant to those about her is amusingly taken off in a comedietta written for her by Lord Hervey, the subject of which is his own reported death. The Queen is represented in conversation with her Court. Amongst others she addresses the Duchess of Hamilton:

"Queen.—One cannot help wishing you joy, Madam, every time one sees you, of the good matches your daughters have made.

"Duchess.—Considering how they behaved I wonder indeed they had any matches at all; but for any other two women of quality, one would think it no great catch for one to be married to a fool, and t'other to a beggar.

"Queen.—Oh fie, fie! my good Duchess! One cannot help laughing, you are so lively; but your expressions are very strong."—Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 171.

[8] Closely copied from Boileau:

Un esprit né chagrin plait par son chagrin même.

It is a compliment to Swift.—WARTON. He seems to mean that the charm of Swift's spleen lay in its being natural and free of affectation,

But these plain characters we rarely find;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or[1] puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or[2] affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:[3]
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.[4]
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.[5]
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,[6]
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner; then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patritio's[7] high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,[8]
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weighed,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed![9]

and therefore an index of his real character.

[1] "Here," in edition of 1733.

[2] "There," in edition of 1733.

[3] *i.e.* Men of policy sometimes think it advisable to use flat falsehood instead of the refinements of artifice, while the cunning tell truth only for the purpose of deception.

[4] *i.e.* It is difficult to detect the fool himself in the midst of his inconsistent follies.

[5] *i.e.* "Full of professions when a candidate for a seat in Parliament," (for the Middlesex members are put into nomination at Hackney,) "and faithless to those professions when the object of them is secure."—WAKEFIELD.

[6] Perhaps Dartineuf, but it is possible that no individual was meant, as he borrowed the name from the epicure of Horace.—CROKER. The character does not answer to that of Dartineuf, of whom Swift says in his Journal to Stella, March 22, 1711: "Dartineuf, a *great punster*, invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Dartineuf? That is the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a lot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last."

[7] Lord Godolphin.—WARBURTON.

[8] This high praise of Godolphin is not quite deserved. His conduct both to James II. and William III. was marked by base treachery. See Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. 57, 58.

[9] This is no doubt meant for a side

He thanks you not; his pride is in piquet,[1]
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.[2]
What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)[3]
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?[4]
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere?[5]
A godless regent tremble at a star?[6]

stroke at Marlborough, who had been accused by the Tories in the early part of the century of prolonging the war against Louis XIV. to serve his own interest.

[1] Burnet says of him: "He loved gaming the most of any man of business I ever knew, and gave one reason for it because it delivered him from the obligation to talk much." We see from Lord Hervey's Memoirs that the second Lord Godolphin was also a curiously mixed character, combining a refined taste for letters and scholarship, with a passion for horse-racing and the company of jockeys.

[2] After ver. 86 in the former editions:

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemmed round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

The Duke of Marlborough was accused, in 1711, of having received an annual bribe of five or six thousand pounds from the contractors of bread for the army. The evidence having been laid before the Queen, she determined to dismiss the Duke from all his employments.

For the suppression of these lines see Introductory Remarks to the Second Moral Essay.

[3] Charron was an admirer of Montaigne; had contracted a strict friendship with him; and has transferred an infinite number of his thoughts into his famous book *De la Sagesse*, but his moderating everywhere the extravagant Pyrrhonism of his friend is the reason why the Poet calls him "more sage Charron."—WARBURTON.

[4] Tacitus seems to ascribe the change in Otho's conduct after he became Emperor to dissimulation ("Dilatæ voluptates, dissimulata luxuria," Hist. I. 70). Dryden, too, implies that there was no real change in his character.

He did not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stayed and suffered Fortune to repent.

On the other hand, the account which Tacitus gives of his unselfish behaviour on the eve of his suicide (Hist. ii. 48, 49) indicates that his general character had been really elevated by the change in his position.

Hume says of Cromwell: "He maintained a dignity without either affectation or ostentation; and supported with strangers that high idea with which his great exploits and prodigious fortune had impressed them. Among his ancient friends he could relax himself; and by trifling and amusement, jesting and making verses, he feared not to expose himself to their most familiar approaches. With others he sometimes pushed matters to the length of rustic buffoonery; and he would amuse himself by putting burning coals into the boots and hose of the officers who attended him." Many other instances of Cromwell's buffoonery are given by Hume in his History of England, Chap. lxi.

[5] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by he feared to break his oath.—POPE.

[6] Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent

The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?[1]
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?[2]
Know, God and nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;[3]
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.—POPE.

[1] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen; and Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to re-assume it, was imprisoned till his death.—POPE. Philip V. resigned his crown to his eldest son, Don Louis, in 1724; but he continued to exercise regal authority, and remounted the throne on the death of the young king. An account of the abdication of Victor Amadeus is given in the British Chronologist under 3rd September, 1730: "Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, resigned his crown into the hands of his son Charles Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, now King of Sardinia. The abdicated prince was then sixty-four years of age, and designed to lead the life of a private nobleman, with the Countess Dowager of St. Sebastians, whom he designed to marry: he reserved a revenue of 100,000 crowns per annum, and contented himself with the title of Marquis of Tende, having neither guards nor officers of state, or anything that might distinguish him from a private man: and this he did after he had reigned fifty years with as great reputation as any sovereign in Europe." And again under 28th September, 1731: "Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, who had abdicated the government, and placed his son on the throne, either being weary of a private life, or incited by the Countess, his consort; or lastly, looking on himself to be slighted by his son and ministers, had formed a design to remount the throne. But the young king, under pretence of a conspiracy against his government, caused his father to be made prisoner, and kept in close confinement; and the Countess his consort to be removed to a distance from him to prevent further troubles."

[2] The Czarina Iwanowna; Louis XV.; Clement XII.; and Victor Amadeus II. Instead of "wisest" the earlier editions read "ablest." The question raised in ver. 93 is improperly introduced in this context, as it relates to the providence of God, not to the character of Man. Of Victor Amadeus, Voltaire says in his Précis du Siècle de Louis XV.: "La société de sa maîtresse, devenue sa femme, la dévotion et le repos, ne purent satisfaire une âme occupée pendant cinquante ans des affaires de l'Europe. Il fit voir quelle est la faiblesse humaine, et combien il est difficile de remplir son cœur sur le trône et hors de trône."

[3] *i.e.* Shooting at man, the judgment shoots at flying game. De Quincey rightly censures this passage for its obscurity and incorrectness.

II.

In vain the sage,[1] with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent What conclude the Why;
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:[2]
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impelled
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.[3]
Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?[4]

[1] "The grave," in all editions before Warburton's.

[2] Become monks.—CROKER.

[3] "Adust complexion" means "fiery temperament." The description is untrue. Both Charles and Philip had the typical Flemish disposition, cool and phlegmatic. Charles retired into the convent of S. Justo in Estremadura, when his health became broken. Philip took the field out of policy, and he does not appear to have been present in person either at the battle of St. Quentin or of Gravelines.

[4] "They choose some general air, and according to that interpret all the actions of a man, of which if

Must then at once (the character to save),
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?[1]
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?[2]
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.[3]
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.[4]
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:[5]
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.[6]

some be so stubborn that they cannot bend them to any uniformity to the rest, they then, without further ceremony, impute them to dissimulation."—MONTAIGNE, Book ii. Chap. I.

[1] After ver. 128 in the former editions:

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar perhaps had told you he was beat,
The mighty Czar what moved to wed a punk,
The mighty Czar might answer, he was drunk.

[2] After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relics of the Pharsalian quarrel, he brought upon himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.—WARBURTON.

[3] It is strange that Pope, or his learned friends, should not have known that drunkenness was not one of Cæsar's vices. Suetonius says: "Vini parcissimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt."—JORTIN.

[4] "I have been assured," says Swift, "by men long practised in business, that the secrets of a Court are much fewer than we generally suppose; and I hold it for the greatest secret of a Court that they are so. I could produce innumerable instances from my own memory and observation, of events imputed to the profound skill and address of the minister, which in reality were either the mere effect of negligence, weakness, humour, passion, or pride; or at best but the natural course of things left to themselves."—WARTON.

[5] This thought was perhaps originally suggested by Horace's lines:

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus. 'Sapiens ne?' Etiam, et rex
Et quidquid volet. ii. Sat. 3, 94-98.

[6] In the same strain the Prologue to Dryden's Troilus and Cressida:

Dulness that in a playhouse meets disgrace
Might meet with reverence in its proper place,

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate: [1]
In life's low vale,[2] the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind,[3]
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto [4] now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;

The fulsome clench, that nauseates the town,
Would from a judge, or alderman, go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe or gown!
And that insipid stuff, which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be called a grave debate:
Dulness is decent in the church and state.
—WAKEFIELD.

[1] The same thought is found in a letter from Swift to Mrs. Howard, dated 1 Feby. 1727: "I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highness; therefore I think I may let you tell her that every grain of virtue and good sense in one of her rank, considering their bad education among flatterers and adorers, worth a dozen in any inferior person." Pope, however, is speaking ironically.

[2] From Cowley, Translation of Virgil. Georgic II. 458:

In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid.

[3] These lines (149-157) seem to run counter to the general drift of the argument. Pope says (v.100), we cannot "from the apparent what conclude the why." But here he says, "'Tis Education forms the common mind." Perhaps, however, he means to start a supposed objection to his theory in this verse, with a view to afterwards overthrowing it, by showing how entirely different the characters of children brought up in the same family often are. If so, Warburton ought to have brought out the line of reasoning more clearly in the analysis of the Essay. In the early editions, when the Epistle made less pretension to regularity of thought, this inconsistency was less glaring.

[4] The first edition has J——n, meaning no doubt old Mr. Johnston, who had been King William's Secretary for Scotland. He retired from

Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,[1]
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some God or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned.[2]
Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:[3]
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions?[4] they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.[5]

III.

Search then[6] the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere:
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

public life on a pension, and fixed himself in an elegant villa at Twickenham (since known as Orleans House), where he amused himself with horticulture, but neither neighbourhood nor similarity of taste could reconcile Pope to the old Whig. He was a cousin of Bishop Burnet, and was recommended by him to King William.—CROKER.

[1] These four lines first appeared in Warburton's edition.

[2] Variation:

Or chanced to meet Sir Robert when he frowned.—WARBURTON.

[3] The construction requires "take *its* place." The grammatical error in this passage seems to arise from carelessness, as Pope might have written "displace."

[4] "Affections," in the earlier editions.

[5] We find here in the compass of eight lines an anatomy of human nature; more sense and observation cannot well be compressed in a narrower space.—WARTON. He is perhaps indebted to La Bruyère, who says in his Essay De l'Homme: "Les besoins de la vie, la situation où l'on se trouve, la loi de la nécessité, forcent la nature, et y causent ces grands changements. Ainsi tel homme au fond et en lui-même ne se peut définir; trop de choses qui sont hors de lui l'attirent, le changent, le bouleversent; il n'est point précisement ce qu'il est ou ce qu'il parait être."

[6] Till Warburton's edition these

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.[1]
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women[2] and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,[3]
The club must hail him master of the joke.[4]
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot[5] too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.[6]
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;

lines were printed after ver. 171. Instead of "Search then," the reading was "'Tis in," *i.e.*, 'Tis only in the ruling passion you cannot change.

[1] "Clodio," in the earlier editions, which was the name given to his father in the Satire called Faction Displayed.—CROKER.

Philip, son of the Marquis of Wharton, born in December, 1698, died in May, 1731. He was created Duke of Wharton in 1718 before he was twenty-one years of age, as a reward for his services in debate.

[2] Alluding to his intimacy with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See note to ver. 207.

[3] His most celebrated speech during his short parliamentary career was delivered May, 1723, when he was little more than twenty-four, in opposition to the bill of pains and penalties against Atterbury. "It was heard," says Dr. King, "with universal applause and admiration, and was indeed not unworthy of the oldest and most accomplished senator, or the most able and eloquent lawyer in either House of Parliament." He displayed on the occasion his usual audacious trickery and want of honour. "He called," Horace Walpole says, "on Sir Robert the day before the debate, and telling him he should speak for the bill, begged for some hints. Walpole went through the whole case with him, and the Duke, having ascertained by his lie the ministerial arguments, was able to get ready his answer."

[4] He was President of the celebrated Hell-Fire Club.

[5] John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagances in the time of Charles II.—POPE.

[6] "Not long after a whim took his Grace to go into a convent, in order to prepare for Easter; and he behaved himself so well there, and discoursed so well upon all points of religion, that the good Fathers beheld him with admiration."—Life of Wharton, prefixed to the edition of his works published in 1740.

Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;[1]
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;[2]
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;[3]
A rebel to the very king he loves;[4]
He dies, sad outcast of each church[5] and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.[6]
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.'[7]

[1] *i.e.*, making himself most contemptible to avoid being despised.

[2] The grammatical construction of this couplet is certainly daring, but the effect is not unhappy. The Duke's liberality to men of letters was profuse. He gave Young £2,000 for his tragedy of Revenge. See Imitation to Horace, Epistles 1. 6. ver. 88 and note.

[3] The Duke married before he was seventeen years of age the daughter of Major-General Holmes. He appears to have entirely neglected her after his final departure from England, and she died on the 14th of April, 1726, upon which he married Miss O'Byrne, "a beautiful young lady at the Spanish Court, one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen of Spain, daughter of an Irish Colonel in the Spanish service." He treated his first wife badly, but it can scarcely be said that "his heart approved her;" his heart may have approved of his second wife, but there is no evidence that he treated her badly. It is probable that Pope merely inserted the traits of character described in this couplet for the sake of antithesis.

[4] A Bill of indictment was preferred against him for High Treason, the fact laid to his charge being, appearing in arms before, and firing off cannon against, his Majesty's Town of Gibraltar. His father was one of the first who joined the Prince of Orange. When about seventeen years old the Duke told an English gentleman, "that he had pawned his principles to Gordon the Pretender's banker for a considerable sum, and till he had the money to repay him he must be a Jacobite, but that as soon as he had redeemed them he should be a Whig again."—Life of Wharton.

[5] This is not quite accurate. He died a member of the church of Rome, in a Bernardine convent among the mountains of Catalonia.

[6] *i.e.*, not having achieved really great celebrity by his wickedness.

[7] The union of opposite extremes in Wharton seems rather to be an illustration of what La Bruyère says, that men without principle "have no character at all": "Adraste était si corrumpu et si libertin, qu'il lui a été moins difficile de suivre la

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,[1]
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.[2]
Yet in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swelled his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;[3]
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aimed, like him, by chastity at praise.[4]
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.[5]
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

mode, et se faire dévot; il lui eut couté davantage d'être homme de bien." But the Duke is used as an illustration of Pope's theory for personal rather than philosophical reasons. He had written a satire upon Pope, and had given a copy of it to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The poet therefore was moved against him both by jealousy and resentment.

[1] In former editions:

Nature well known no *Miracles* remain.

Altered as above for very obvious reasons.—WARBURTON.

[2] Tautology. This was said before at ver. 178, 179.—CROKER.

[3] Servilia, the sister of Cato and mother of Brutus. Next to Cleopatra, she was the most beloved of all Cæsar's mistresses; and Suetonius says, Cæsar bought for her a single jewel at the price of £50,000.—WARTON.

[4] P. Cornelius Scipio. His character is variously portrayed. Arnold says, "By his friends Scipio is represented as one who amid all temptations of youth and power, maintained the complete mastery over his passions: while his enemies said that his youth was utterly dissolute." Arnold himself is inclined to think that his early life may have been like that of our own Henry V.—History of Rome, vol. iii., c. 47.

[5] "This is the mistake of a satirist and fatalist, whose tendency it always is to depreciate human virtue. Had Lucullus lived in Curius' days, he would have shown in the possession of ten pounds of silver-plate the same spirit which, in his own days, was shown in the splendour of his feasts in the Apollo: had Curius lived in the days of Cicero, he would have displayed, like Cicero, in the government of his province, the same spotless integrity which he proved actually in sitting by his cottage fire, and refusing the humble presents of the Samnites."—ARNOLD, History of Rome, vol. ii., c. 38.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.[1]
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter[2] on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.[3]
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,[4]
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed
By his own son, that passes by unblessed:[5]

[1] "It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment; Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale. Tiberius, in dissimulation; as Tacitus saith of him, Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, nondum dissimulatio deserebat. Vespasian in a jest; Ut puto deus fio. Galba, with a sentence; Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani, holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in a despatch; Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum."—BACON.

[2] In the earlier editions, "blunder."

[3] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing. —POPE.

Sir George Lane, Bart., created Viscount Lanesborough, Secretary of State to Charles II., died in 1683, leaving two sons, James, born 1646, and Brabazon, 1648, one of whom was Pope's "sober Lanesborow."—CROKER.

[4] Pope is said by Horace Walpole in these lines to have had in view Lancelot Blackburne, Archbishop of York, whom he satirises again in his Sober Advice, v. 44. Noble, in his Continuation of Granger's Biographies, says of Blackburne: "He was translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to Court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice."—Vol. iii. p. 68 Pope alludes to him ironically, in "1740," as "moral Ebor.".

[5] "The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and

Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.[1]
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor called, declares all help too late:
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—Then bring the jowl.'[2]
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end;
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.[3]

left by coaches and carts. To keep as far as possible from the carriage-road was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall; the bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel."—MACAULAY, History of England, vol. i. c. 3.

[1] This character appears originally to have been considerably longer. Lord Cobham writes to Pope, Nov. 1, 1733: "Don't you think you have bestowed too many lines on the old lecher? The instance itself is but ordinary, and I think should be shortened or changed." Pope seems to have acted on the suggestion, for in his next letter, Lord Cobham says, "I like your lecher better now 'tis shorter."

[2] It is remarkable that a similar story may be found in the eighth book of Athenæus concerning the poet Philoxenus, a writer of dithyrambics, who grew sick by eating a whole polypus except the head; and when his physician told him he would never recover from the surfeit, called out "Bring me then the head of the polypus." It is not here insinuated that Pope was a reader of Athenæus; but he evidently copied this ludicrous instance of gluttony from La Fontaine:

Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.
WARTON.

[3] A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke of an old Countess in Paris.—WARBURTON.

Richardson the younger says in his Richardsoniana, p. 221: "I remember Mr. Pope repeating to my father and me, in his library at Twickenham, four verses designed for his Epistle on Riches, which were an exquisite description of an old lady dying, and just raising herself up, and blowing out a little end of a candle that stood by her bed-side with her last breath." According to this account these verses were originally designed to stand in another context. But Richardson writes as if he were unaware that they had ever been published. He observes that they are not inserted in the Third Moral Essay, but he says nothing about their appearance in this place. It may be that having heard Pope repeat the verses, and having been informed in which of the Epistles they were to appear, he retained an imperfect recollection of the incident, and afterwards looking for the lines in the Third

'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!'
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa[1] spoke:)
'No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:[2]
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead:
And,—Betty,[3]—give this cheek a little red.'
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
A humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir:
'If,—where I'm going,—I could serve you, sir?'
'I give and I devise' (old Euclio[4] said,
And sighed,) 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
Your money, sir?—'My money, sir! what, all?
Why,—if I must'—(then wept)—'I give it Paul.'
The manor, sir?—'The manor! hold,' he cried;
'Not that,—I cannot part with that!'—and died.

Moral Essay, and not finding them there, concluded that the poet had suppressed them.

[1] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. —POPE.

Mrs. Oldfield, who is called Narcissa, I have no doubt from her excellence in the character of Narcissa in Cibber's Love's Last Shift.—CROKER.

Pope's dislike of Mrs. Oldfield probably arose partly from her friendship with Cibber, partly from his own general resentment against the stage after the failure of Three Hours after Marriage. The Act obliging the dead to be buried in woollen was passed in 1678. Its object was to protect homespun goods against foreign linen.

[2] Mrs. Oldfield was buried in Westminster Abbey, between the monuments to Craggs and Congreve, the corpse being decorated with "a Brussels lace head-dress, a Holland shift, with tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, and a pair of new kid gloves."—CARRUTHERS.

[3] The Betty here mentioned was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield's friend and confidante; a good actress in parts of decayed widows and old maids.—WARTON.

[4] The name of the miser in Plautus's Aulularia.—CROKER.

[5] Pope forgot that even a jest book must govern its jokes by some regard to the realities of life, and that amongst those realities is the very nature and operation of a will. A miser is not, therefore, a fool; and he knows that no possible testamentary abdication of an estate disturbs his own absolute command over it so long as he lives, or bars his power of revoking the bequest. If the old miser was delirious, there is an end

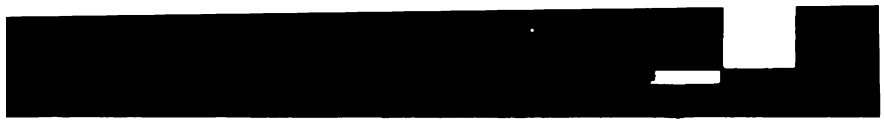
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'O, save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last.[1]

of his responsibilities, and nobody has a right to draw upon *him* for moral lessons or warnings. If he was not delirious, the case could not have happened.—DE QUINCEY.

The elaborate absurdity of this criticism is only exceeded in the remarks of the same writer on the character of Atticus. A man who makes a will naturally thinks of his heirs enjoying his property. Euclio is so passionately attached to his manor that he cannot bear to think of it as being enjoyed by others, even in prospect. The intensity of his ruling passion is admirably and ironically represented in the occurrence of his death immediately after he had declared himself unable to part with his possessions. It seems almost inconceivable that any one could so completely overlook the point, but De Quincey's love of display not unfrequently led him into similar blunders.

Dr. Bennet asserts that Euclio was Sir Charles Duncombe. Warton, following Jonathan Richardson, says he was Sir William Bateman; and Lord Hailes, in his letter to Malone, thinks that he may have been meant for Sir Godfrey Kneller. But it is unlikely that Pope, in spite of what he says, had any particular person in view. The character is marked by a poetic exaggeration, though in substance it is true to nature.

[1] "Your last," *i.e.* the expression of your last passion. This prophecy appears not to have been fulfilled. Hannah More says (according to Mr. Carruthers) that Cobham, when dying, being unable to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, threw it in the face of his niece, Hester Grenville, who was by his bed-side.



EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

OF

THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

EPISTLE II.

"*Of the Characters of* WOMEN.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's Works more highly finished, or written with greater spirit, than this Epistle: yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it, or the effort of genius displayed in adorning it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention the Public gave to it. He said, that *no one Character in it was drawn from the Life.* They believed him on his word; and expressed little curiosity about a satire in which there was nothing personal."—WARBURTON.

"Bolingbroke, a judge of the subject, thought this Epistle the master-piece of Pope. But the bitterness of the satire is not always concealed in a laugh. The characters are lively, though uncommon. I scarcely remember one of them in our comic writers of the best order. The ridiculous is heightened by many strokes of humour, carried even to the borders of extravagance, as much as the two last lines of Boileau, quoted in the next page. The female foibles have been the subject of perhaps more wit in every language, than any other topic that can be named. The sixth satire of Juvenal, though detestable for its obscenity, is undoubtedly the most witty of all his sixteen, and is curious for the picture it exhibits of the private lives of the Roman ladies. If this Epistle yields, in any respect, to the tenth satire of Boileau on the same subject, it is in the delicacy and variety of the transitions by which the French writer passes from one character to another, always connecting each with the foregoing. It was a common saying of Boileau, speaking of La Bruyère, that one of the most difficult parts of composition was the art of transition. That we may see how happily Pope has caught the manner of Boileau, let us survey one of his portraits: it shall be that of his learned lady:

Qui s'offrira d'abord? Bon, c'est cette Scavante,
Qu'estime Roberval, et que Sauveur fréquente.
D'où vient qu'elle a l'œil troublé, et le teint si terni?
C'est que sur le calcul, dit-on, de Cassini,
Un Astrolabe en main, elle a dans sa gouttière
A suivre Jupiter passé la nuit entière:
Gardons de la troubler. Sa science, je croi,
Aura par s'occuper ce jour plus d'un emploi.
D'un nouveau microscope on doit, en sa présence
Tantôt chez Dalancé faire l'expérience;
Puis d'une femme morte avec son embryon,
Il faut chez Du Verney voir la dissection.

"None of Pope's female characters excel the Doris of Congreve in delicate touches of raillery and ridicule."—WARTON.

"The 'Characters of Men and Women' are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his 'Characters of Women' with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated and female excellence selected; and he surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau shall be found inferior."—JOHNSON.

This Epistle was composed in 1732-3. Pope writes to Swift, February 16, 1733: "Your lady friend is semper eadem, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic in your absence [*i.e.*, Bolingbroke] to be my *chef d'œuvre:* but it cannot be printed perfectly in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters." To the first edition of the Epistle he prefixed the following Advertisement:

"The Author being very sensible how particular a Tenderness is due to the Female Sex, and at the same time how little they generally show to each other; declares upon his Honour that no one Character is drawn from the Life in this Epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly ascribed to a Lady, who, of all the Women he knows, is the last that would be entertained at the Expence of Another."

When the public, as Warburton says, took the poet at his word and showed their indifference to a satire which was declared to be impersonal, Pope felt that it was necessary to pique their curiosity. Accordingly in the octavo edition of 1735 to ver. 103 the following note was appended:

"Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of connection may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain examples and illustrations of the maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the author has said in his Imitation of Horace:

> Publish the present age, but when the text
> Is vice too high, reserve it for the next."

This seems to illustrate the expressions in the letter to Swift, and to have a clear reference to the characters of Philomede, Atossa, and Chloe, which were not published as part of the Epistle till Warburton's edition of 1751.

For the suppression of the character of Atossa, Pope, according to common report, is said to have received from the Duchess of Marlborough £1000, and the publication of the verses, after such a compact, is called by Warton 'the greatest blemish in the poet's character'; while Bowles, finding this expression too weak, exclaims:

'Call it rather, if it be fact, the most shameful dereliction of everything that was manly and honourable.' This no doubt must be the general verdict, *if the story 'be fact;'* but the fact ought not to be regarded as established until the story has been exposed to searching examination.

How then does the evidence stand? The story is given by Warton in the following words:

"These lines were shown to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the Duchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, 'I cannot be so imposed upon: I see plainly enough for whom they are designed;' and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and after the Duchess's death, it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and afterwards here inserted with those of Philomede and Chloe."

Considering the gravity of this statement, the loose wording of Warton's note is most reprehensible. It is impossible, from the note itself, to say how much of the story was told him by the Duchess of Portland, and how much he derived from the vague 'it is said.' But more than this, the statement is inexcusably misleading. Any one would suppose, after reading it, that the lines were first printed in the 'folio sheet of 1746,' and that this was prepared by Pope and reserved by his directions till the Duchess was dead. Whereas the fact is, that the folio sheet was evidently printed, as will be presently seen, by an enemy of Pope's; while the lines themselves had been prepared for publication, in the edition printed, under his own supervision, on the eve of his death, and *before the death of the Duchess*. As for the evidence of the Duchess of Portland, reported as it is in this slipshod fashion, and coming from a somewhat hostile quarter,[1] it would, if unsupported, be insufficient to convict the poet of guilt; and Roscoe would have some reason for his indignant exclamation: 'The manner in which this story is brought forward by one of Pope's editors as "the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character," and represented by another "If it is fact" as "the most shameful dereliction of everything that was manly and honourable," is, to say the least of it, inconsistent with the character of an editor, whose duty it is to defend his author against all accusations, not supported by competent and authentic proof.'

But it is said this proof actually exists, though it was not within

[1] We see from the Introductory Notes of Lady Louisa Stuart prefixed to the Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu that the Duchess of Portland shared her mother's antipathy to Pope.—Moy Thomas's Edition, vol. i., p. 94.

the knowledge of Warton and Bowles. Shortly after Pope's death Bolingbroke wrote to Lord Marchmont:

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press just before his death an edition of the four Epistles that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it *after he had received the favour you and I know;* and the character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book. Warburton has the propriety of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her Grace's friends say, as they may from several strokes in it, that it was not intended to be her character? and should she despise it?"[1]

What was the 'favour' spoken of by Bolingbroke? The editor of the Marchmont Papers (Sir G. H. Rose) gives as a foot-note to the word 'favour:' "At the bottom of the original letter is written in Mr. Rose's handwriting in pencil '£1000'; and this sum Lord Marchmont stated to be the favour received by Pope from the hands of the Duchess of Marlborough."[2] It seems reasonable to understand from this note that 'Mr. Rose,' the editor's father, received the statement in question from Lord Marchmont, and communicated the information to his son, and if so, there would be conclusive evidence of the payment of £1000 by the Duchess to Pope. There is, however, nothing, either in Bolingbroke's letter or in Mr. Rose's statement, to show that the £1000 was paid to Pope for the suppression of the character of Atossa. On the contrary the writer of the letter uses language which would be inapplicable to such a deliberate breach of a positive compact. His words seem to imply that the private or political relations existing between the Duchess and the poet were originally hostile; but that these relations had since been altered; and that Pope had received from his former enemy treatment of a kind, that rendered the publication of his once justifiable satire an act of inexcusable ill-feeling. We may therefore count the letter of Bolingbroke as indirect evidence of Pope's innocence of the particular treachery with which he is charged.

There can be no doubt, however, that the damaging report was circulated as early as 1746. Mr. Dilke—who has discussed the question with his usual acuteness and ability—had seen several copies of the folio sheet alluded to by Warton as containing the character, and to all of them was appended the following note:

"These verses are part of a poem entitled 'Characters of Women.' It is generally said the D—ss gave Mr. P. £1000 to suppress them: he took the money, yet the world sees the verses; but this is not the

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii., p. 334. [2] Ibid., p. 334, foot-note.

first instance where Mr. P.'s practical virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings."

Here it is evident that we have the hand of an enemy. We can scarcely avoid the inference that this note was written at the instigation of Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was in 1746 determined to blacken Pope's character in consequence of the discovery which he had made of the secret printing of the 'Patriot King.' He was one of a very few persons who knew at this date that Pope had intended to publish the character of Atossa; and he was the only one of them who had any grudge against Pope; so that the concoction of the foot note to the anonymous folio sheet looks like a deliberate conspiracy, on his part, against the poet's reputation. Evidence coming from such a quarter, and in such a form, is certainly not sufficient in itself to confirm the truth of the story told by Warton.

But this is not all the evidence against Pope. Among the papers at Longleat there are some little note-books of the Duchess of Portland, daughter of Pope's friend Edward, Earl of Oxford, in which she wrote down, from time to time, anecdotes, witticisms, and remarkable circumstances, and in one of these there is the following entry:

"Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, invited Pope and Mrs. Martha Blount to pass some time at Wimbledon. During her stay with her, he read the character of Atossa to her. She did not seem to take notice of it to him, though she was struck with the likeness. She sent for Hook, the writer of the Roman History, and told him Pope had been reading a character she believed he meant for her, though there was not the least resemblance; but she chose it should be suppressed, and therefore desired he would go to Pope, and make a bargain with him to deliver up the verses, and he paid him three thousand pounds. This was told me by Lady Cowper, who had it from Hook."[1]

This statement appears circumstantial enough. But when we examine it, the first thing, that must strike everybody, is the extraordinary discrepancy between the story which the Duchess tells in her note-book and that which she told to Warton. According to the note-book the lines were read to the Duchess of Marlborough by Pope himself: according to Warton's report they were "shown to her Grace" by somebody else. The note-book says that she "seemed to take no notice" of the verses when they were first read to her; Warton's report says that she "stopped the person who was reading them to her," and said, "I cannot be so imposed on: I see plainly enough for whom they are designed." From the note-book it appears that the character was read to the Duchess by Pope when she was on terms of familiarity with him: Warton's account implies that the Duchess made friends with Pope, in order to procure the suppression of the

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Elwin.

character. The sum paid to Pope is £3000 according to the note-book, but £1000 according to Warton. Either, then, the Duchess of Portland—who, it should be remembered, disliked Pope—was a person so negligent of accuracy, that any evidence coming from her must be received with great caution; or if the inaccuracy be chargeable on Warton's report, we see how a story communicated from one person to another becomes transformed in its passage. Now the transaction described must have taken place many years before the record of it was made in the Duchess's note-book. It appears from a letter of Lord Chesterfield to Lord Marchmont, dated April 24, 1741, that he had recently introduced Hooke to the Duchess of Marlborough.[1] Hooke's 'Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough,' which he wrote under the Duchess's inspection, is dated January 20, 1742. The Duchess quarrelled with Hooke soon after he had completed his task, so that his embassy to Pope must have taken place between the beginning of April, 1741, and some date not much later than the end of January, 1742. Lady Cowper, to whom Hooke, according to the Duchess of Portland, related the transaction, was a daughter of Lord Granville. She married first, in 1734, John Spencer, grandson of the Duchess of Marlborough, who died in 1746; and secondly, Lord Cowper in 1750. Hooke may no doubt have confided to the Spencers, who kept up the closest relations with the Duchess of Marlborough, the nature of his negotiations with Pope, while the affair was in progress, but eight or nine years at least must have elapsed before Lady Cowper repeated the story to the Duchess of Portland, and there is nothing to show at what date the latter committed it to paper. And between the two dates at which Hooke told the story to the Spencers, and the Duchess of Portland made the entry in her note-book, the hostile folio sheet had appeared—viz., in 1746.

The story as told in the Duchess of Portland's note-book carries improbability on its face. The character of Atossa, according to it, was not read to the Duchess of Marlborough as a satire on herself; all other accounts agree in the statement that she was told it was the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; she declined to admit to Hooke that it bore any resemblance to herself; she could therefore have scarcely opened negotiations with Pope about the character, as if she had any personal interest in it; yet she authorises Hooke to pay £3000 to have it suppressed. And how does she propose that the suppression shall be effected? Not by a contract in black and white, binding Pope not to publish the character, but simply by the surrender of the verses themselves. Is it credible that a woman so shrewd as the Duchess should fancy that she had secured herself against the publication of the satire after her death, merely because the MS. had been delivered—as far as we are told, without further conditions—into her own hands?

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii., p. 251.

Assume, however, that the Duchess paid Pope either £1000 as the folio sheet says, or £3000 as the Duchess of Portland says in her note-book, for the suppression of the character of Atossa, under what conditions would Pope have violated the agreement? Hooke, it has been already said, would have gone on his embassy probably between April, 1741, and February, 1742; yet within a year of the latter date we find Pope writing as follows in cold blood to Warburton (January 27, 1743):—

"I have gone over all y^r^ papers on ye two Epistles to my satisfaction, and I agree with you to make shorter work with those to ye Lady and to Lord Burlington (though I have replaced most of ye omitted lines in ye former)."[1]

Now though Warburton may not have known of the existence of any bargain between the Duchess and Pope, there is something startling in the coolness of this announcement of the poet, when at the moment he wrote he knew there was damning evidence in existence, which, if made public, would convict him of the most gross perfidy and hypocrisy. Almost all Pope's literary frauds bear traces of self-deception; in his passionate pursuit of his ends his self-love caused him often to justify to himself indefensible means; but, under the circumstances supposed, there was absolutely nothing to disguise from his conscience the deformity of his action. Boastful as he had always been of his independence and superiority to corruption, he had accepted a bribe to suppress a satire on one whom he considered a great criminal; yet, after taking the hush money, he prepared almost immediately to betray his victim to the scorn and ridicule he had originally designed for her.

Supposing him, however, to have been capable of such bare-faced deceit, what would have been the consequences of his action? The character had originally been suppressed from motives of caution. In 1735 Pope had deliberately resolved to

> Publish the present age, but when the text
> Is vice too high, reserve it for the next.

This was when he had nothing to fear from the Duchess except the resentment of an angry woman of rank; he was not on terms of intimacy with her, and, if he had chosen to publish a satire upon her, she would have had no special cause of complaint. Nevertheless he thinks it safer to reserve the character of Atossa for the next age. But in 1743 he prepares for publication the very satire which, by the hypothesis, he had received £1000 to suppress; and so far from reserving the publication for the next age, he prints it while this powerful criminal is still alive, and holds in her hands

[1] Unpublished correspondence between Warburton and Pope in the British Museum.

the proofs of his treachery. To make his conduct in the slightest degree intelligible, we must suppose that he intended to have reserved the *publication* till the Duchess was dead. Even on such a supposition, however, the difficulty will not be removed. His nice calculation would have told him that the Duchess would certainly preserve some record of a bargain, which had not been completed by direct agreement with himself, but through the mediation of a third person. He would have been sure, therefore, that any one who had been made aware of the transaction, had it always in his power to blast his character by turning informer. And once more, if it is argued that he meant the character to be kept back till after his own death and that of the Duchess, being indifferent to his posthumous reputation, this is inconsistent with what we know of his disposition. He was as passionately desirous of moral as of poetical fame, and the extraordinary frauds, to which he resorted for the publication of his correspondence, were the result of his eagerness to exalt his character in public esteem. Yet he must have known that the deliberate breach by him of a positive compact, made in the presence of surviving witnesses, would almost certainly lead to revelations that would be fatal to the fancy fabric he had so carefully constructed.

Besides, there is strong presumptive evidence that Pope intended to publish the character of Atossa during the Duchess of Marlborough's lifetime. Bolingbroke writes to Marchmont: 'The four Epistles are printed off, and are *now* ready for publication.' The edition was the absolute property of Warburton, and it is evident from Bolingbroke's expressions, that, as far as Warburton was concerned, there was nothing to prevent the appearance of the volume; but, if Pope had thought that the publication of the character of Atossa in the Duchess's lifetime could be cited against him as a damning proof of treachery, he would certainly have taken some measures to restrain Warburton from publishing it till she was dead.

Again, the 'four Epistles' were part of an edition prepared under the joint care of Pope and Warburton, and many expressions in the unpublished correspondence between the poet and his commentator, indicate Pope's anxiety for the appearance of his works, in what he fancied would be their most advantageous form. Thus he writes to Warburton (probably in December, 1742):

"*I am glad you proceed upon these Epistles first*, as they will best joyn with the Essay on Man, of which [and] of ye Essay on Criticism, I will publish a small number to try ye taste of ye town: *and then give, as soon as you can conveniently, ye notes on ye Epistles all together, in one volume, with ye Essay on Man already printed off*, leaving ye Pastorals, Rape of the Lock, etc., to the last, to join with ye Essay on Criticism." [1]

[1] MS. correspondence between Warburton and Pope in British Museum.

He afterwards adopted another arrangement, and published in 1743 a volume containing the 'Essay on Man' and the 'Essay on Criticism,' the former of which, as we see, was already printed. This was probably done out of eagerness to see what the public would think of the new edition, for he writes again on 12 January, 1743, before the publication of the volume:—

"I go on softly to prepare ye great edition of my things with y^r^ notes . . . . I determined to have published a small number of that Essay [on Man] and of ye other on Criticism, ere now as a sample of ye rest; but Bowyer advised to delay; *though I now see I was not in the wrong.*" [1]

It seems impossible to construe these expressions in any other sense than as conveying a desire for the speedy publication of the edition containing the character of Atossa, and Spence records a circumstance which renders this presumption almost a certainty.

"'Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am dying.'—P. [This was said on his sending about *some of his Ethic Epistles*, as presents about three weeks before we lost him.]" [2]

These 'Ethic Epistles' must have been either the volume containing the four Epistles, referred to by Bolingbroke in his letter to Marchmont, or the 'Essay on Man' with Warburton's Commentary, which had been published in 1743, and which was described on the title page as 'The First Book of the Ethic Epistles.' It is unlikely that Spence would have spoken of a volume, which contained both the 'Essay on Man' and the 'Essay on Criticism,' by the mere descriptive title of Ethic Epistles, which would have been applicable only to the former poem. On the other hand, his description suits the edition of the four Epistles, now known as the Moral Essays, which are specially called the Ethic Epistles by Pope in his correspondence with Warburton, which had been published with that title in earlier editions of his works, and which were now apparently printed in a volume by themselves. Besides, Pope would have been more likely to distribute copies of a volume which had not yet appeared, than of one which had lost its first novelty. It may appear surprising that, if the 'Ethic Epistles' mentioned by Spence were the same edition as that containing the character of Atossa, Pope should not have given a copy to Bolingbroke, who did not discover the existence of the book till after his friend's death, but Bolingbroke and Warburton were on bad terms, and the poet may have thought that the former would not have been pleased with the gift. On the whole I think it is a fair inference from Spence's statement that Pope actually gave away on his

[1] MS. correspondence between Warburton and Pope in British Museum.

[2] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 364.

death-bed some copies of the volume containing the character of Atossa.

In forming our judgment on this matter, we have then to consider in the first place the obviously malignant spirit in which the story of the bribe was first circulated, and the unfriendliness of the witness by whom it is partially confirmed; we must further remember that the Duchess of Portland's entry in her note-book was made after the rumour started in the folio sheet in 1746 had spread in society, and that it is not only inconsistent with the story which she seems to have told Warton, but is also improbable in itself; and lastly we must ask whether it is credible that, if a man, with Pope's extreme caution and love of fame, had received £1000 for the specific purpose of suppressing a particular satire, he would have dared to publish it while the person who had paid him to suppress it was still alive, or even after her death, while any witnesses of the bargain survived to denounce his perfidy. Taking all these points into consideration, I think it is not unreasonable to conclude that, if Pope received £1000 from the Duchess of Marlborough, he did not receive it expressly for suppressing the character of Atossa.

There remains the question whether the story of the payment of the £1000 can be in any way explained. Mr. Dilke, who has investigated it more thoroughly than any previous enquirer, is inclined to discredit it entirely as a scandalous report. He thinks that the tale of the bribe may have arisen from the reward of £5000 which Ruffhead says Hooke the historian received from the Duchess for writing the 'Account of her Conduct;' for Ruffhead tells us—and he is confirmed in his account by the Marchmont Papers—that Hooke was recommended to the Duchess by Pope. As for the character of Atossa, Mr. Dilke is of opinion that it was meant for the Duchess of Buckingham, and that therefore both parts of the story about the bribe fall to the ground.[1]

Satisfactory as it would be to adopt this conclusion, it scarcely appears to account sufficiently for all the facts of the case. The evidence for the payment of the £1000 coming from so many different quarters—the Duchess of Portland, Mr. Rose's foot-note, and the folio sheet of 1746—is too formidable to be disposed of as a rumour founded on the Duchess's payment to Hooke, especially when it is considered in connection with Bolingbroke's letter to Marchmont. Nor will Mr. Dilke's view of Bolingbroke's evidence as to the original of the character itself bear examination. He says:

'Bolingbroke found the four Epistles, and in them the character of Atossa; and he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was meant for the Duchess of Marlborough. This was mere conjecture, a hasty assumption. Bolingbroke had no time for consideration or

[1] 'Papers of a Critic,' pp. 226—233, and 269—287.

enquiry, for Pope was buried on the 5th of June, and Bolingbroke was at Calais on the 18th. Bolingbroke, be it remembered, at the time of Pope's special intimacy with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire—from 1721 to 1725—was in exile or abroad, and Pope's intercourse with the Duchess had ceased for fifteen years before he died. Bolingbroke, therefore, knew nothing about Pope's intimate relations with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, and the very application of the Duchess of Marlborough suggested her as the subject. Yet, though under the influence of that suggestion, Bolingbroke was perplexed by the want of likeness. "Is it worth while," he asks of Marchmont, "to suppress the edition, or should her Grace's friends say, *as they may from several strokes in it*, that it was not intended to be her character."'

The weak point of this theory is that it assumes Bolingbroke to have had no previous knowledge of the character. He came upon it, Mr. Dilke thinks, among Pope's printed papers, and 'jumped at once to the conclusion' that it was meant for the Duchess of Marlborough. But it is evident, from Bolingbroke's expressions in his letter, that both he and Marchmont knew of the existence of the character, and believed it to be the portrait of that Duchess. There was no 'perplexity' in his mind as to the original of the picture; he merely suggested to Marchmont that the want of resemblance in the portrait to the Duchess, in certain particulars, might enable them to say that she was not the person intended. Moreover, Bolingbroke, as we see from Pope's letter to Swift, announcing the completion of the 'Characters of Women,' had seen the poem in its original form, when there is good reason to suppose that it contained the lines on Atossa. We must take it, then, as an indisputable fact, that Bolingbroke, who had every opportunity of knowing Pope's original intention in writing the character, was firmly persuaded that Atossa was meant as a satire on the Duchess of Marlborough.

Warburton was equally well qualified to speak to Pope's intentions, and he testifies to the same effect. "Read his character of the Duchess of Marlborough to her"—so Spence reports Warburton—"as that of the Duchess of Buckingham, but she spoke of it afterwards, and said she knew very well whom he meant."[1] Whether it was Pope or Warburton who read the character to the Duchess is uncertain from the fragmentary entry in Spence's note-book, but if the Duchess of Portland's story is to be trusted, it must have been the former. In any case, however, it was with Warburton, as with Bolingbroke, an unquestionable fact that the lines on Atossa were originally meant for the Duchess of Marlborough.

There is yet another witness, Ann Arbuthnot, daughter of Dr. Arbuthnot, and sister of George Arbuthnot, one of Pope's executors.

[1] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 364.

The poet appears to have had a great friendship for her, for she was one of the six persons to whom he left £5 to be laid out in a memorial of him, and he bequeathed her £200 on the death of Martha Blount. Ann Arbuthnot told Spence in 1744: "In the Satire on Women there was a character of the old Duchess of Marlborough under the name of Orsini [Orsina?], written before Mr. Pope was so familiar with her, and very severe."[1] Her knowledge of the character must of course have been derived from Pope's MS., and her evidence seems to show that Pope changed the name from Orsini (or Orsina) to Atossa, for of course there can only have been one portrait of the Duchess in the 'Characters of Women,' and that, as we know from Bolingbroke, was Atossa.

We may take therefore these facts to be established: 1st, that Pope received £1000 from the Duchess of Marlborough; 2nd, that the character of Atossa was meant for the Duchess of Marlborough; 3rd, that Pope intended to publish the character of Atossa during the lifetime of the Duchess. What we have now to do is to try to discover a set of conditions, under which the publication of the character of Atossa would appear to Bolingbroke, knowing as he did of the payment of £1000, discreditable to Pope, and yet would appear to Pope's own conscience not absolutely inexcusable, and to his intellect in no way dangerous.

Bolingbroke says in his letter to Marchmont: "If he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it after he had received the favour you and I know." And Lord Marchmont's evidence shows that this favour was £1000. The question therefore is under what circumstances Pope is likely to have received this money from the Duchess. Now it appears probable that there were negociations between Pope and the Duchess or her friends as early as 1735. After that year, Pope actually removed from his works many sarcastic allusions to the Marlborough family, which had formerly appeared in them. In the edition of his letters published in 1735, and pretended to be surreptitious, Blenheim was ridiculed, together with the characters of the Duke and Duchess. But in the small authorised edition of 1737 the letter in question was suppressed. Pope had also written satirically to a lady, with reference to the camp in Hyde Park, about the 'new regiments with new clothes and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery).' This sentence is omitted in the quarto edition of 1737. In the quarto edition of the poems published in 1735, Pope inserted an Appendix, containing variations from the earlier editions of the separately published poems. In this occurs the following note:

[1] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 364.

'Epistles, Book the Second. Epistle I., v. 146.

'"Triumphant leaders, &c." These four verses having been misconstrued, contrary to the author's meaning, they are suppressed in as many copies as he could recall.'

As the verses in question appear in the quarto edition to which this note is appended, and in all the subsequent editions published during Pope's lifetime, we must infer from this note that he had parted with the property in the verses, as part of his collective works, and could only make the alteration in the separate folio editions. The note however shows that at this date (1735) for some reason Pope was anxious to call in his satires on Marlborough.

A still more interesting fact remains. Though Pope, before his death, prepared for publication the character of Atossa, he completely suppressed a character which he had written of the *Duke* of Marlborough. Among the papers of Warburton which Mr. Croker received from the Rev. F. Kilvert, of Bath, editor of Bishop Hurd's Remains, there is a page which was evidently intended to form part of the quarto edition of the poems published in 1735. From the facsimile of the page, which is inserted at the beginning of the present volume, it will be seen that it contains vv. 279-298 of the Fourth Epistle of the 'Essay on Man,' and that it would have formed p. 69 of the quarto volume. The actual page in the quarto edition, which corresponds in other respects with the cancelled page, is 71; it seems probable therefore that the latter is part of the proof of the quarto edition, and that the difference in pagination may be accounted for by supposing one of the title pages with a blank reverse, which appears in the published edition, to have been omitted in the proof. On this page Pope had written the following lines, which he evidently intended to introduce into the body of the poem:

In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay
(How happy!), those to ruin, these betray,
Mark by what wretched steps great * * grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
One equal course how Guilt and Greatness ran,
And all that raised the Hero sunk the Man.
Now Europe's Laurels on his brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold:
What wonder triumphs never turned his brain,
Filled with mean fear to lose, mean joy to gain.
Hence see him modest, free from pride or show;
Some Vices were too high, but none too low.
Go then, indulge thy age in Wealth and Ease,
Stretched on the spoils of plundered palaces:
Alas! what *wealth*, which no one act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
Alas! what *ease*, those furies of thy life,
Ambition, Av'rice, and the imperious Wife,

The trophied Arches, storied Halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
No joy, no pleasure from successes past,
Timid, and therefore treacherous, to the last.
Hear him, in accents of a pining ghost,
Sigh, with his captive, for his offspring lost.
Behold him loaded with unreverenced years,
Bathed in unmeaning, unrepentant tears,
Dead, by regardless Vet'rans borne on high,
Dry pomps, and obsequies without a sigh.
Who now his fame or fortune shall prolong?
In vain his consort bribes for venal song.
No son, nor grandson, shall the line sustain,
The husband toils, the Adulterer sweats in vain:
In vain a nation's zeal, a senate's cares.
"Madness and Lust" (said God) be you his heirs;
O'er his vast heaps, in drunkenness of pride,
Go wallow, Harpies, and your prey divide!"
Alas! not dazzled with his noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening of his day:
The whole amount of that enormous Fame
A Tale! that blends the Glory with the Shame!

It will be seen that Pope had resolved to alter the general allusions to the Duke of Marlborough in the original text, so as to make the Duke the subject of a still more pointed satire. The added lines, it must be confessed, are no improvement. They are not only overlaboured and obscure, but injurious to the general effect of the passage in which they are introduced. The point of the satire, as it stands in the published text, consists in the ironical reference to general examples in 'ancient story,' covering so transparently the particular modern allusions; and this would have been lost if the alteration of the corrected proof "Great * *" had been finally adopted. Pope, however, could scarcely have overlooked this consequence when he resolved on the change. The objection must have been outweighed in his mind by his political antipathies, or by his belief that the new lines would make his moral more impressive. He made the alteration deliberately, and it must have been something more than right judgment on his part which prevented him from publishing the lines, for they were evidently well-known in his own circle, and Warton himself, in a note to v. 247 of this Epistle, mentions that 'Pope in some bitter verses which he suppressed made him [Marlborough] lament the loss of his son

In accents of a whining ghost.'

Now in 1735 the Duchess of Marlborough was in league with the leaders of the Opposition; her enormous wealth was employed in promoting their cause; and she doubtless used their good offices to conciliate

Pope, of whose powers as a satirist she was in the greatest fear. And until Mr. Elwin furnished me with the extract from the Duchess of Portland's note-book, I thought that the £1000 might have been paid to Pope, with the knowledge of Bolingbroke and Marchmont, for the suppression of all satirical allusions to the Duchess and her husband, and with special relation to the character of the Duke.

The Duchess of Portland's evidence however renders this hypothesis scarcely tenable. True, the story as told in the note-book is intrinsically improbable, and is inconsistent with what the Duchess seems to have told Warton; still it can hardly be treated as mere fiction, and it must be accepted as true in those particulars which are confirmed by evidence coming from other quarters. Taken in connection with Lord Marchmont's statement, that the £1000 was the favour received by Pope from the Duchess, it is reasonable to suppose that this sum was paid to the poet on certain conditions. It is scarcely credible that Hooke or Lady Cowper or the Duchess of Portland should have invented the story about the payment of the money; on the other hand it is likely enough that, as the story passed from person to person, a mistake should have occurred as to the amount actually paid. We ought therefore perhaps to regard it as an established fact that the £1000 was paid to Pope by the Duchess of Marlborough through Hooke, as part of a bargain. Again, the statement in the note-book, that the character of Atossa was read to the Duchess of Marlborough, is confirmed by two other witnesses, Warburton, as reported by Spence in the passage already mentioned, and Horace Walpole, in his 'Reminiscences' published in 1789; it may therefore be assumed that Hooke, on behalf of the Duchess of Marlborough, paid £1000 to Pope after the Duchess had heard the lines on Atossa, that is to say, at some date between April, 1741, and February, 1742.

Then comes the question, What would probably have been the terms of the bargain between the Duchess and the poet? No hint could of course have been given when the lines were read to her that Atossa was intended for her own portrait. She had Pope's own statement indeed that they were meant for another; she herself was too proud to admit even to her own ambassador that there was any likeness to herself; she would hardly have paid £1000 for the suppression of verses which she could not certainly know applied to her. But she may well have felt that the moment had come when it would be advisable to protect herself and her husband's memory against the pen of this dreaded satirist by a regular treaty. She doubtless knew of the existence of the suppressed character of the Duke, and she could not be certain that it would never be published. Where her husband's honour was concerned, the Duchess was lavish with her money: she made large offers to Lord Dartmouth and Speaker Onslow when they were editing Burnet's History; and, according to Warburton, she proposed to pay Pope a very considerable

sum if he would write a panegyric on the Duke.[1] Whatever bargain she made with the poet would therefore have been probably of a general kind, including the suppression of all allusions to herself and her husband, and this presumption is strengthened by the application which she made to Bolingbroke through Lord Marchmont. After Pope's death Bolingbroke writes to Marchmont in an undated letter written soon after 30th May, 1744:—

"The arrival of your servant with the message from Lord Stair gives me an opportunity of telling you, that I continue in the resolution I mentioned to you last night, upon what you said to me from the Duchess of Marlborough. It would be a breach of that trust and confidence which Pope reposed in me, to give any one such of his papers, as I think that no one should see. If there are any that may be injurious to the late Duke or to her Grace, even indirectly and covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed; and you shall be a witness of their destruction."[2]

If a general treaty of the kind supposed would be natural on the part of the Duchess, it would also serve to explain, though by no means to excuse, Pope's conduct in afterwards publishing the character of Atossa. He was no doubt anxious that the world should see the verses, but living, as he had done since 1739, on terms of intimacy with the Duchess, it would have been impossible for him to publish them, unless the truth as to the original of the satire could be in some way concealed. And the method by which he intended to conceal the truth is suggested by one significant fact. There is a general agreement among those who have recorded the history of the bargain—Warton, Walpole, and the Duchess of Portland—that the character was read to the Duchess of Marlborough as that of the Duchess of Buckingham. Moreover, Warburton, in a note prefixed to the 'Character of Katherine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire,' published in his edition of Pope's works, says:

"The Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her husband's character. But though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle on the Characters of Women, these lines:

> To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
> Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

—are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another."

This note is indeed thoroughly disingenuous. Warburton, as we see, knew well that the character was originally designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, and his general 'supposition' was only an

[1] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 364. The fact is also alluded to by Pope in his suppressed character of the Duke: "In vain his consort bribes for venal song."

[2] Marchmont Papers, vol. ii., p. 332.

indirect way of replying to the charge against Pope, circulated in the folio sheet. But false as the note is, still, coming from Pope's editor and confidant, it no doubt indicates the course which would have been pursued by the poet himself in appropriating the published character of Atossa to another person than the Duchess of Marlborough. He had read it to her as the character of the Duchess of Buckingham; she had said nothing to show that she took it to herself; Hooke, as has been said, would, for obvious reasons, have made no special reference to the verses in his bargain, but would have trusted to the good faith of the poet, to perform his part in a manner befitting the handsome consideration he received. On Pope's side, however, the predominant desire was no doubt to publish the verses, and whatever was the feeling which allowed him to accept the Duchess's money, he probably quieted his conscience by mentally excepting the character of Atossa from the bargain. There was nothing to show him that she had applied the verses to herself, or that she had not actually taken them as applicable to the Duchess of Buckingham; he may have reasoned that she had only been frightened by the severity of the satire, and wished to secure herself and the Duke against the possibility of a similar fate. As for the Duke, his character was still in existence, and Pope may well have cheated himself into the feeling that £1000 was not too high a price for his forbearance in suppressing it. The character of Atossa stood on a different footing. True, it was intended, when first written, for the Duchess of Marlborough; but this was only known to a very few; and there would be nothing to prevent him from assigning it, when published, to the Duchess of Buckingham. The world would care more for the poetical than for the personal truth of the verses, and if any question arose as to the original of the portrait, his authoritative statement would of course be conclusive. Thus while indulging his own desire for the publication of the character, he probably reasoned himself into the belief that he would not be doing any injury to the Duchess of Marlborough.

If such was his intention, he was only repeating an old trick; for we see from his MS. that he altered the character of Bufo in the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot' in a precisely similar fashion, and by a few skilful additional strokes transformed what was written as a satire on Bubb Dodington into a portrait of Halifax. We have no means of knowing whether any considerable modifications were made in the original draft of Atossa; Mrs. Arbuthnot's statement, however, shows that there was a change in the name, which is at present certainly more applicable to the Duchess of Buckingham than to the Duchess of Marlborough. Certain strokes in the character are inapplicable to the Duchess of Buckingham; on the other hand, as we see, Bolingbroke thought that as much could be said of it in its application to the Duchess of Marlborough; poetical likenesses must

not be too closely scrutinised; but on the whole almost every feature in the character can be made to apply in one way or another to either Duchess, and Pope, with his powers of equivocation, would have had no difficulty in showing that it was meant for the Duchess of Buckingham.

The conduct of the other actors in the business is equally intelligible on this hypothesis. Pope's death altered the whole complexion of the matter. Bolingbroke, when he wrote to Marchmont, had evidently no knowledge of any bargain between Pope and the Duchess. The proud spirit of the latter would have been reluctant to own the reason for which she had given Pope £1000; she doubtless spoke of it as a gift, and hence Bolingbroke's expression, 'the *favour* that you and I know.' Bolingbroke, however, aware that Pope had originally meant Atossa for the Duchess of Marlborough, was struck with the poet's ingratitude in designing to publish the character after he had received from the Duchess a present of £1000; and he suggested to Marchmont, as one of two alternatives, that the edition should be suppressed. The edition was Warburton's property, and his consent to the suppression would first have to be secured. About this, however, there would have been no difficulty. The Duchess would of course have been prepared to compensate Warburton for his pecuniary loss, nor would it have been for his own interest in that early stage of his fortunes, to raise up powerful enemies by persisting in publishing. The whole edition was accordingly suppressed; any copies which Pope had distributed must have been recovered and destroyed; not a volume remained in existence. Soon afterwards the Duchess died, and Bolingbroke, who had in the meantime discovered Pope's surreptitious edition of the 'Patriot King,' seems to have been informed that the payment of the £1000 to Pope was part of a bargain. Bent as he was on blasting Pope's reputation, he no doubt felt himself justified in turning what was general into what was particular, and hence his contrivance for the issue of the folio sheet in 1746, which, together with the Duchess of Portland's statement to Warton, forms the source of the commonly received report. There was now nothing to prevent Warburton from printing the character of Atossa in his edition, but, after allowing the first edition containing the verses to be suppressed, as having reference to the Duchess of Marlborough, he was altogether barred from asserting, as Pope, if it had been necessary, could have asserted, that the character was that of the Duchess of Buckingham. On the other hand he was not bound to take any notice of the scandalous report about the character which had been anonymously circulated. He contented himself therefore with prefixing the disingenuous note to the 'Character of the Duchess of Buckingham,' of which mention has been previously made.

It is almost needless to say that the foregoing attempt to elucidate the obscurity in which this question is involved, is not meant as an

apology for Pope's share in the transaction. In whatever light his conduct is viewed, it is impossible to acquit him of equivocation and double-dealing amounting to perfidy. It seems, however, more reasonable to adopt a hypothesis on which the circumstances of the case can be explained, in a manner consistent with his known character, than to hold him guilty of the gross and palpable treachery with which he has been charged, and which is imputed to him by the malice of a concealed enemy, unsupported by any body of satisfactory independent evidence.

It may be assumed that the characters of Atossa and of Philomede, the young Duchess of Marlborough, who had made herself conspicuous after the death of Congreve, were written before February 16, 1733. Whether the character of Chloe was composed when Pope announced to Swift the completion of the Epistle on Women, seems more doubtful. He had certainly repeatedly defended Lady Suffolk against the insinuations of Swift, and the latter says in his letter to that lady of 21st Nov., 1730: "Mr. Pope hath been always an advocate of your sincerity; and even in the character I gave of yourself allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite." 'Want of heart,' however, the great deficiency in Chloe's character, is not absolutely incompatible with sincerity up to a certain point, and it may be that the feeling roused in the poet's mind by the death of Gay (which occurred about two months before Pope wrote to Swift, on the 16th February, 1733), had caused him to attribute the poor success of Lady Suffolk's efforts in Gay's behalf—contrasting as they did with the impulsive kindness of the Duchess of Queensberry—to lack of zeal.

With the exception of the characters of Atossa, Philomede, and Chloe, none of which were published, as part of this Epistle, during Pope's lifetime, there is nothing in the composition to discredit the statement made by the poet, in the Advertisement to the first edition, that 'no one character is drawn from the life.' The pictures of women it contains are evidently studied after the manner of the Aurelias and Leonoras of the 'Spectator,' that is to say partly from observation, partly from anecdote, partly from books. There is a sufficient element of fact in them to produce verisimilitude; many touches and traits are borrowed from real life; but the general treatment is ideal.

Johnson says justly, that Pope has surpassed Boileau in his treatment of the same subject; but this is not very high praise. The Sixth Satire of Boileau is by no means a favourable example of the French poet's excellence; it reads like an expurgated version of Juvenal's Sixth Satire, almost all the details being rather slavishly imitated from that tremendous composition, but toned down to suit the tame regularity of modern society. Pope's design on the other

hand was completely original; the leading principles of the Essay, that 'most women have no character at all,' and that the ruling passions of the sex are 'the love of pleasure and the love of sway,' are deductions from his own philosophical system; while the particular instances are admirably worked up to illustrate the general idea. It may indeed be objected to the poem, that the general idea is philosophically false, or at least incomplete, inasmuch as it entirely leaves out of sight the heroic and self-sacrificing side of female character, of which history affords so many examples. But to this objection the answer is obvious: Pope wrote as a satiric not as a romantic poet; he sought for his materials in the social life about him, and the loftier characters of martyrs and heroines, of women like Imogen or the Countess of Derby, lay outside his survey. His philosophical principles were always made subservient to his sense of poetical effect, and from this point of view it can hardly be disputed that the Essay is as felicitous in design as it is in execution. Perhaps many readers will be inclined to agree with Bolingbroke in thinking it the *chef-d'œuvre* among the Moral Essays.

The original Epistle was registered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 1734-5, under the title "Of the Characters of Women. An Epistle to a Lady. By Mr. Pope," the owner of the copyright being Lawton Gilliver.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.[1]

OF

THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall:
"Most women have no characters at all."[3]
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!

[1] Martha Blount. Warburton endeavoured with foolish spite to deprive Martha Blount of the honour of this dedication. See note to ver. 259, and Introduction to this volume, p. 11.

[2] It should be remembered that when this Epistle was first published, Pope, in an Advertisement, declared, "upon his honour," no character was taken from real life. Walpole relates a story of his conduct in this respect, highly to his discredit, to which Warton alludes; but I do not think it should be admitted without the clearest evidence, as we should read, *cum grano salis*, whatever comes from Walpole's party against Pope, and *vice versâ*.—BOWLES.

Bowles should have added, with regard to the Advertisement, that the first edition of the poem did not contain the characters of Chloe, Philomede or Atossa. The story to which he alludes, relates to the supposed payment of £1000 to Pope by the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of the character of Atossa. See Introductory Notes.

[3] The leading idea of this Essay seems compressed in four lines of Butler's Remains, which we know Pope was familiar with—

> The souls of women are so small
> That some believe they've none at all,
> Or if they have, like cripples, still
> They've but one faculty, the will.

Butler's Remains, i. 246.—CROKER.

Pope borrows another thought from Butler in Epilogue to Satires, ii. 172. But the second line of this Essay is almost a literal rendering of what La Bruyère says of man: 'Les hommes n'ont point de caractères, ou

Arcadia's Countess, here in ermined pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.[1]
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dressed in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;[2]
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.[3]

s'ils en ont, c'est celui de n'en avoir aucun qui est suivi, qui si ne démente point, et où ils soient reconnaissables." —De l'Homme.

[1] In the early editions, "There Pastorella."

"Arcadia's Countess" was Lady Winchelsea. Some complimentary verses from her were prefixed to the first edition of Pope's works, but were afterwards omitted, and she is here and elsewhere sneered at. She died, 5th Aug. 1720.—CROKER.

[2] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that whereas in the Characters of Men he has sometimes made use of real names, in the Characters of Women always fictitious.—POPE.

This apology betrays the falsehood of the Advertisement, for if the characters were wholly fictitious there would have been no merit in not giving names as he had done to the men.—CROKER.

It must, however, be remembered that this note did not appear in the folio edition of the poem to which the Advertisement was prefixed. Johnson says: "This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the life;* an assertion which Pope probably did not expect or wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust by telling them in a note, that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was vice too high to be yet exposed." It does not follow that the first edition contained a character of any particular person drawn from the life. The Advertisement may have been originally written in good faith, and the note to ver. 14, together with the one to which Johnson refers, may have been added to pique the public curiosity, when the poet found that the Epistle was coldly received.

The general idea in lines 5—16, appears to have been suggested by the allegorical style of portrait-painting introduced by Lely.

[3] In earlier editions, "We must paint it." The meaning of this paragraph seems to be, 'As the painter shows his insight into character by portraying the same lady in various attitudes and disguises, so I too must endeavour to reflect in verse the chameleon changes of woman's mind.'

Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.[1]
Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the park,[2]
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,[3]
As Sappho's[4] diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:[5]

[1] Alluding in the expression to the precept of Fresnoy:

——formæ veneres captando fugaces.
—WARBURTON.

Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms. Young, Sat. V.—WARTON.

This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall:
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece took out, the scarf is made. Cowley, Davideis, ii. 807.
—WAKEFIELD.

Pope's exquisite selection and composition of words are nowhere more conspicuous than in this passage. The aërial character of the language and the idea of evanescence carried through a variety of images make the verses themselves appear like a rainbow.

[2] Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent, as in the affected, ver. 21, &c.—POPE.

This character of Rufa, and the succeeding ones of Silia, Papillia, Narcissa, and Flavia, are precisely and entirely in the style and manner of the portraits Young has given us in his Fifth Satire on Women. The pictures of Young are sketched with a lighter and more sportive pencil; those of our author with a firmer hand and a chaster manner. Pope put forth all his strength to excel his witty rival in this the best part of the Universal Passion; and he has succeeded accordingly.—WARTON.

I do not think so. When Pope copies from individuals he has the advantage which a real has over a fancy portrait, but I think the fancy portraits of Young are better as mere works of art.—CROKER.

[3] Rufa's inconsistency is of the same class as that of Philomede, vers. 83 to 86. The latter character was not inserted in the first edition. Both Rufa and Sappho appear in embryo in the following lines, which first appeared in the Miscellany of 1727:

Tho' Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits,
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke,
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

[4] In first edition, "Flavia." Altered, perhaps, to make the allusion to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu more pointed, or else because the name Flavia is given afterwards to a different character, ver. 87.

[5] In the first edition:

Or Flavia's self in glue (her rising task),
And issuing flagrant to an evening mask.

Flagrant—a misprint for fragrant.

Lady M. W. Montagu's slovenliness was notorious. Walpole, who, however, hated her, thus describes her

So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;[1]
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure—Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears.—"Oh odious, odious trees!"[2]
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.[3]
'Twas thus Calypso[4] once each heart alarmed,[5]
Awed without virtue, without beauty charmed;

in a letter to Conway, dated 25 Sept. 1740 :—"Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled, an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought coarse."

[1] Contrarieties in the soft-natured. —POPE.

[2] Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields and shady groves and crystal springs,
And larks and nightingales are odious things.—Young, Univ. Passion, Sat. V.

[3] In earlier editions :

Such happy spots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

[4] Contrarieties in the cunning and artful.—POPE.

[5] In earlier editions : "Our hearts."

Mr. Croker says, "Calypso was no doubt a real person, perhaps Lady Mary again." It seems more probable, however, that Calypso's was a fancy portrait. It is composed of some of the *disjecta membra* of Sylvia, a poem first published in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope (1727). It is unlikely that Pope would have spoken of Lady Mary as "just not ugly," and the general idea of the character is not sufficiently uncomplimentary for the poet's bitterest female enemy. The following is the version of the lines as they first appeared :

Her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touched the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,[1]
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,[2]
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,[3]
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:[4]
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.[5]

Sylvia my heart in wondrous wise alarmed,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charmed;
But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad!
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise.

[1] Contrarieties in the whimsical.—POPE.

[2] Narcissa's character is made up of the remains of Sylvia:

Good nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne.
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, and a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D———y at a ball.

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Gr—— and Ch——.
* * * * *
Frail feverish sex! their Fit now chills and burns;
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And the mere heathen, in her carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.

[3] Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying, and Fox's Book of Martyrs.

[4] In early editions, Ch * * "His Grace" was probably the Duke of Wharton, whose extravagances were notorious about the time when Sylvia was written.

[5] I have been informed on good authority that this character was

See Sin in state, majestically drunk;[1]
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.[2]
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouched, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.[3]

designed for the Duchess of Hamilton. —WARTON.

Warton does not notice the fact that the character had been originally published in another form, and that part of this original is here transferred to the character of Calypso. There is no reason to suppose that either Sylvia, Calypso, or Narcissa, were meant for exact portraits, though traits and incidents of reality probably formed the basis of the poetical creation. Pope was fond of bringing together materials from all quarters, and he no doubt saw that his imaginary Sylvia could be easily divided into two.

[1] Contrarieties in the lewd and vicious.—POPE.

Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, eldest daughter of the first Duke, and Duchess in her own right. She erected a monument to Congreve in Westminster, with an inscription written by herself:—"Mr. William Congreve died Jan. the 19th, 1728, aged fifty-six, and was buried near this place; to whose most valuable memory this monument is set up by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how deeply she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future." Congreve had left her the larger part of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000. Of this, she spent £7000 on a diamond necklace. She married the second Earl of Godolphin, and died 30th October, 1733. Pope seems to allude to her in his Character of Marlborough: "Madness and Lust," said God, "be you his heirs!" (See Appendix III.)

This passage, ver. 69 to 86, was not published in the early editions.

[2] So Dryden, Essay on Satire:

A teeming widow but a barren wife.

The Duchess had children; one son and two daughters. Pope appears to imply that they were not the children of Lord Godolphin.

[3] In the MS.:

In whose mad brain the mixed ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Tall-boy is introduced as a type of low comedy. Colley Cibber says in his Life, chapter vi., "Montfort in his youth had acted low humour with great success, even down to Tallboy in the 'Jovial Crew.'" This play was written by Richard Brome, and produced in 1652. It was altered to a comic opera by the addition of several songs by Roome, Concanen, and Sir William Yonge, and brought on the stage in 1731, when Pope no doubt witnessed the performance.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-goût,[1] and the tip of taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deigned at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind[2]
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
  Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;[3]
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "While we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.[4]
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

[1] Haut-goût. Johnson defines this word to mean "anything with a strong relish or strong scent, as overkept venison or game."

[2] Designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve; and after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table. This connexion is particularly hinted at in ver. 76:

She sins with poets.

Our author's declaration, therefore, that no particular character was aimed at is not true.—WARTON.

As has been already pointed out, the character of Philomede was not inserted in the first edition of the Essay to which the declaration in question was prefixed. Mr. Croker doubts whether Philomede was meant for the young Duchess of Marlborough. He says: "Some points may be like, but surely not the making 'her hearty meal upon a dunce.' No one could think Congreve a dunce. But, after all, is it quite clear that there were not two persons meant—the proud peeress and Philomede? A new line at 'as Helluo,' would divide the two characters, which seem to me somewhat incongruous. The first is drunken, profligate, intriguing with all mankind from wits to footmen, while Philomede may have done no worse than marry a dunce." This theory, though ingenious, is inconsistent with the fact that Pope himself, in his notes, makes no fresh division, but proceeds from "contrarieties in the lewd and vicious," to "contrarieties in the witty and refined." Johnson observes: "What was said of Philomede was true of Prior."

[3] Contrarieties in the witty and refined.—POPE.

[4] Lord Hailes wrote to Malone (Malone's Life by Prior, p. 253): "Rosamond's bowl I think respects Lady Lechmere of the Carlisle family, of whom you will see enough on a tablet on Westminster Abbey." And

Wise wretch![1] with pleasures too refined to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing, but a rage to live.[2]
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer.
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"[3]
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratifia and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.

Lady M. W. Montagu says in a letter to the Countess of Mar (1725): "The melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Lechmere is too extraordinary not to attract the attention of everybody. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself." As Lady Lechmere did not die till 1789, this can only refer to an attempt at suicide, such as that glanced at in the text.

[1] In edition of 1743, "wise fool" altered back to "wise wretch," perhaps on account of "the wisest fool much time hath ever made," in the character of Atossa.

[2] The antithesis of these verses resembles that in the character of the Duke of Wharton. Moral Essay, i. ver. 198 to 205.

[3] This couplet was not in the first edition.

Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No; he's for ever in a smiling mood,
He's like themselves, or how could he be good?—Young, Sat. V.

The person Pope intended to ridicule was the Duchess of Montague.—WARTON.

Pope alluded no doubt to some innocent and jocular phrase of a Duchess, and possibly of the Duchess of Montague; but if he meant generally to *ridicule* her, he was very inconsistent, for she was one of the persons whom he the most admired. He painted her portrait two or three times, and paid her a compliment worthy of a better place than he gave it, when he called her "angel, goddess, Montague."—CROKER. The line referred to is in the Sober Advice from Horace.

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.[1]
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?[2]
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind![3]
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:[4]
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,[5]
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.

[1] This is downright rudeness without a spark of wit.—RUFFHEAD.

[2] External evidence proves beyond all question that the original of this portrait was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of John Jennings, Esq., and wife of John, Duke of Marlborough; and the fidelity of the likeness is undeniable. On the other hand, there are grounds for supposing (see Introductory Remarks) that Pope intended to publish it as the character of Katharine, Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of James II., and sister of the Pretender, known among the Jacobites as James III. The choice of the name would in this case have been highly appropriate, for Atossa was the daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyses. The general conception of the character is certainly not so applicable to the Duchess of Buckingham as to the Duchess of Marlborough; but Pope, after being intimate with the former, had quarrelled with her, and the exaggeration of the features might easily be attributed to personal feeling. Some of the particular strokes again are not true of the Duchess of Marlborough, and were perhaps added, when the lines were prepared for publication, to increase the resemblance to the Duchess of Buckingham. The notes that follow will indicate from internal evidence the traits which appear applicable to the two Duchesses respectively.

[3] So Dryden, in the character of Zimri:

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

[4] This was true generally of the Duchess of Marlborough, in so far as her termagant temper was concerned. It has, however, an application, though a less pointed one, to the Duchess of Buckingham. Her father had been driven into exile. While she was yet a girl she sued successfully for a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Anglesea, on the ground of cruelty. She was engaged in constant law-suits with the Duke of Buckingham's natural children.

[5] The Duchess of Buckingham might have been said to shine "in exposing knaves," having obtained a conviction against John Ward, M.P. for Weymouth, for forgery. She did not, however, "shine in painting fools"; indeed, her own folly was notorious. But Pope, if asked to account for this inconsistency, might have urged (as he had urged to Caryll respecting Timon, in his letter of March 29, 1732) that in characters of this kind something must be allowed for poetical effect. The fool whom the Duchess of Marlborough painted was no doubt Lord Grimston (the "booby Lord" of Imitation of Horace, Satire ii. Book ii. 176), whom she caused to be caricatured as an elephant dancing on a tight rope.

No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.[1]
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,[2]
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,[3]
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.[4]
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:[5]
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent? worse.[6]

[1] In the MS. after this verse:

Oppressed with wealth and wit, abundance sad,
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

The verses at the same time form a kind of burlesque on the qualities claimed for herself by the Duchess of Buckingham in the Character, which she had shown to Pope in MS.

[2] The Duchess of Marlborough was 84 when these lines were prepared for publication by Pope; the Duchess of Buckingham had died the year before, aged 61.

[3] This couplet and the next four form, of course, the backbone of the character, and their truth as applied to the Duchess of Marlborough, is attested by Swift's description of her: "She has preserved a tolerable Court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world." (Last Years of Queen Anne, Book i.)

[4] This couplet is indebted perhaps to Gay, Epistle xiv.:

Satire! the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.—WAKEFIELD.

[5] Ruffhead says of the Duchess of Marlborough (Life of Pope, p. 490), that she secured five thousand pounds to Hooke for writing the account of her public conduct, but that "soon after she took occasion, *as was usual with her*, to quarrel with him."

For the application of this line to the sudden and unexpected rupture between Pope and the Duchess of Buckingham, see note to ver. 137.

[6] A fine and subtle thought, for an inferior not dependent, is in a sense an equal. Instances of the pride of the Duchess of Buckingham are given in Walpole's letter to Mann, Christmas Eve, 1741.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;[1]
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;[2]
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.[3]
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.[4]
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself through very selfishness!

[1] Pope says of the Duchess of Buckingham, in a letter to Moyser:

"There was another character written of Her Grace by herself (with what help I know not), but she showed it me in her blots, and pressed me by all the adjurations of friendship to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently; and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years."

There is no evidence that Pope had any private quarrel with the Duchess of Marlborough, though his estimate of the strength of her resentment was no doubt correct.

[2] Pope had obliged the Duchess of Buckingham by helping her in the prosecution of Ward. On this occasion she wrote to him: "There is nobody who can be obliged whose gratitude is so useless as a woman's and a child's; but I'll answer for the first having a great share of it, and I hope the other will always show the same disposition." After the quarrel, it would appear from a mysterious correspondence between Pope and Caryll, and Pope and Atterbury, that the sense of obligation made the Duchess uneasy, and that she endeavoured to rid herself of the debt, by sending to the poet through Caryll a Bank bill for £100, which he returned with indignation.

Pope, till quite the last years of his life, was never on such terms with the Duchess of Marlborough as would have enabled him to confer an obligation on her. The verse, in her case, would merely express his view of her character.

[3] The Duchess of Marlborough erected a monument to Queen Anne at Blenheim, which she afterwards neglected. The lines, however, are also substantially true of the Duchess of Buckingham. On the one hand, she had set up pompous monuments in honour of her husband and her son; on the other, her piety seems to have been largely mixed with ostentation. Walpole says of her in his Reminiscences: "She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the Convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her Grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become threadbare—and so it remained."

[4] Probably this couplet was added with reference to the Duchess of Buckingham, for it is scarcely credible that the Duchess of Marlborough should have complained of the Duke's

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.[1]
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.[2]
  Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,[3]
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

will, of which Archdeacon Coxe says: "As the manor of Woodstock and the manor of Blenheim were already settled on her by Act of Parliament, the terms of the will indicate no less his wish that she should be considered as his representative, than the gratitude which he invariably expressed for her affection and tenderness: 'And whereas, in and by my hereinbefore recited will, I give my said wife and her assigns, during the term of her natural life, £10,000 per annum, clear of taxes; and whereas my personal estate which is since greatly increased, and my said wife has been very tender and careful of me, and had great trouble of me during my illness, and I intending for the consideration aforesaid, and out of the tender affection, great respect and gratitude which I have and bear to her, and for the better support of her title and honour, to increase her said annuity £5000 a year.'"—Life of Marlborough, vol. iii. 425.

The Duchess of Buckingham was involved in many lawsuits in consequence of the reversionary interests which her husband left in his will to his natural children.

[1] This couplet has, of course, a very pointed application to the Duchess of Marlborough, who had quarrelled with all her children, and most of her grandchildren, and who might therefore be supposed to have a difficulty in finding an heir. It was true in a much less witty, but in a cruelly literal sense, of the Duchess of Buckingham, who had five children by the Duke. All of them died before her, and the title became extinct in 1735.

[2] On the death of the Duchess of Buckingham there was a trial at bar to prove who was heir-at-law to the late Duke of Buckingham, when the Misses Walsh of Ireland were found to be his heirs.—DILKE.

After ver. 148 in the MS.:

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Cursed chance! this only could afflict her more—
If any part should wander to the poor.

Yet Pope told Spence: "The old Duchess of Marlborough has given away in charities, and in presents to granddaughters and other relatives, near three hundred thousand pounds in her life-time." The suppression of the lines in the MS., and the substitution of the concluding couplet, taken in connection with Warburton's note on the Character of Katherine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, (see Introduction) indicate pretty plainly that Pope inserted the allusion to the "heirs unknown," after the death of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, and the trial at bar above mentioned.

[3] These lines, which in the early editions followed ver. 114, are not appropriately placed after the character of Atossa.

"Yet Chloe sure was formed without a spot."[1]—
Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.[2]
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.[3]
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
But never, never, reached one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
Forbid it Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.[4]
Of all her dears she never slandered one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.[5]

[1] These lines were first published, *separately*, in the octavo edition of 1738. They refer to Henrietta, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart; wife of Charles Howard, who in 1731 became Earl of Suffolk; and mistress of George II. She was long Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Caroline. In 1731, on becoming Countess of Suffolk, she was made Mistress of the Robes. She retired from Court in 1734; married for her second husband the Hon. George Berkeley, in 1735, and died 1767, aged 79. The name of Chloe was taken from a song of Lord Peterborough's on Mrs. Howard, beginning, "I said to my heart between sleeping and waking."

[2] *i.e.*, Did not deliberately transgress her own rule (of making women inconsistent with themselves), but forgot to complete Chloe's character by giving her a heart.

[3] Her own estimate of herself was different. "I find, my dear Lady Hervey," she says in a letter to that lady, "I want your head and hand to answer your last; but I do not want a heart, for I have one truly sensible for my friends, and more capable of feeling than expressing tenderness."—Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, vol. i. 323. This, too, is the character given her by Lady Betty Germaine in her letter to Swift, of Feb. 28, 1733, and by Lord Hervey in his Memoirs.

[4] Lady Suffolk was called by her friends, "the Swiss," probably on account of her caution and neutrality, and her apartments had the name of the Swiss Cantons. See Suffolk Letters, *passim*.

[5] The suggestion that Lady Suffolk had numerous lovers is quite un-

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.[1]
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnished out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.[2]
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
The exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,[3]
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:

warranted. The intimacy which she is supposed to have formed with Lord Bathurst was probably only a political connection, and her correspondence with Lord Peterborough is not more sincere in its sentiment than the love poetry of the previous century, which it closely resembles in spirit.

[1] He alludes to a particular circumstance. Pope being at dinner with her, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night.—WARTON.

[2] Compare Moral Essay, i. 135–140.

[3] Catherine Hyde, granddaughter of the first Earl of Clarendon, and wife to Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. She was celebrated by Prior as "Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as 'colt untamed," and is especially remembered as the patroness of Gay, whose cause she espoused when the representation of Polly was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. See Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 260 and note. In consequence of her conduct on this occasion the King sent a message to her desiring her to forbear coming to court. Her beauty was as remarkable as her spirit. Mr. Croker says, "Mrs. Montague (while yet Miss Robinson) after discussing the Duchess's very fine birth-day dress, adds, 'but she in herself was so far beyond the masterpiece of art, that one could hardly look at her clothes: allowing for her age, I never saw so beautiful a creature.' The letter is undated, but as it was the Prince's birthday, kept in Norfolk

Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet,[1] or plain Parson Hale.[2]
But[3] grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,[4]
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light[5] displayed;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.[6]
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,

House, it was probably in 1738, when the Duchess would have been about 36 or 37."

[1] Servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. —POPE.

[2] Parson Hale was Dr. Stephen Hales, Vicar of Teddington. Pope had the highest opinion of his merits, but spoke with horror of his practice of vivisection (see Spence's Anecdotes, p. 293). Hales seems to have enjoyed a considerable reputation among the scientific men of the period, and one of his works was translated into French. It is entitled Statical Essays, and comprises "Hæmastatics, or an Account of hydraulic and hydrostatical experiments on the blood and blood-vessels of animals." This book no doubt recorded the results of the experiments which so much shocked the poet. Dr. Hales was one of the witnesses to Pope's will.

[3] After ver. 198 in the MS. :

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife—
I cannot prove it on her for my life.
And for a noble pride I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
(As * and H * * y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line
May, if she love and merit verse, have mine.

* and H * * y, *i.e.*, Hare and Hoadley. —CROKER.

[4] In the former editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain examples and illustrations to the maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, viz., the characters of Philomede, Atossa, and Chloe, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.—POPE. In the editions published during Pope's life this line followed what is now ver. 156. Besides the characters of Philomede, Atossa, and Chloe, ver. 181—198 were omitted in these early editions. The mysterious sentence, in which Pope declines to answer that the added characters "are exactly inserted," probably has reference to the changes made in the original draft of the character of Atossa, when it was prepared for publication. See Introductory Remarks.

In first edition ver. 199 ran :

In public stations men sometimes are shown,

Ver. 199 to 218, and afterwards, 231 to 238, are in Pope's philosophical, that is his worst, manner; obscure, elliptical, and sometimes ungrammatical.

[5] In first edition : "in full view."

[6] "We have, indeed, carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige

Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.[1]
In men we various ruling passions find;[2]
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught[3]
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:[4]
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens![5]
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:

them for their services by telling them that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life."—Spectator, 342. This was also the advice of Pericles, given in his Funeral Oration. Compare Thucydides, ii. 45.

[1] For women are taught Virtue so artificially, and Vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another.—SCRIBLERUS.

[2] In first edition: "In various men we several passions find."

The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform. —POPE.

[3] This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity. —POPE.

[4] This couplet is taken from Sylvia, in the Miscellanies. For the sentiment compare Simon Honeycomb's letter to the Spectator, No. 154.

Ayre says that "A certain lady, whose name for virtue and rectitude of manners has been too conspicuous not to be seen by everybody, having taken Pope to task about this couplet, the poet replied, 'I should think very ill of myself, if I had in thought abused your ladyship. No, madam, I must intreat you to observe that I only say—

But every *woman* is at heart a rake.

This in no way affects your ladyship, who was an angel when you were young, and now advancing into life, are almost already become a saint.' At this door did Mr. Pope escape, for the lady was woman enough to be pleased with the compliment, and only said, 'O fie, O fie! you wits will always make things out a great deal worse, or better, than they are.'" —Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 53.

[5] What are the aims and the fate of this sex.—i., as to Power.—POPE.

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,[1]
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.[2]
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;

[1] ii. As to Pleasure.—POPE.

The seven next verses are perhaps the most incorrect that Pope ever composed. Admitting that the inversion in ver. 219 is happy and expressive, the grammatical construction of ver. 220 would make it seem the sex, and not the pleasure, which is out of reach, though never out of view; "to spoil *at most*" is a pleonasm, arising out of the exigences of rhyme; "to covet flying" should be "to covet it flying;" the inversion in the next couplet is very harsh; and in ver. 237, the word "before" is misplaced, for as it stands the line seems to mean "ashamed to own they once gave delight," whereas the real sense is "ashamed while they really give delight to own that they do so; reduced to feign delight when they give it no longer."

[2] The substance of this couplet had appeared before in a collection of epigrams published in 1730:

When other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

Observe how Pope has improved on the first edition.

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot![1]
Ah, Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;[2]
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring[3]
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:

[1] These verses were introduced with a slight variation into James Moore Smyth's comedy of The Rival Modes:

'Tis thus that vanity coquettes rewards.
A youth, &c.—Act II.

This was, in a letter in the *Daily Journal*, 18 March, 1728, charged as a plagiarism by Pope from James Smyth; and Pope retaliated by accusing Smyth of the plagiarism; but the six verses were published in the Miscellanies as part of the verses to Mrs. M. B. on her birthday, June 15, 1723; and they were not plagiarised in any sense. In Moore Smyth's comedy, his heroine enters repeating these lines—just as one of Congreve's heroines comes in repeating some verses of Suckling's. Moore no more meant to plagiarise Pope, than Congreve did Suckling.—CROKER.

The play, however, was acted before the verses were published, viz., on Jan. 27, 1726-7. The poet himself was in all probability the writer of the letter in the *Daily Journal* signed Philomaurus, in which the plagiarism is charged on Pope. He thus created an opportunity for inserting in the Dunciad of 1729 his explanation about the authorship of the lines. He indirectly admits in the Prologue to the Satires, that there was no plagiarism. He says there (v. 373) that he "has rhymed for Moore," implying that he had allowed Moore to make use of the verses.

[2] Advice for their true interest.—*POPE.*

[3] The word "grow" in the first verse unhappily breaks in upon the continuity of metaphorical expression in this most exquisite of passages. He should have written—

This charm shall rise:

as in his Rape of the Lock, at the end of Canto i.:

The fair each moment rises in her charms.

That phrase "fatigues the ring," is derived from "silvas fatigant," and similar expressions in Virgil; that is, harass and weary out, as it were, by long continuance; not without some reference to the splendour of the figure, which oppresses and fatigues the sight.—WAKEFIELD.

The "Ring" was a clump of trees—near that part of Hyde Park at present covered by the Serpentine—round which the carriages of the fashionable world used to drive. The following description by a contemporary writer, while illustrating Pope's meaning, will also show how closely the manners of our ancestors resembled our own. "When the spring advances, and the summer comes on, as it usually does before the rising of Parliament, which keeps the quality in town, they grow weary of their winter diversions, and we see most of them assembling on a fine evening, either at the Ring in Hyde Park, or in the Mall at St. James's; and it is not unusual for them to come from the Ring to walk in the Mall. The Ring in Hyde Park is shaded by fine lofty trees, and the dust laid by water-carts, when the

So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.[1]
Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;[2]
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear[3]
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;

dryness of the season requires it; and here we frequently see four or five lines of noblemen's and gentlemen's coaches rolling gently round the Ring, in all their gayest equipage, some moving this way, others that, which makes a very splendid show. Here they have an opportunity of being personally known to each other, of inquiring after each other's health, and of forming an opinion of what is most decent in life; at the same time, they have an opportunity of taking the air, and of improving their healths."—History of the Present State of the British Islands, (1730) vol. ii. p. 339.

[1] There are not perhaps in the whole compass of the English language four lines more exquisitely finished; not a syllable can be altered for the better; every word seems to be the only proper one that could have been used. So pure and pellucid is the style.

Ut pura nocturno renidet,
Luna mari.—WARTON.

But it is hard to see why he should have altered "virgin *majesty*," which was the reading of the verse as it stood in the Lines to Erinna, to "virgin modesty," which is pleonastic. With this exception the lines in this context are an improvement on the original. Erinna, to whom the compliment was first addressed, was Judith Cowper.

[2] Pope says in a letter to Martha Blount: "'Tis true you are not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you are not; but this good humour and tenderness for me has a charm that cannot be resisted." Compare also Epistle to Miss Blount, with the works of Voiture, ver. 61.

[3] In the first edition:

That pleased can see a younger charm, or hear
Sighs for a sister with unwounded ear,
That ne'er shall answer till a husband cool,
Or if you rule him, never show you rule;
Please by receiving, by submitting sway,
Yet have your humour most when you obey.

The picture of an estimable woman with the best kind of contrarieties, created out of the poet's imagination; who therefore feigned those circumstances of a husband, a daughter, and *love for a sister*, to prevent her being mistaken for any of his acquaintance.—WARBURTON.

See Introduction to this Volume, p. 11.

Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,[1]
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;[2]
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox,[3] above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.[4]
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.[5]
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;

[1] This and the three following lines show false taste, as they are out of harmony with the serious and touching sentiment in the rest of the passage. It would have been well to wind up the earnest address with the light humour of the last line, but the introduction of so much elaborate triviality makes the general effect rather discordant.

[2] So in the Rape of the Lock:

Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.

Codille was a term in the game of quadrille, which was played by four persons, each playing as he thought proper, but at the same time in partnership with another during each deal. One party was said to stand the game, the other to defend the pool. Ombre, or the leading player, who was said to stand the game, called for a king, and the person who held it became his partner during the deal. Codille was when those who defended the pool made more tricks than those who stood the game, and this was called winning the codille. It is mentioned with a humorous reference to politics in the Ballad of Quadrille, in the Miscellany of 1727.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well Court-cards they name,
And statesman-like calls in the King
To help out a bad game.
But if the parties manage ill,
The King is forced to lose codille.

[3] It appears from a letter of Pope to Teresa Blount, that Martha had had the small-pox. He says: "Whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly what few (if any) of her makers of visits and compliments dare do: She shall have one man as much her admirer as ever."

[4] From La Bruyère, De l'Homme: "Pendant que l'homme, qui est en effet sort de son sens, crie, se désespère, étincelle des yeux, et perd la respiration pour un chien perdu, ou pour une porcelaine qui est en pièces."

[5] There is true elegance in thus carrying her back to the opening of the Epistle, and turning the quality, which he had indicated as the general defect of the sex, into a particular compliment to herself.

Fixed principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes this together, and produces—you![1]
Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and beauties die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere;[2]
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,[3]
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

[1] So Swift, in the Miscellanies on Mrs. Biddy Floyd, after enumerating the qualities of a true woman:

Jove mixed up all and his best clay employed,
Then called the happy composition—Floyd.

[2] Horace Walpole writes not long after Pope's death: "I was standing at my window after dinner in summer, in Arlington Street, and saw Patty Blount, with nothing remaining of her immortal charms but her blue eyes, trudging on foot with her petticoats pinned up, for it rained, to visit 'blameless Bethel' who was sick at the end of the street."

[3] So Dryden, Annus Mirabilis, v. 553:

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day.

Compare Moral E say, iii. 12.

EPISTLE III.[1]

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.[2]

[1] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington, at the end of which are these words: I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will, therefore, leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstruction, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of feigned ones.—POPE.

The "outcry" referred to was of course that raised on the occasion of the publication of the Epistle on False Taste (now Epistle IV.), containing the character of Timon.

[2] Allen Apsley, Lord Bathurst, born in 1684, represented Cirencester in Parliament, and was one of the Tory peers created in 1711. He steadily supported his party against Walpole, and was one of Atterbury's most active defenders in the House of Lords. He was for some time Treasurer to the Prince of Wales, but when George III. came to the throne, he retired with a pension of £2000. He died in 1775. A few years before his death he made the acquaintance of Sterne, who says of him in a Letter to Eliza (cxxxiii.): "This nobleman I say is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased and the power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling."

EPISTLE III.

"NONE of my works," said Pope to Mr. Spence, "was more laboured than my Epistle on the Use of Riches." That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord Bathurst, told me, "that he was much surprised to see, what he had with repeated pleasure so often read as an Epistle addressed to himself, in this edition converted into a dialogue, in which," said he, "I perceive I make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the dialogue, if it must be a dialogue; and I hope I had generally more to say for myself in the many charming conversations I used to hold with Pope and Swift, and my old poetical friends."—WARTON.

"In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and to support his hypothesis has printed that first which was printed last."—JOHNSON.

Johnson was probably misled by the general character of a commentary, which perpetually "finds trains of thought that were never in the writer's head," to believe that the order of the Third and Fourth Moral Essays had been transposed by Warburton. The Epistles were arranged by Pope himself in their present order for the octavo edition of his poems published in 1735, four years at least before he knew Warburton. He wished it to appear that the four Moral Essays were connected portions of a philosophical scheme, having for its basis the principles laid down in the Epistle on the Characters of Men. Writing to Swift on the 16th February, 1733, he says:

"I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon that the Letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connection between them if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in."

Warburton, therefore, is not responsible for the arrangement of the Essays. It was by his advice, however, that Pope transposed whole passages of the original composition, and altered its form from an Epistle to a Dialogue. In making this change the poet's judgment was evidently at fault, and every reader will allow the justice of Bathurst's complaint as quoted by Warton. The original Epistle was written with the easy familiarity of one who converses with a friend on paper, and its colloquial turns suggested to Warburton that it might readily be converted into a dialogue. He never stopped

to reflect that such a change would deprive the poem of much of its grace and vivacity. Bathurst might well protest against the figure he is made to present in the conversation, and one of the chief absurdities in the present arrangement is that, whereas at the opening of the Essay he appears to take a more jesting view of the Use of Riches than Pope, yet when they come to cap reasons in dialogue it is he who soberly maintains the convenience of money against the paradoxes of the poet (ver. 21-32). In the original Epistle the advantages and disadvantages of a currency were naturally enough balanced against each other by the writer himself, so that this impropriety did not appear.

It cannot be said that the change of form has made the meaning of the poem any less difficult. The argument was obscure from the first, and it remains so still. It is indeed a proof of the comparative feebleness of Pope's powers of reasoning, that Warburton should have been able to transpose so much of this and the First Moral Essay without serious injury to their general design. The Essay opens with a half-jesting discussion, extending as far as v. 78, on the Use of Gold or Money. Bathurst maintains the very Pagan notion, that it is an instrument for the development of human folly; Pope on the contrary argues that Gold was designedly hidden underground, but that when it was discovered, Heaven provided for its proper distribution by the operation of the vices of Avarice and Prodigality. The disputants being agreed that the possession of riches is "no grace of Heaven or token of the elect," they proceed with some inconsistency to exchange parts, Bathurst seriously pointing out the use of money, and Pope ironically dwelling on the evils it produces. This gives the poet an opportunity for many secret strokes at Walpole's venal methods of government, and he concludes this portion of the Essay with the humorous wish, that society were still in the rude stage of barter. But, taking things as he finds them, he proceeds (ver. 79), to enquire what hidden motive can make men so passionately eager to accumulate money, to pinch themselves, to cheat, and to forge, for the sake of getting that which cannot procure them children, health, or happiness. To this question he proposes, at first, several whimsical answers (vers. 110–150), but at length condescending to be serious, he concludes, that the motives of the miser and the prodigal are part of the general scheme of Providence for the benefit of society.

> Hear then the truth: 'tis Heaven each Passion sends,
> And different men directs to different ends:
> Extremes in Nature equal good produce;
> Extremes in Man concur to general use.

The reason for the abuse of riches having been thus discovered, examples are given in the characters of Cotta and his son; after

which a compliment is paid to Lords Oxford and Bathurst, who show men how to live according to the "golden mean;" and the character of the Man of Ross is introduced. A moral is then drawn from the death-bed of the miser Cutler and the prodigal Villiers; and the poem concludes with a description of the gradual moral deterioration produced by avarice, as exemplified in the character of Sir Balaam.

The philosophical defects of this Essay are obvious. Pope's reasoning is self-contradictory. He starts with what is in effect an attack upon luxury and civilisation (for no refined community can dispense with the use of a currency, which Pope regards solely as an instrument of corruption); yet he afterwards asserts that the constitution of society, which he has thus condemned, is ordained and promoted by Heaven itself. Further, the moral difficulty as to the abuse of riches by the miser and prodigal, which the poet undertakes to explain, is never explained at all. His doctrine about the operation of extremes is not supported by facts. Misers do not always have prodigal sons, and, even if they had, it would be very unjust to make Providence responsible for the blundering scheme of distributing wealth which Pope imagines to proceed from the relationship. He wishes us to believe that the miser, under divine direction, hoards up his money only for his heir to dissipate it so lavishly that "men and dogs may drink him till they burst!" Such "extremes" would scarcely seem to "concur to general use."

The fact is, that Pope was misled by the reasoning of Mandeville. He had read the Fable of the Bees, in which Mandeville maintains the paradox that vice is as necessary as virtue for the extension and refinement of society; and he was struck with the ingenuity of the reasoning, which, of course, altogether ignores the sanctions of religion and morality. He failed to see that, to impute this supposed social law to the wisdom of the Creator—a point on which Mandeville was far too acute a reasoner to be explicit—would be in effect to deny the moral nature of God. His blindness in this matter is certainly surprising. Mandeville was a low-spirited materialist, who scarcely cared to disguise his atheistic principles. But Pope himself was not deficient in generous instincts and noble ideas. He perceived clearly, as he shows at the beginning of the Essay, that money is not a good or evil in itself, but only as it is used or abused by men; that in the hands of the Man of Ross it may be the instrument of public benefit, though to Sir Balaam it is only a source of inward corruption. The whole tone of his reflections indicates that he considered both these men as free agents, and he might have remembered that his instinctive feeling was justified by the teaching of the religion which he professed: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted

with evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." (Epistle of St. James, i. 13–15.)

But, however the Essay may fail in philosophy, it is, from a poetical point of view, unsurpassed in interest by any of Pope's writings of this class. Not only has it artistic merits of the highest kind, but it abounds in strokes illustrative of the poet's character as well as of the manners of his times. His slight regard for truth and justice is seen in his readiness to make poetical capital out of the gossip about Cutler (ver. 315–334); in his perversion of the facts in the account of Hopkins' will (note to ver. 85); and also in his transference of the Satire upon "Reverend Sutton," a real criminal, to "*the* good Bishop," a perfectly ideal character (ver. 105, and note). The apostrophe to "Sir John"—an apparently living person—in the character of Cotta's son—otherwise a merely poetical sketch—shows his nice calculation of the arts adapted to pique public curiosity (see notes to ver. 207, 218). We observe, too, his inveterate habit of subterfuge in his arrangement of the Third and Fourth Essays, as if they had been originally part of a single design. The connection between the two poems is, in fact, of the most slender kind; but, by making them appear two sections of one subject, Pope thought that he might disprove the charge that the Epistle on "False Taste" was meant as a personal satire on the Duke of Chandos; at the same time, by associating the character of Timon with an obviously ideal character like Sir Balaam, he rendered more probable his assertion that the former was not intended to have any particular application (see First Imitation of Horace, ver. 42).

The poem will acquire fresh point in the eyes of the reader, if he regard it not merely as a didactic Essay on the Use of Riches, but as a veiled satire on the monied interest of the period. This class owed the rise of its political influence to the Revolution of 1688, out of which grew in succession the Standing Army, the National Debt, the Bank of England, and the South Sea Company. The Whigs employed the monied interest to balance the influence of the landed aristocracy. It was their policy to make the fortunes of as many people as possible depend on the stability of the House of Hanover; hence they continued to spread the report that the restoration of the Stuarts would be followed by a repudiation of the National Debt. In illustration of this argument, Addison, in his allegory of "Public Credit," describes the figure of "a young man about twenty-two years of age, whose name," says he, "I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which, in the dance, he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a spunge in his left hand." (Spectator, No. 3.) On the other hand the Tories as a rule—though Harley was the originator

of the South Sea Company—viewed the monied interest with jealousy, both as an instrument of Whig power, and as an upstart influence. Swift says, writing to Pope on the 10th January, 1721: "I ever abominated that scheme of politics now about thirty years old, of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed; for I conceived that there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this: That the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of."

These may be the exaggerated expressions of disappointed ambition, but there can be no question that to the direct introduction of commerce into affairs of State, and to the consequent encouragement of political gambling, was due the wide-spread misery and corruption caused by the South Sea Scheme. The confusion, produced in the finances of the country by the bursting of the Bubble, occasioned Atterbury's plot; and the discovery of this plot led to the retaliatory measures of extra taxation on the Catholics; so that Pope might fairly charge upon the corruption of the monied class the exile of his friend, and the curtailment of his own liberty.

But he was influenced by a feeling even more stimulating than religious and social antipathy. The tone of moral satire which distinguishes this Essay is largely to be attributed to the bitterness of party spirit. No doubt the poem helped to discredit the character of the powerful Minister whose downfall the Opposition so passionately desired. How intimately Walpole was connected with the detested monied interest may be inferred from the admissions of his close ally, Lord Hervey: "Besides this particular reason," says the latter, "Sir Robert Walpole had another general one (and the weakest part of his character and policy, in my opinion), which was on all occasions, let the wrong be never so extensive, or the circumstances of it never so flagrant, to oppose all Parliamentary enquiries. He pursued this maxim from a fear of making this retrospective manner of enquiry, by the frequency of it, so familiar in Parliament, that one time or other it might, in any reverse of fortune, and by the rage of party, affect himself, his family, and his posterity; but by too strict an adherence to this principle he was often smeared with the filth of other people, and gave his enemies occasion to say that whoever had a mind to plunder the public or defraud particulars, they had but to keep out of reach of the slow, uncertain hands of Westminster Hall; and let the notoriety of their crimes be never so manifest, or the nature of them never so enormous, they would be secure of protection in Parliament whilst Sir Robert Walpole had any power there. His conduct in the affair of the Charitable Corporation; his opposi-

tion to a Bill for vacating the fraudulent sale of Lord Derwentwater's estate (by which the trustees for the sale of forfeited estates had cheated the public of an immense sum, and by acting in flat contradiction to an Act of Parliament); his doing all he could to prevent Parliament from taking cognisance of the frauds committed by the Directors of the York Buildings Company; and his having actually put a stop to the enquiry into the South Sea affairs in the House of Commons, had given but too just grounds for these reflections to be thrown out against him, and left his friends too little reason to justify him when his adversaries represented him as the universal encourager of corruption and the sanctuary of the corrupt." —Memoirs, vol. i., p. 225.

Though Pope appears, therefore, to speak in this Essay as a moralist surveying mankind, it is evident that a strong personal and political animus underlies his reflections on Blunt, Sutton, and the other Whig millionaires, and his covert allusions to Walpole as the bulwark of the Hanoverian dynasty, and the great champion of the monied interest. The same spirit may be traced in many other passages of his Satires, which should be compared with this Essay, notably Imitation of Horace, Book i., Ep. i., ver. 65-133; the whole of the First Versification of Donne; and the Second Versification, ver. 122-151. A vivid illustration of the temper of the Opposition is seen in the note on the "General Excise" which was appended in the later editions of the poem (see note to ver. 120).

On the poetical merits of a piece in which almost every line is good it is unnecessary to dilate. "I never took more care in my life of anything," Pope wrote to Swift of this Essay, and the result repaid his labour. The originality of thought, richness of humour, and keenness of irony which distinguish the opening of the Epistle, show Pope at his very best as a satirist, while the finish of the descriptions, and the beauty of the transitions in the latter part, afford equally strong evidence of his powers as an imaginative poet.

The original Epistle was registered at Stationers' Hall, 13 Jan., 1732, under the title "'On the Use of Riches.' An Epistle to the Rt. Hon. Allen, Lord Bathurst. By Mr. Pope," the owner of the copyright being Lawton Gilliver.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c., 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples, both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,[1]
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.[2]
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound
Deep hid the shining mischief underground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,[3]
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.[4]

[1] As to the form of the dialogue, see Prefatory Remarks.

[2] All the editions till Warburton's:

For half to heap, and half to throw away.

In the Chauncy MS. the lines after ver. 4 run:

And this proud creature (to define him flat)
Is not the thing that laughs, but is laughed at.
To keep the fools, say you, in constant play,
Jove sent them gold to heap, and throw away:
One half employed to hoard the precious evil.
The other half to send it to the devil.

[3] Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
Gold which above more influence has than he.
Cowley's Davideis, i. 74.—Wakefield.

Pope was fond of this idea. Compare Windsor Forest, 396, Moral Essays, ii. 290, and Imitation of Horace, Book ii., Sat. ii.. v. 116, and note.

[4] All the earlier editions:

To squander some, and some to hide again.

The idea in this passage, and indeed of the entire Essay, is borrowed from Mandeville: "Was it not for avarice, spendthrifts would soon want materials. . . . Was it not for prodigality, nothing could make

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has passed,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of the elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.[1]

us amends for the rapine and extortion of avarice in power. When a covetous statesman is gone, it ought to fill every good member of the society with joy to behold the uncommon profuseness of his son. Abundance of moderate men will tell me that the same number of men by equally avoiding both extremes might render themselves more happy, and be less vicious without than they were with them. Whoever argues thus shows himself a better man than he is a politician." Works, vol. i. pp. 73, 76.

After this verse in the Chauncy M.S.:

Can we, brave followers of the former sect,
Think Gold (my lord) a mark of God's elect?
When still we see the dirty blessing light
On such as Bl—n, Ja—n, W—rd, and Kn—t.

i.e., Bladen, Jansen, Ward, and Knight.

Jansen was Sir Theodore Jansen, a South Sea Director, who was expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the keeping of the Serjeant-at-Arms in 1721. His confiscated property amounted to £243,244 3*s.* 11*d.* See Historical Register for 1721, pp. 49 and 221. Bladen was probably Thomas Bladen, M.P. for Steyning, who appears from Historical Register of July 14, 1731, to have married "Miss Barbara Jansen, daughter of Sir Theodore Jansen of Wimbledon in Surrey." For a further mention of him see Imitations of Horace, Satire i., Book ii., v. 68, and note. For Ward, see note to ver. 20 below. Knight was the cashier of the South Sea Company; see Dunciad, iv. 560, and note.

[1] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory, on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company, by act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman at the several eras of his life: at his standing in the pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds; at his commitment to prison he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand; but has been so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at an exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland, in 1731, aged sixty-two. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the PRACTICE of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *gravity* of his *manners*,
Than successful
In *Accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh, indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it,[1] starve:
What Nature wants (a phrase 1 much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:[2]
Useful, I grant, it serves[3] what life requires,
But dreadful, too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.

Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly.—POPE.

The epitaph on Chartres appears as an epitaph on Don Francisco, in the London Magazine, 1732, p. 39.—CROKER.

In the note on Ward, the 4to edition of 1735, after the words "Act of Parliament," had the words, "which afterwards detaining from his friend, Sir John informed the company of the fraud, on promise of a pardon for himself." In the errata to the notes, it is said: "In the notes on the Epistle to Lord Bathurst, 'Note on vers. 20, dele the second period of that note, the fact not being exactly stated by the annotator.'"

Warton says that the figure of Chartres is introduced by Hogarth in the first plate of his Rake's Progress, and behind him stands a man whom he had always about him, and who was his pimp.

[1] One of Pope's many small inaccuracies. "Who sow it," ought to mean "Who sow gold."

[2] The epithet "commodious," gives us the very proper idea of a bawd or pander; and this thought produced the two following lines (after ver. 25), which were in all the former editions, but, for their bad reasoning, omitted—

And if we count amongst the needs of life,
Another's toil, why not another's wife?—
WARBURTON.

There does not appear to be any false reasoning in them on Pope's own fantastic ground. He wishes to show that many of what are called the natural wants of men are merely artificial, implying that each man is as capable of supplying his own physical wants, as he is of restraining his animal appetites. He is again indebted for his general line of thought to Mandeville, who says: "What is called superfluous to some degree of people will be thought requisite to those of higher quality, and neither the world nor the skill of man can produce anything so curious or extravagant, but some most gracious sovereign or other, if it either eases or diverts him, will reckon among the necessaries of life."—Fable of the Bees, vol. i., p. 80.

[3] "It serves," in order to be grammatical, should be "gold serves."

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betrayed.[1]
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;[2]
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the cracked bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."[3]
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly![4]

[1] A stroke at Sir R. Walpole's Administration; and at the corrupt methods by which he maintained his influence in Parliament.

[2] Ver. 33 to 48. In the earlier editions these lines follow ver. 76.

[3] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who, coming out of the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.—POPE.

"Sir Christopher Musgrave, the wisest man of the party (the Tories) died before the last session; and by their conduct after his death it appeared that they wanted his direction. He had been at the head of the Opposition that was made in the last reign, from the beginning to the end; but he gave up many points of great importance in the critical minute; for which, I have good reason to believe, he had £12,000 from the late King at different times." Burnet under the year 1705. — WARBURTON.

"Sir Edward Seymour said to him, 'Kit, Kit, I know where you have been, and what you have got; but it was first offered to me.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'it was so; and the offer was £5000, but Seymour stood for £10,000.' That which Pope alludes to was the settling of the Civil List, after this period in 1693. Somebody for the Court was to propose a million: upon which Musgrave was to rise and exclaim upon the extravagance and danger of the demand, and after many severe reflections upon the Court was to conclude with saying he dared answer for country gentlemen, that if the demand had been for a modest reasonable sum, it would not have met with any opposition; that they were not unwilling to support the greatness and dignity of the Crown, and that he thought for all good purposes of government £700,000 would be sufficient, and he hoped no larger sum would be given."—Speaker Onslow's Note on Burnet, under the year 1693.

[4] Pope had lived through times which had suffered from the dreams of Law and the rascality of Blunt. Law thought that the prosperity of a country depended upon the amount of *money* in it, and fancied that the circulation might be indefinitely increased by the unlimited issue of inconvertible notes upon the national credit. The poet humorously goes to the other extreme, and regrets that society has advanced beyond the stage of barter.

Gold imp'd [1] by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings; [2]
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore; [3]
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow: [4]
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen. [5]
  Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumbered villainy! [6]

[1] "To imp" is a term of falconry, meaning to insert a feather into the injured wing of a hawk, so as to increase its power of flight.

Pope's imagery in this passage may recall the striking simile of Adam Smith. "The gold and silver money which circulates in any country may very properly be compared to a highway, which, while it circulates and carries to market all the grass and corn of the country, itself produces not a single pile of either. The judicious operations of banking, by providing (if I may be allowed so violent a metaphor) *a sort of waggon-way through the air*, enable the country to convert, as it were, a great part of its highways into pastures and cornfields, and thereby to increase very considerably the annual produce of its land and labour."—Wealth of Nations, vol. ii., 69.

[2] In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.—POPE.

[3] Alludes to several ministers, councillors, and patriots, banished in our time to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.—POPE. The Parliament of Paris was banished by the Regent in consequence of the resistance it offered to the schemes of Law.

[4] But oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind.
Dryden's Translation of Æneid, vi. 115.—WAKEFIELD.

In the Chauncy MS. there are several alternative readings for this couplet:

These Sibyl's leaves all oracles have given,
And silenced the ambassadors of Heaven.

Or:

Leaves that like Sibyl's, whate'er wind shall blow,
Bear fates, and lives, and fortunes to and fro.

Or:

A leaf like Sibyl's, as the wind shall blow,
{Scatters our fates and fortunes to and fro,
{Bears fates of men and empires to and fro.

[5] Queen Caroline was supposed to have received a large present from Knight, the runaway cashier of the South Sea Company. See Pope's letter to Swift, 28th Nov., 1729, vol. vii. (of this edition) p. 172 and note.

[6] In the earlier edition, after ver. 50 came the couplet: "In vain may

Could France or Rome[1] divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?[2]
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
A hundred oxen at your levée roar."[3]
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;[4]
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,[5]

heroes fight, &c.," ver. 33, 34, and in the MS.:

To break a trust were Peter bribed with wine,
Peter, 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

[1] The head-quarters of the Pretender's party.

In the Chauncy MS. the lines run:

Much would it check sage F—s deep design,
Were France to pay her pensioners in wine.

F—— is of course Fleury.

[2] The sense of this couplet is rather obscure. It seems to mean: "What could they do more than *confuse* the brains of knights and squires, or intoxicate all the justices of the peace within ten miles!"

Pope's power of polishing may be seen by comparing the text of this admirable passage with the first draft as found in the Chauncy MS.:

In modest gold the great, the holy share,
But bribes in kind not men, nor gods could bear.
Twould pose a head, dear Lepidus, like thine,
Should once ambassadors be paid in wine.
What could it more than country squires confound,
Than hurl the horse and horseman to the ground,
Or water all the clergy ten miles round.

[3] From Sheffield's Rapture

This of all vice does most debase the mind;
Gold is itself the alloy to human kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such t' ing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn among those harmless men
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then.
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betrayed the bribe. WAKEFIELD.

[4] From Philips' Splendid Shilling:

No blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
Smokes Cambro-Briton: . . . . when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a charger of famed Cestrian cheese
High over-shadowing rides.
WAKEFIELD.

[5] Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them, taking advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another, seven thousand a year.—POPE.

Worldly was probably Edward Wortley Montagu. See Life of Malone, by Prior, p. 153. Compare

Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?[1]
His Grace[2] will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.[3]
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio,[4] if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?

also Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 234, where his habit of selling his game is satirised. His general avarice is described under the character of Avidien, Imitation of Horace, Satire ii. 2, 49.

[1] In early editions:

Had Hawley's fortune lain in hops and hogs,
Scarce Hawley's self had sent it to the dogs.

Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others: preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.—POPE.

Pope seems, from the various readings in the Chauncy MS., to have had several examples in his mind:

Were G——e to sell his cattle and his hogs,
Could G——e have sent his fortune to the dogs.

i.e., no doubt, 'Gage.' See v. 128.

And again:

Could Hampshire heirs whose wealth is hops and hogs,
Send in one year their fortune to the dogs.

And:

Could Moore, were Moore to sell his hops and hogs,
Send in one year his fortune to the dogs.

[2] The Duke of Bedford, who lost an immense sum at White's to one Jansen. See Walpole's note, in his letter to Mann, 9 Dec. 1742, on Jansen's name: "A celebrated gamester who cheated the late Duke of Bedford [died 1732] of an immense sum. Pope hints at this affair in the line,

Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's."

Compare First Versification of Donne, ver. 87.

White's Chocolate House was five doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street. It was destroyed by fire, April 28, 1733, and one of the pictures in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," represents the gamblers absorbed in play during the conflagration. Swift, in his Essay on Modern Education, says: "I have heard that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate House (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous Academy, as the bane of half the English nobility."

[3] My Pollio works himself: a bull he bred
With spurning heels and with a butting head.

Dryden's Translation of Virg. Ecl. iii. 135. —WAKEFIELD.

[4] In the Chauncy MS.:

Shall then good B——, if the stakes he sweep

Uxorio therefore is evidently Lord

Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?[1]
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille![2]
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.[3]
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.[4]
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Bristol. See Mr. Croker's Preface to Lord Hervey's Memoirs. He says: "Lord Bristol was a distinguished patron of the turf" (vol. i. p. xviii.): and "The whole correspondence between Lord and Lady Bristol during their occasional separations from their marriage in 1695 to 1737 has been preserved, and it exhibits a series of love-letters by almost every post, of a passionate fondness that would seem excessive after a few months' matrimony. Lord Bristol was, in all tender emotions at least, something of an enthusiast, and the Countess was vehement in all her feelings" (vol. i. p. xxii.).

[1] Probably Lord Hervey, who had official apartments at St. James's.—CROKER.

In the Chauncy MS. the lines run:

Or his soft heir so essenced and so fine,
Drive to St. James's, etc.

Mr. Croker's conjecture is verified by the reading in the MS. of ver. 71. See note to that verse.

[2] Quadrille was played as late as the early part of this century. "She (Mrs. Whitelock) was extremely fond of cards, and taught us to play the (even then) old-fashioned game of quadrille, which my mother, who also liked cards, and was a very good whist player, said had more variety than any modern game."—Records of a Girlhood. By Francis Anne Kemble, p. 67. The Ballad of Quadrille,' in Pope and Swift's Miscellanies (1727), describes the professions of Law, Church, Army, and Medicine as being absorbed in the game. Compare Moral Essays, ii. 266 and note.

[3] Mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam:
In quantum sitis atque fames et frigora posunt.
* * * * *
Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud sapientia dicit.—Juvenal, xiv. 36.

[4] One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach because interest was reduced from five to four per cent., and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses.—POPE.

Richard Turner, usually called

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last![1]
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;[2] 85

"Plum Turner." He had been a Turkey merchant. His death took place on 8th February, 1733.—CARRUTHERS.

In the Chauncy MS. the couplet is:

How! think we this too little! look we grave?
Alas! 'tis more than { Coleby / Cutler / S——k / H——e } found they gave.

S—k and H—e are probably Selkirk and Heathcote (for whom see ver. 92 and 101). Cutler is given as an example of avarice in ver. 315. The other person mentioned is Sir Thomas Coleby, who died 21st June, 1729, and of whom Dr. King relates the following anecdote: "I knew one Sir Thomas Coleby who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a Commissioner in the Victualling Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in the parlour; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than £200,000 in the funds, which was shared among five or six day labourers, who were his nearest relations."—King's Anecdotes of His Own Time, p. 103.

[1] A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the First Epistle.—POPE.

[2] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.—POPE.

The story of Hopkins' will is a curious one, but the facts of the case are much distorted by Pope. He devised to his cousin, John Hopkins, a farm in Surrey; and as this cousin was a man of little education, and unlikely to make a wise use of a large fortune, he left all the remainder of his real estate on trust for Samuel, the infant son of the said John, for life, with remainders to his [Samuel's] first and other sons in tail male; and in default of issue to him, to such other sons as John Hopkins might have, with like remainders for their issue male; with remainder for the sons of John Hopkins' daughters, with the like limitations. The child Samuel died before the testator, who died himself on 25th April, 1732. On October 25, 1732, the Master of the Rolls decided that John Hopkins, the cousin, was entitled to the rents of the testator's estate accrued since his death, till some person should come into existence who should be entitled to an estate for life, according to the limitations of the will. In June, 1736, John Hopkins had a son born, named William, who, however, died 29th Dec., 1736. John Hopkins, the cousin, died 15th Nov., 1772, leaving no male issue; whereupon Benjamin Bond, third son of Elizabeth, third daughter of the said John Hopkins, became tenant in tail of all his estates. See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lviii., part i. p. 511.

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?[1]
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,[2]
With all the embroidery plastered at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;[3]
Or find some doctor that would save the life

Vulture Hopkins made his fortune in the South Sea year. He was of course a Whig.

In the Chauncy MS. the lines run:

What can they give? { Not Vulture breath, God knows, / Not G——y Greek, God knows, }
Not Chartres vigour, Japhet ears and nose.

G—y was no doubt John Gumley, the owner of a glass shop in Norfolk Street. He became Deputy-General of the Musters, and was M.P. for Steyning. Pulteney married his daughter.

[1] Japhet Crooke, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.—POPE. The person whom Japhet cheated was John Hawkins, a rich brewer in Essex. The impostor forged two deeds conveying to himself the valuable estate of Jawick Park, in Essex, which he then mortgaged to Hawkins for £13,000. He afterwards made a will, leaving all his supposed property to Hawkins, and the latter, being of weak intellect, made a will of the same kind in favour of Japhet. This will being disputed by Hawkins' natural heirs, led to the detection of Japhet's forgeries. The sentence on him was executed on June 10, 1731. He died in the Spunging House of the King's Bench Prison, June, 1734. See Historical Register under that date.

[2] In the Chauncy MS. the line is:

{ Say could they heal of yore C——n's ail, / Or heal, old General, thy obscener ail, / Or wrought in cushions ease C * * * * * n's ail.

Narses is therefore Lord Cadogan, who succeeded the Duke of Marlborough as Commander-in-Chief. He died 17th July, 1726, possessed of great wealth. Young writes to Tickell, Feb. 20, 1726-7: "His sale, which is now on foot, is one of the chief entertainments of the town. His vast mass of plate is, for a private man, a wonderful sight, and is visited by all the town as such." Pope says in a letter to Bethel of Aug. 9, 1726, with reference to Cadogan's death: "Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had; the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period."

[3] In the Chauncy MS. there are two variations:

They might, could S——k be so mad to spend,
Give S——k's self the blessing of a friend.

Cf wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:[1]
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.[2]
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:[3]

Here the Earl of Selkirk is of course meant. See Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue i. 92.

The other variation is:

They might to G—— were he so mad to spend,
Give a safe doctor or a pitying friend.

Guy the bookseller is no doubt intended, for whose miserly habits see note to ver. 292.

[1] Shylock is mentioned also in Epistle i. 55, in which place, however, Pope crossed out the name, and substituted "Selkirk." But as Selkirk appears in the preceding couplet, under the name of Harpax, some other person must be here intended, and the reading in the Chauncy MS. shows it to be Wortley Montagu:

It might to Worldly, spite of Worldly's wife,
Give such a doctor as would save his life.

[2] A famous Duchess of R. [Richmond] in her last will, left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats. — POPE. The words "of R." were not in the first edition.

This benefactress was no other than La Belle Stuart, of the Comte de Grammont, and her endowment was not a proper object of satire. The real truth was that she left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; a delicate way of providing for poor, and probably proud, gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood o her mere liberality.—WARTON.

[3] This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, "Damn the poor." That "God hates the poor," and "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c., were the genuine apophthegms of some of the persons here mentioned.—POPE.

Denis Bond, M.P. for Wareham. He was not only deeply implicated in the Charitable Corporation with Sutton and Grant, but was guilty of a gross breach of trust in the management of the Derwentwater Estates, of which he was a Commissioner and Trustee, and for this he was expelled the House of Commons, 3rd April, 1732. This commissionership of the Forfeited Estates, 1716, did not recommend him to Pope's indulgence. — CROKER.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:[1]
"God cannot love (says Blunt,[2] with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.[3]

[1] Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the

Large-acred men,
Lord of fat Evesham, and of Lincoln fen.

He was an alderman of London, and distinguished himself by his zeal against the Rebellion of 1715, an offence which Pope seems to have remembered with bitterness against him as well as some others.—CROKER. See Imitation of Horace, Epist. ii. Book ii. 240. He was elected M.P. for Lymington 28th October, 1722, and was chosen Governor of the Bank of England 4th Jan., 1723. He died 25th Jan., 1733, reputed to be worth £700,000.

[2] See note to ver. 133.

[3] In all the editions published in Pope's lifetime, even that of 1743, this couplet ran thus:

But Reverend Sutton with a softer air
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

To which was subjoined a note, containing the substance of that now appended to v. 100, but naming "the Right Honourable Sir R. S., Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughes, &c."

In Warburton's edition the name of Sutton disappeared, and Pope's note was altered, so as to have no reference to Sutton; and to the substituted couplet Warburton appended the following explanation:—

"In the place of this *imaginary Bishop*, and in the first Dialogue of 1738, the Poet had named a very worthy person of condition, who, for a course of many years, had shined in public stations much to the honour and advantage of his country. But being at once oppressed by popular prejudice and a public censure, it was no wonder the Poet, to whom he was personally a stranger, should think hardly of him. I had the honour to be well known to that truly illustrious person, and to be greatly obliged by him. From my intimate knowledge of his character, I was fully persuaded of his innocence, and that he was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous cheats, to his great loss of fortune, as well as of reputation. At my request and information, therefore, the poet with much satisfaction retracted, and struck out, in both places, his ill-founded censure. I have since had the pleasure to understand, from the best authority, that these favourable sentiments of him have of late been fully justified in the High Court of Chancery, the most unerring investigator of truth and falsehood."

The High Court of Chancery did nothing of the kind. The judgment was given in the case by Lord Hardwicke in 1742. From the report of the case it appears that the affairs of the Corporation were managed by a committee of seven, and that the frauds were actually committed by the warehouse keeper, John Thompson, who lent, and himself borrowed, on old or imaginary pledges, with the connivance of a confederacy of five out of the Committee-men. The Corporation sought for satisfaction for breach of trust, fraud, and mismanagement, from the Committee-men, and Lord Hardwicke gave judgment in their favour. Sir A. Grant, Robinson,

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it,[1] and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.[2]
What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.[3]
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.[4]

Thompson, Burroughes, and Squire, were declared to be primarily liable; and the rest of the Committee, of whom Sutton was one, to be liable only in the second degree, as conniving at the fraud, or not making use of their power to prevent it. See Atkyns' Reports, vol. ii. p. 400.

Pope's original line, therefore, described Sutton's position in the case very correctly, as did the verse in the Epilogue to the Satires:

In Reverend Sutton note some small neglect.

Warton thinks that the proceedings recounted by Warburton in his note, do great honour to his gratitude and friendship, as he had obtained from Sutton the living of Brand Broughton. Had Warburton been content with persuading Pope to suppress the allusion to Sutton, this praise might have been deserved. But that Sutton's character should be relieved, by affixing a scandal on the whole Bench of Bishops, is a method of satirical economy which reflects very little credit on the poet or (if he suggested it) on his commentator.

Mr. Croker says of Sutton: "He was at first intended for the Church, and actually took Deacon's orders, and accompanied his relative Lord Lexington on his embassy to Vienna." This explains what has not hitherto been noted, Pope's repeated sneers at him as "Reverend Sutton."

[1] There is nothing to show that "it" means "gold."

[2] Shylock, as we see from the variation of ver. 94, was meant for Wortley Montagu.

In the Chauncy MS.:

Why { steals / starves } the peer { a groat / his son, } the cause is found,

And—

His soldiers' bread why steals our chief renowned,
A loaf he thought would rise to fifty pound.
And held no chief but Mordaunt so in fault,
To save all Europe, and not save a groat.

For this reflection on Marlborough, see note to ver. 86 of the First Moral Essay.

[3] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-Sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.—POPE.

[4] Many people about the year 1733 had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.—POPE.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?[1]
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.[2]
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,[3]
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:

This couplet and the note, the latter of which of course did not appear in the folio of 1732, possess a curious historical interest. The couplet embodies the belief which Pulteney and the other orators of the Opposition pretended to entertain in *1732*, that a *General* Excise was being contemplated. See Cox's Walpole, vol. 3, p. 67 (Edition of 1816). Walpole's measure, introduced in 1733, merely provided for the commutation of the Customs Duties on Wine and Tobacco into Excise Duties. Pope added his note in 1735, maliciously keeping alive the suspicion that Walpole had really thought of a General Excise.

[1] In the first edition "She and Lesbia." Warburton told Spence that this was said of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Miss Skerrett. The substitution of the name "Sappho" for that of "Lesbia" was doubtless made in consequence of the "Verses to the Imitator of Homer," in order that there might be no doubt as to the person intended. Mary Skerrett, daughter of Thomas Skerrett, an Irish gentleman, was first the mistress, and afterwards the second wife, of Sir Robert Walpole. By him she had a natural daughter for whom the Minister obtained the rank and title of an earl's daughter, though none but the illegitimate children of princes had previously been elevated to that dignity. The name of Phryne is indirectly accounted for by a rumour preserved for us in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 115. Sappho and Phryne are coupled because Miss Skerrett and Lady M. W. Montagu were great friends. The latter says in a letter to Lady Mar (January, 1725): "I see everybody, but converse with nobody but *des ames choisis;* in the first rank of them are Lady Stafford and dear Molly Skerrett." Phryne would of course, as Pope insinuates, have had good political information, at any rate with regard to stock-jobbing. According to Mr. Moy Thomas (Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu, i. 497) the Duchess of Marlborough says of her (Mr. Thomas does not say where): "I have never seen her in my life, *except at auctions.*"

[2] A plum is one hundred thousand pounds. After this verse in the Chauncy MS. are the following lines:

Why raised old Helluo that prodigious store?
He heard a goose would rise to ten pence more.
You wonder much a General of renown
Should save a sixpence rather than a town.
He reasoned thus: "If crowns which long have rolled
From head to head by auction should be sold,
If frugal Didius Rome's great Lord should be,
If my Prætorians were but true to me,
The Polish sceptre's sold some twice an age,
And very near its purchase came to Gage."

[3] Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty was never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.—POPE.

Peter Walter, who was Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex,

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.[1]
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,[2]
To just three millions stinted modest Gage;[3]
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,[4]
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.[5]

and steward to the Duke of Newcastle, and other noblemen and gentlemen, purchased Stalbridge Park, near Sherborne, a seat of the Boyle family. He acquired an immense fortune, represented the borough of Bridport in Parliament, and died 1745, æt. 83. —BOWLES. Peter Walter was the original of Peter Pounce in Fielding's Joseph Andrews.

[1] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.—POPE. The Prætorians, after the murder of Pertinax, A.D. 193, put the Empire up to sale, and Didius Salvius Julianus outbid Sulpicianus, father-in-law of Pertinax. He only held the Empire for two months, at the end of which period he was killed by Septimius Severus.

[2] The crown of Poland became vacant on the 21st of March, 1733, by the abdication of King Stanislas. Augustus, Elector of Saxony, was chosen King, 5th Oct. 1733. The electors to the crown were, as Pope hints, unblushingly venal.

[3] The quarto of 1735 alone has "modest G * ."

[4] The two persons mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realise above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They have since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.—POPE.

The names of these two persons were Mr. Gage and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, who, dying in October, 1745, left in the hands of his executors and trustees an annuity of £200 a year to be paid to the use of this daughter, not for the payment of the many debts which she had contracted, but to keep her from wanting necessaries, which, after Chancery suits of 21 years, was at last paid to her.—WARTON.

Joseph, called Count Gage, next brother to the first Viscount Gage. He is stated in Lodge to have married Lady *Lucy* Herbert.—CROKER. The wealth which he acquired in the Mississippi Scheme was calculated at twelve or thirteen millions. He is said to have offered King Stanislas three millions for the crown of Poland, and to have proposed the purchase of the island of Sardinia from Victor Amadeus.

Lord Oxford says in a MS. note in the Bodleian folio: "Lady Mary Herbert in the Mississippi time borrowed of her servant iv. Laidores for necessary expenses because she said she would not break a million, and never paid her servant."

[5] Having lost his money in the Mississippi Scheme, Gage, in Feb., 1727, obtained from the King of Spain a grant for working and draining all the gold mines in Old Spain, and for fishing for all wrecks on the coasts of Spain and the Indies.

Much injured Blunt![1] why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)[2]
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,[3]
Peeress and butler share alike the box,[4]

[1] In first edition: "Much injured B—t!"

Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter, of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.—POPE.

Blunt died at Bath, 14th January, 1732-3. See Historical Register under that date. The estates of the directors of the South-Sea Company were confiscated by Act of Parliament, a certain moiety of each being reserved for the maintenance of the owners. They were valued at £2,014,123. The allowance made to them was £354,600; the confiscations therefore amounted to £1,659,523. Even this severity, however, did not satisfy the public, and many were desirous that the directors should suffer the penalty of death.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

By S * * * and W * * long withstood.

i.e. Sunderland and Walpole.

[3] "Patriot" was the name assumed by the Opposition by way of contrasting their own virtue with the corruption of the Ministry. Pope enjoys the satisfaction of a double stroke, implying that no statesman in office could be a patriot, and on the other hand that the so-called patriots were as corrupt as their opponents.

The committee of secrecy appointed to inquire into the management of the South-Sea Company discovered that five hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds of fictitious stock had been disposed of by the directors to facilitate the passing of the bill. Great part of this was distributed among the Earl of Sunderland, Mr. Craggs, senior, the Duchess of Kendal, the Countess of Platen, and her two nieces, Mr. Secretary Craggs, and Mr. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The last was expelled the House and committed to the Tower. Lord Sunderland was acquitted in the Lords, but not by public opinion, and resigned his place of First Commissioner to the Treasury. Walpole held stock in the Company, but sold out when it had risen to £1000.

[4] Alluding to the general confusion of ranks in consequence of the fortunes made by speculation.

And judges job, and bishops bite the town,[1]
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.[2]
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged on Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fired thy brain,[3]
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree;
And, nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.[4]
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than e'en that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use."[5]

[1] In the first edition:

The judge shall job, the bishop bite the town.

[2] See note to ver. 67.

[3] In first edition:

No poor court badge, great scrivener, fired thy brain,
No lordly luxury, no city gain:
But 'twas thy righteous end, &c.

[4] Blunt's scheme was this: he offered the House of Commons, for the Company, to give £7,567,500 to the public, for the privilege of taking in the irredeemable debts, and also the redeemable debts then at the Exchequer and Bank, mostly bearing five per cent., either by purchase from the proprietors, or by subscription, into the Company's capital stock. The purchase money was to be obtained chiefly from the rise in the imaginary value of the stock, which it was hoped would—and which in fact did—follow from the tales circulated about the inexhaustible riches of the South Sea Countries. As men of all shades of political opinion rushed to buy stock, Blunt is said by Pope to have bought both sides.

[5] This couplet is also found in Essay on Man, ii. 205, 206, but the Epistle to Bathurst was the first of the two poems to be published. The fatalism in Pope's theory to which he was himself so strangely blind is here evident. Not content with suggesting that Provi-

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.[1]
Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?[2]
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads blessed his board?[3]
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?[4]

dence might work good out of such evils as avarice and prodigality, he insists that Heaven directs the men themselves by implanting the passions in them.

[1] In The Old Couple, a comedy, by Thomas May, the following lines occur, with a note by Dodsley the Editor, referring to this passage in Pope:

Some men were made to be
The conduit pipes of an estate, or rather
The sieves of Fortune, through whose leaking holes
She means to scatter a large flood of wealth,
Besprinkling many with refreshing showers.
So usurers, so dying aldermen,
Pour out at once upon their sieve-like heirs
Whole gusts of envied wealth, which they together
Through many holes let out again in showers,
And with their ruin water a whole country.

Compare also Young, Sat. VI., 321.

[2] His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot,
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.

[3] Dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis. Virg.—POPE.

[4] Compare ver. 105.

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs, with dance and tabor sound,[1]
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son, he marked this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.[2]
What slaughtered hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,[3]
And zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,[4]
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.[5]

[1] *i.e.*, the high raftered roofs of his old hall no longer resound with music.

[2] This couplet was not in the early editions. Warburton says:

"I found these two lines in the Poet's MS., which, as they seemed to be necessary to do justice to the imaginary character going to be described, I advised him to insert in their place."

[3] In the first edition:

'Tis the dear Prince (Sir John) that crowns the cup,
And zeal for his great House which eats you up.

[4] Ver. 213 to 216 were not in the first edition.

[5] A Whig ceremony. Swift says in

And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at Court the bankrupt pleads his cause,[1]
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.[2]

his Journal to Stella, Nov. 17, 1711: "This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, &c., and carry them with torches about and burn them." The train-bands of the City of London were always Whig.

[1] In first edition:

Bankrupt at Court in vain he pleads his cause.

In edition of 1735:

Alas at Court in vain he pleads his cause.

[2] After ver. 218 in the MS.:

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapplied,
In lavish Curio blazed awhile and died;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H——y, teach the golden mean.

There are two variations of this last couplet in the Chauncy MS.:

There gracious Oxford, acting God's own part,
Relieves the oppressed, and glads the widow's heart.

And,

Ch—os and Ox—d acting, &c.

The suppression of Chandos' name is explained by Pope in a letter to Lord Oxford of Jan. 22, 1732: "The noise which malice has raised about that Epistle [to Lord Burlington] has caused me to suppress a much better concerning the Use of Riches, in which I had paid some respect, and done some justice to the Duke of Chandos. I thought it a great proof of both, when the celebration of him was joined with one of you and of my Lord Bathurst."

Wimpole is the house alluded to in these lines of the MS. With such an apparent clue, it seems at first sight as if we were intended to identify the persons here satirised. Mr. Croker thinks it absurd to suppose with Warburton that the characters were imaginary. He contends that the first reading of v. 207 would have been pointless if Pope had not had some particular person in his mind. But who then can Cotta and Curio have been? Spence says, "Cotta and his heir were supposed by some to have been the late and the present Duke of Newcastle, 'Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves.' Mr. Pope did not confirm it outright when I mentioned it to him, but spoke of their characters in a manner that seemed not at all to disown it." But nothing that is known of the first Duke agrees very closely with the character of Cotta, and though the second was zealous for the Hanoverian succession, and greatly diminished his fortune while in the service of the House of Brunswick, yet he was not the *son* of the first Duke, and was never the owner of Wimpole. The truth seems to be that, though many features in these characters were studied from life, the general treatment is poetical; nor is it difficult to separate the real from the imaginary elements in the composition. Pope

The sense to value Riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;[1]
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoiled by wealth![2]

was doubtless struck by the contrast in the characters and fortunes of the different owners of Wimpole, and saw that, if embodied in the persons of an imaginary father and son, they would illustrate dramatically his own moral theme. 'The character of Cotta, the old miser, is evidently founded on that of Sir John Cutler, the first possessor of Wimpole; Curio is a compound of the whiggery of the Newcastle family, and of the wastefulness of Lord Oxford, who had become possessed of Wimpole through his marriage with the first Duke of Newcastle's daughter. Sir John Cutler, besides being a miser, was a loyal adherent of the Stuarts; the apostrophe to "Sir John!" in ver. 207 of the first edition, points therefore to the irony of destiny which had brought his property into the hands first of a Whig, and then of a spendthrift, one of whom would drink healths that Cutler would have abominated, while the other would "eat up" by his extravagance the wealth that he had amassed. Though Pope here pays a poetical compliment to Lord Oxford's moderation, he was quite alive to his friend's indolence and wastefulness.

[1] Bathurst's healthy modes of life are frequently referred to in Pope's letters to him. His vitality was extraordinary. He died at the age of 91. Sterne tells a story of him: "About two years before his death, having some friends with him at his country seat, and being loth to part with them one night, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected to sitting up any longer, and left the room. As soon as he was gone, the lively old peer said, 'Come, my good friends, since the *old gentleman* is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle.'"

[2] After ver. 226 in the MS.:

That secret rare, with affluence hardly joined,
Which W——n lost, yet B——y ne'er could find;
Still nursed by vice and scarce by virtue hit,
By G——'s goodness or by S——'s wit.

The blanks may be filled up with the names of "Wharton," "Bingley," "Granville," and "Sedley." Lord Bingley died April 9, 1731. The Historical Register says under that date: "He left only one daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Harriet Benson, to whom he left £100,000 in cash, and his house and lands to the value of £7000 more." In the Chauncy MS. there is another variation:

That secret rarely with good fortune joined,
Which Villiers missed, yet Cutler could not find,
What losing saving B——d ne'er could hit,
Nor G——s goodness reach, nor Philip's wit.

B——d is perhaps the Duke of Bedford. See note to ver. 67. "Philip" is the Duke of Wharton.

That secret rare, between the extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.
B. To worth or want well weighed be bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of heaven;
(Whose measure full, o'erflows on human race;)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused;
As poison heals, in just proportion used:
In heaps like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,[1]
To ease the oppressed, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?[2]
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:[3]

[1] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died [1741] regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.—POPE.

Lord Oxford was not a brilliant example of moderation. He wasted all his estates by bad management. Lord Orrery says, in a letter dated 7th July, 1741: "Poor Lord Oxford has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money. His lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds; four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good nature, and want of worldly wisdom." See note to ver. 218.

[2] This invidious expression of unwillingness that the nobility should engross all the praise is strongly ironical; their example having been hitherto given only to show the *abuse* of riches. But there is great justness of design as well as agreeableness of manner in the preference here given to the Man of Ross.—WARBURTON.

[3] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed

Pleased Vaga[1] echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?[2]
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?[3]
Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:[4]

all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross, in Herefordshire.—POPE. See Appendix III.

After ver. 250 in the MS. :

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

[1] The Wye.

[2] The note that follows on this verse, and the subsequent ones signed T. H., are from Bowles. The information contained in them was derived by him from Kyrle's descendant, Thomas Hutcheson, barrister, whose sister, married to a Mr. Jones, was then in possession of the property. "There was and still is a very long shady walk, of nearly a mile and a half in length, called Kyrle's Walks, which, whilst I had the estate, was kept in good preservation, and is on the summit of an eminence commanding a beautiful prospect of the Wye and the country to a great extent. There is a summer-house now remaining thereon, erected by the 'Man of Ross,' with a motto over door, 'Si non tibi non ibi.'"—T. H.

[3] The Man of Ross promoted and partly assisted, by his own pecuniary aid, the erection of a small water-work near the river Wye, which supplied the town of Ross with water, in which article it was very deficient before.—T. H.

[4] His house was opposite to the market-place. He kept open-house every market-day; any person without distinction might meet on that day at his hospitable board, which, according to the stories related to me by some old tenants, consisted of a joint of meat of each sort. The poor, who were always in waiting on that day, and every other, had distributed to them, by his own superintendence, the whole of the remains of each day, besides continual distributions of bread, etc.—T. H.

He feeds yon alms-house,[1] neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want[2] sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year![3]
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.[4]
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:[5]

[1] He founded a small alms-house in Ross, and left an annual sum charged on his estate towards its assistance. His charities, whether by pecuniary aid, sustenance, or by the gift of medicines, were more than commensurate with his income.—T. H.

[2] "Want" is not a happy impersonation. Though Age or *Poverty* may smile, Want does not; besides, as applied to an alms-house, the word is inappropriate.

[3] "Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality, exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place, and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain: that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be practicable."—Johnson's Life of Pope.

[4] At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.—MILTON.

[5] As Voltaire did at Ferney with

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;[1]
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end:[2]
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;[3]
That live-long[4] wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.[5]
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

this inscription: "Deo erexit Voltaire."—WARTON.

[1] The Parish Register.—POPE.

Thus in the MS.:

The register enrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born and died, and tells no more.
Just as he ought he filled the space between,
Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen.

[2] Edmund Boulter, Esq., executor to Vulture Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him that the expenses amounted to £7666.—CARRUTHERS. Young makes Hopkins still more penurious than he is here represented:

From rescued candles' ends who raised a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.

The anecdote of the saving of the candle end is related by the Editor of Notes and Queries. It will be seen that Guy rather than Hopkins, is the hero of the story. "On one occasion Hopkins paid an evening visit to Guy, the founder of the Hospital in Southwark, who also was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. On Hopkins entering the room, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay ready on the table, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. 'I have been told,' said Hopkins, 'that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson in frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior.' 'And is that all you came about?' replied Guy; 'why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark.' Upon this, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this example of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave."—N. and Q., vol. 8, p. 208.

[3] Extends his hands as if in the act of bounty. These particulars are fictitious. Hopkins is buried in Wimbledon Churchyard, and has no monument in the church.

[4] The epithet "live-long" is unfortunately injudicious, as it anticipates and frustrates the exquisite festivity of the following verse.—WAKEFIELD.

[5] The Poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.—POPE.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,[1]
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,[2]
Great Villiers lies[3]—alas! how changed from him,[4]
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove[5]
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;[6]

[1] *i.e.*, Partially stuffed with straw to make up for the loss of flock, which was itself a sign of poverty. Mandeville in the Fable of the Bees says: "Almost everybody lies upon feather-beds, and to substitute flocks in the room of them is counted a miserable shift of the most necessitous."—Vol. i., p. 140.

[2] Where gold and yellow strive in equal rows.
—Dryden, Translation of Æneid, ver. 326.

[3] This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about £50,000 a-year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.—POPE.

The Duke did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirkby-Moorside. —CARRUTHERS.

[4] If thou art he! but ah! how changed from him,
Companion of my arms! how wan! how dim. Dryden, State of Innocence, Act i. Scene 1.—WAKEFIELD.

Compare also Milton's Paradise Lost, i. 85.

[5] A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.—POPE.

Evelyn describes Cliveden in his Diary, under 23rd July, 1679: "I went to Clifden, that stupendous natural rock, wood, and prospect of the Duke of Buckingham's building, of extraordinary expense. The grottos in the chalky rock are pretty: 'tis a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect, or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The House somewhat like Frascati as to its front, and on the platform is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon, which with the serpenting of the Thames is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular; the cloisters, descents, gardens, and avenue through the woods august and stately; but the land all about wretchedly barren, and producing nothing but ferns."

[6] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses, in the habit of a page.—POPE.

This very infamous Countess of Shrewsbury was eldest daughter of Robert Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan. Her husband was killed March 16th, 1667. She afterwards married George Rodney Brydges, Esq., second son of Sir Thomas Brydges of Keynsham in Somersetshire, Knt., and died 20th April, 1702.—WARTON.

Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,[1]
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."

[1] Sir John Cutler, Alderman of London, created a Baronet by Charles II. for his loyalty during the Commonwealth. Arbuthnot's anecdote of his stockings is well known. "Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk that they became at last a pair of silk stockings." Mr. Croker says: "In Mr. Heath's account of the Grocers' Company (1829), p. 25, there is a curious and to a great degree satisfactory refutation of the 'calumnies' contained in Pope's satire on Sir John. Mr. Heath shows 1st, that Sir John was a munificent benefactor to the Grocers' Company for a long period, and undertook in 1688 pecuniary responsibility for them when no other member could be found to do so; 2ndly, that in 1682 he rebuilt at his own expense the north gallery of the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the benefit of the poor; 3rdly, that Strype says, 'Sir J. Cutler was one of the wealthier citizens of later times, and a great benefactor to the public (particularly his buildings in Grocers' Hall and the College of Physicians) up to the great fire of 1666; 4thly, that in 1661 he founded a mechanic lecture at Gresham College, with a salary of £50 a-year; 5thly, that the provisions of his will are charitable and generous in a very unusual degree. After legacies to public charities and to more than fifty individuals, and munificent provision for all his servants, and even their children, he leaves his executor £2000 to be distributed at his discretion to any friends or relatives whom he might imagine that the testator had neglected or forgotten; 6thly, as to the cruel and mysterious imputation about an only daughter, he proves that Sir John had two daughters both highly married—the elder to the Earl of Radnor, on whom Sir John settled the magnificent mansion and estate of Wimpole, the younger to Sir William Portman, Bart., with a portion of £30,000.'"

Sir John appears to have been one of those contradictory but by no means rare characters, who—like the Founder of the Almshouse described in Crabbe's Borough — with habits of petty personal parsimony combine large benevolence and public spirit. His good deeds, buried in the archives of the Grocers' Company, are forgotten—"carent quia vate sacro." His meanness, handed down by tradition and anecdote to an "inspired bard," who understood better than any man who ever lived, how to utilise such materials for poetical purposes, has become immortal.

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blessed?[1]
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What even denied a cordial at his end,
Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"[2]
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both,[3] in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale. B. Agreed.[4]
Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies;[5]

[1] In the Chauncy MS. there are these variations:

But, say, did Cutler better yield the ghost,
{What gained the gainer more than he who lost?
Whose want was greater, his who gained or lost?}

And—

Lo! sober Cutler of his spoils possest;
His life more wretched, was his death more blest?

[2] Brutus made an effort to force his way from the strong position whither he had retreated, into the camp; but finding this impossible, and learning that some of his soldiers had submitted to the conquerors, he abandoned himself to despair: but, disdaining captivity, he resolved on death and desired some of his attendants to despatch him, after he had repeated with a loud voice that exclamation of Hercules in the tragedy:

Oh! hapless virtue, deemed a truth by me,
But Fortune's slave thou wert, and a mere name.

Dion Cassius, xlvii. 49.—WAKEFIELD.

[3] "Both," *i.e.*, Virtue and Wealth (ver. 334). But it is impossible to get this from the construction.

[4] In the earlier editions:

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale? A tale. It follows thus.

[5] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.—POPE.

The "lie"—which was erased in the

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;[1]
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnised the Lord's:
Constant at Church and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.[2]
Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,[3]
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

reign of James II., restored in the reign of William III., and finally erased in the reign of William IV.—ran as follows: "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and then introducing Popery and slavery."

[1] Many attempts have been made to identify Sir Balaam. The character, however, has all the air of a fancy piece, though many touches in it are very probably derived from actual experience, and though it is generally intended to express the poet's undying hatred and contempt for the monied interest. No doubt its leading features were suggested by the avarice and self-deception which distinguish the character of Balaam in the Bible. It is noticeable that Pope elsewhere couples Balaam with Timon (Imitation of Horace, Sat. ii. 1, 42) as a character frequently appropriated, and it is not improbable that he may have done this in order to create a belief that the one description was as imaginary as the other.

[2] In the Chauncy MS. there are these variations:

But measures change, and Satan, more a witch,
Tempts not by making poor, but making rich.

And—

But knew (for now the Devil was grown a witch)
The way was not to make him poor, but rich.

And—

But { measures / times now } change, the Devil is grown a witch,
And tempts no more by making poor but rich.

[3] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:[1]
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,[2]
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.[3]
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought:
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice;
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.;
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky hit.[4]

misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre, the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.—POPE.

The practice of wrecking in Cornwall was gradually abolished by the influence of Wesley.

[1] So Ben Jonson in his rules for the Tavern Academy:

Let our wines without mixture, or stain, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle:
Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
To push on the *chirping* and moderate bottle.—WAKEFIELD.

[2] The mention of the diamond gave rise to the idea that Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, was intended. Mr. Pitt bought the diamond which is called after him for £20,400, and sold it to the King of France for more than five times as much. It weighed 127 carats, and was supposed to be the largest jewel in Europe.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

So robbed the robber, and was rich as P——.

[4] "Sir Andrew Freeport gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those *lucky hits*, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune, but in

Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employed the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Devil ordained) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catched a cold, and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and, in a duel, dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.[1]
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;[2]
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.[3]

the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies; favours of *providence*, and blessings on an honest industry." Spectator, No. 549. —CROKER.

[1] —atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ. Juvenal.—POPE.

[2] In early editions, Co * * by. Thomas, Lord Coningsby, a prominent member of the House of Commons, created an Irish peer in 1715, and afterwards a British peer. He was forward in the impeachment of Lord Oxford, but Pope's dislike of him was probably chiefly due to his invectives against the Roman Catholics. Speaking against Law, November 9th, 1722, Coningsby, after accusing him of abetting the cause of the Pretender, said: "What was worst of all, and weighed most with his lordship, was that he had also renounced his God by turning Roman Catholic." (Historical Register, 1722, p. 13.) He died 30 April, 1729, and Pope composed the following epitaph upon him:

Here lies Lord Coningsby: be civil:
The rest God knows, perhaps the Devil.

[3] In the first edition there was only the following couplet:

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

EPISTLE IV.

"THE connexion of this Epistle with the preceding, is, that it completes the subject '*of the use of riches*,' by shewing the folly of *profusion*, as the former exhibited the effects of *avarice*. Its relation to the great plan contemplated by the author, consists chiefly in illustrating the opinion that *Providence converts our errors as well as our vices into the means of benefit to others*, by rendering the eccentricities and abuses into which men fall, through an absurd taste and an ostentatious vanity, subservient to the general good; but the attractive nature of the subject led the Poet to extend it to a discussion on '*the principles of taste*,' which he has shewn to consist, not in counterworking, but in improving nature, by the means of *good sense*. In this respect there is a coincidence and harmony in his manner of reasoning, which, although not insisted on by himself or his commentators, serves greatly to illustrate the truth of his general principles; for, as in the intellectual world, the business of the moralist is not to endeavour to *eradicate the ruling passion* or original natural disposition, but to subject it to the dominion of *reason*, and convert it to useful and beneficial purposes; so the improvement and decoration of *external scenery* can be only effected by *adhering to nature*, correcting her occasional deviations, and enhancing her beauties, by the medium of *good sense*; and thus the same principle extends through the whole of the author's works, and serves to render each portion of them the best commentary on the other."—WARBURTON.

"This Epistle was first published with the title of 'False Taste,' in 1731. Pope had been received at Canons, a splendid and ostentatious seat of the Duke of Chandos, with respect and kindness: in return, he held up the house and gardens to ridicule, and descended to throw out personalities against its owner, whom he calls

> A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze.

This circumstance excited considerable odium against Pope; and well it might.

"As Pope was the first to deal in *personalities*, the following severe retaliation was published in the Papers of the time:

> Let Pope no more what Chandos builds deride,
> Because he takes not NATURE for his guide;
> Since, wond'rous critic! in thy form we see,
> That *Nature* may mistake, as well as he.

"Pope's observations on false magnificence evince his own elegant taste and accurate discrimination, which will appear the more striking when we consider the state of gardening and rural embel-

lishments at the time. Though we do not now admire either Stowe, or the plan of his own little garden at Twickenham (both of which appear to us as *puerile* and affected, as the Queen's Hermitage, with Dr. Clarke, appeared to him), yet sufficient justice has not been always done to Pope's taste, or to the taste of those who pursued his ideas of embellishing rural scenery. Every art must have its beginning; and the rapidity of improvement cannot be better determined, than by comparing our English gardens (for I do not speak of buildings), as they existed in the time of Sir William Temple, 1685, and at the period when our Author published this Poem, 1731."—BOWLES.

The publication of this Essay caused Pope for the first time to feel the consequences of the license he had allowed himself in the use of personal satire. Two years before, he had published the Dunciad, and had posed as the saviour of society from the race of envious scribblers and libellers by whom it was infested. The public, then as always keenly interested in personalities, were amused at the discomfiture of the Dunces, and Pope enjoyed a pleasurable triumph. But the character of "Timon" caused his powers to appear in a very different light. "By Timon," says Johnson, "he was universally supposed—and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said—to mean the Duke of Chandos, a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour. A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation."

From this statement it would appear that Timon was identified with Chandos by the general voice of the public and by the direct declaration of the Earl of Burlington. With regard to the alleged evidence of Lord Burlington, it is not clear, from Johnson's expressions, whether the Earl's confirmation of the common rumour was given when Pope was first accused or at a later period; but either fact would seem to be inconsistent with the terms in which the poet addresses him in the letter prefixed to the third edition of the Epistle. "The clamour," says he, "raised about this Epistle could not give me so much pain as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent." As for the "universal supposition" of which Johnson speaks, the world always looks for matter of fact in satire; it had found abundance of this in the Dunciad, and it therefore at once concluded that a character of such verisimilitude as Timon must have a living original. This belief was

eagerly encouraged by the enraged Dunces, whose interest it was to represent the poet as a malignant enemy of all that was virtuous and exalted. Too much weight must not be attached to a conclusion so formed, and if Pope had only met his accusers in a straightforward manner, he would have been entitled at least to lenient judgment.

Unfortunately, his defence was only too characteristic of his disposition and his habits. While he abstained from protesting with decision that the malice imputed to him never was in his mind, he endeavoured to prove by argument that it never could have been. Cleland, the accommodating apologist of the Dunciad, was again persuaded to append his name to a letter to Gay, which pretended to examine impartially the merits of the case. The writer of the letter points out the want of resemblance between the tasteless Timon and "the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have ever been shown in the rightest place,"—an empty compliment, which of course counts for nothing in disproof of the charge. He proceeds to say: "The application of Timon's character to the Duke of Ch—— is monstrous, as it is imputed to a person the most different in the world from a manhater." But everybody knew that the Timon of Shakespeare was distinguished for magnificence as well as for misanthropy, so that there was really no absurdity in the application. The writer also points to particulars in the description of Timon's villa which have no equivalent at Canons, but does not offer any explanation of the resemblance which had at once struck the public imagination. Finally, he shows that it was a moral impossibility that Pope could have ever intended to satirise Chandos, since "this author has always been distinguished and favoured by this very person." But Pope had been distinguished and favoured also by Halifax, yet Halifax was afterwards undoubtedly satirised in the character of Bufo.

In any case this explanation, in order to be satisfactory, ought to have been consistent with itself. But Pope's apologist, forgetting what he had previously said, went on to argue on the assumption that Chandos might have been the person intended, in order to show that, even if he was, the poet was under no special obligations to him. Following up this line of argument, he proceeded: "'Tis said the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things and not on persons; not on the man but on his house, and gardens, pictures, trimmed trees, and violins." This plea might extenuate the animus of the satire, if Timon was Chandos: but as the writer had been previously urging that the Duke could not have been meant, it appears irrelevant to the main contention.

Judgment has generally been given against Pope's conduct in this matter in consequence of his own equivocations. But if we examine his apology with reference to the facts of the case, and not simply as an answer to a hostile indictment, we shall probably be inclined to modify our view of his proceedings. His adversaries insisted that he intended

in Timon to hold the Duke of Chandos up to public ridicule; an act of inexcusable malignity, said they, in view of the Duke's generous character, but doubly so as coming from one who had received benefits from the man he libelled. Thus the author of the Verses to the Imitator of Horace addresses him:

> But if thou seest a great and generous heart,
> Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart:
> Nor only justice vainly we demand,
> But even benefits can't rein thy hand;
> To this or that alike in vain we trust,
> Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust.

Now we may be pretty certain that Pope never intended the entire character of Timon to be applied to Chandos. He had no quarrel with the Duke; he had rather, as he admits himself, been "distinguished by his favour"; the avowedly personal motive, "Touch me and no minister so sore," which inspired his satires on Atticus and Sporus was therefore wanting. Besides, his nice calculation of effect would have shown him beforehand that a man like Chandos, of "kind and beneficent" temper, would be sure, as Johnson says, to "have the voice of the public in his favour." Love of ridicule therefore would not have been sufficient to make him embark on a satirical venture, which he would have seen to be full of danger. The application which the character immediately received was a surprise and an annoyance to him, and he evidently wrote to Caryll (Letter of March 29, 1732) his genuine sentiments, when he doubted "whether so *great a stupidity in the point of comprehending a poet's manner, being the ignorance of the very principles of that sort of writing*, and so great malignity in applying them, should give me such a pique to the world's malice as never to publish anything which I think right myself, without the least concern about what they think or say."

In these words we find the clue to the real motive of the composition —poetic effect. The character of Timon forms an essential part of that Moral Essay which is the most regularly designed of all the four. In the persons of Villario and Sabinus, the poet had shown the effects of an irrational taste; he proceeded on the same principle to present in Timon a life-like and dramatic example of thoughtless ostentation. From this point of view there is validity in Pope's argument that the satire was not personal, "because all its reflections are on things not on persons; not on the man, but on his house and gardens, pictures, trimmed trees, and violins." Pope's design as a moralist was to present the ideal man of false magnificence, as Theophrastus might have painted him in his Characters, but wishing, as a poet, to make his creation appear as real as possible, he coloured it with actual experiences collected from many different quarters. The stroke at Timon's want of taste in architec-

ture was borrowed by the poet from his own criticism of Blenheim in a letter to Martha Blount; the "soft Dean" was a recollection of an anecdote fifty years old; the description of the gardens was, as we see from many papers in the Guardian and the Spectator, a faithful representation of the general taste of the age; and the picture of Timon's library was, of course, equally typical. Pope, therefore, was not simply equivocating when he made Cleland write to Gay: "I had no great cause to wonder that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since by that means nineteen should escape the ridicule."

It cannot, however, be denied that many of the details, and those the most characteristic, in the picture of Timon's villa, such as the music and the paintings in the chapel, were borrowed from Canons; and this likeness arresting the public attention, formed a basis for the charge against the poet of malice and ingratitude. Pope might, nevertheless, have defended himself in a manly fashion. He might have taken his stand upon his poetical rights, and have repudiated at once all malicious intention in the satire, pointing out the moral nature of the Essay, and the propriety of Timon's character as part of the general design; at the same time allowing that he had inserted in his picture many touches of reality, for the purpose of giving it life and colour; but adding that it was no business of the world to enquire where he got his materials. He would thus have thrown upon his enemies the *onus probandi* in each particular case, while he would have spared Chandos the indignity of being pitied as a victim.

Such an apology is no doubt insufficient to relieve Pope of the imputation of bad feeling and bad taste. Chandos had been a liberal subscriber to the translation of the Iliad, and he had offered the poet hospitality; these considerations ought certainly to have procured for him an immunity from satire. Ingratitude however is too strong a word for the occasion. The poet and the Duke met on even terms. The latter had his equivalent for his subscription, and as to the story of the £1000 which Johnson mentions, that is mere gossip, probably founded on the malicious reports of his enemies (see note to ver. 375 in the Epistle to Arbuthnot). Pope, as he himself tells Burlington, had not seen Chandos above once or twice, so that in no case can the satire be regarded as an abuse of friendship. On the contrary, if we are to take Pope's visit to "Timon's villa" as an actual event, it would seem as if he considered his invitation to be due more to the Duke's ostentation than to his hospitality. He was "sick of his civil pride from morn to eve." With his sensitive irritability he would have keenly resented anything like patronage, while Chandos, as Swift shows us, in his verses on The Dean and the Duke, was quite ready to make men of letters aware of the gulf that

intervened between them and his nobility. Hence it is highly probable that Pope, if he was ever really entertained at Canons, may have thought "no day was ever spent so ill," and may have utilised his experiences in colouring the character of his falsely magnificent man, without, however, ever expecting that the public would give it an individual application. When his enemies insisted on fitting the cap upon Chandos' head, his one thought was how to remove it, and as he was pleading before a public so matter of fact as to suppose that some particular person must have been directly aimed at in the whole character, he was evidently puzzled what line of defence to adopt.[1] The real truth, he probably thought, would, to such judges, be incredible; in trying, however, to plead his case legally, he fell between two stools; for while, on the one hand, he endeavoured to remove the rooted public belief that the character was a portrait of somebody, by pointing out the ideal nature of many of the details, on the other, he offered no explanation of those features which seemed to have been obviously borrowed from a living original.

In its poetical, as apart from its moral aspect, this Essay is one of Pope's happiest performances. It forms a kind of companion essay to the Epistle to Augustus, and both of them are written in illustration of the principles first laid down in the Essay on Criticism. In the Epistle to Augustus the rules are applied to literature, in the Essay on Taste to building and gardening. The main truth insisted on is that which Addison had made the text of his papers on the Pleasures of the Imagination, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds afterwards developed with deeper and more extended philosophy in his Discourses, namely, that all the arts have their foundations in reason and common sense.

> Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
> And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Pope's strictures are chiefly directed against extravagance and formalism in the art of gardening. The English, Dutch, French, and Italian gardens had, up to the close of the seventeenth century preserved the rigid style which, as Walpole shows, was the natural result of treating the garden as an enclosure, connected with the house, and limited by the wall. The English landscape gardeners at the beginning of the eighteenth century introduced notions of larger liberty. They thought that the limits of the garden should be kept out of sight, so that it might seem to lose itself imperceptibly in the surrounding park scenery. Pope lent the new theory his poetical support. Nature, he said, is the first consideration.

> He gains all votes who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

[1] See Pope's Letter to Aaron Hill of 22 December, 1731.

He may therefore fairly claim to be one of the pioneers of the natural school of landscape gardening which has continued to flourish down to our own day. It is worth while to compare with the reflections in this poem the invectives of Horace Walpole in prose against the earlier styles of garden architecture; for both the poet and the essayist give characteristic expression to those theories of Nature and Liberty, which so powerfully affected many minds in the beginning and middle of the last century.

"Art," says Walpole, "in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a succedaneum to nature; in the hands of ostentatious wealth it became the means of opposing nature, and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering streams that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended these precipitous and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flats from which the terrace had been dug. Vases and sculptures were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues finished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men."—Essay on Modern Gardening.

In all this there is no doubt much truth. On the other hand, the landscape gardeners of the eighteenth century soon became as hopelessly enslaved to their own theory of Nature as the old-fashioned formalists had been to the traditions of Art. They lacked imagination, and had no sense of the power of historical association, so that, in obedience to what they called their principles, men like Capability Brown did not hesitate to destroy ancient forms full of beauty and character. We shall be ourselves more inclined to agree with Uvedale Price than with Walpole:—

"Where architecture even of the simplest kind is employed on the dwellings of men, art must be manifest; and all artificial objects may certainly admit, and in many instances require, the accompaniments of Art; for to go at once from art to simple and unadorned Nature is too sudden a transition, and wants that sort of gradation and congruity which, except in particular cases, is so necessary in all that is to please the eye and the mind. Many years are elapsed since I was in Italy, but the impressions of some of the gardens near Rome made upon me is by no means effaced. I remember the rich and magnificent effects of balustrades, fountains, marble basins, and statues, blocks of ancient ruins, with remains of sculpture, the whole mixed with pines and cypresses. I remember also their effect both as an accompaniment to the architecture and as a foreground to the distance."—Essay on the Picturesque.

Pope's criticisms want this feeling. At the same time it must be remembered that his precepts were delivered to an age that was not afraid to produce, to create, and to apply the experience of antiquity

to modern circumstances. When men in such a stage of society endeavour to invent, it is, on the whole, better to be deficient in sensibility than in sense.

The original Epistle was registered at Stationers' Hall, 7th Dec., 1731, under the title of "An Epistle to the Rt. Hon. Richard, Earl of Burlington, occasioned by his publishing Palladio's designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres, &c., of Ancient Rome;" the owner of the copyright being Lawton Gilliver.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

THE vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169, [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, ver. 177, &c., and finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191 to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.[1]

'Tis strange, the Miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs,[2]
For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;[3]

[1] The 3rd Earl was distinguished for his love of the fine arts, and for his skill as an architect and a landscape gardener. He built the villa at Chiswick and Burlington House; both of which were much admired, though they met also with unfavourable criticism. Lord Hervey said of the former that it was too small to live in, and too large to hang one's watch; and he satirised Burlington House in the following epigram:

Possessed of one great hall of state,
Without a room to sleep or eat,
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

Lord Burlington joined the Opposition in 1733 in consequence o having been refused the Steward's Staff. He resigned the Pensioner's Staff together with the Lieutenancy of Yorkshire and the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, which he held at the time. See Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i., 226.

[2] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.—POPE.

Richard Topham, Keeper of the Records in the Tower, had an estate near Windsor. Further mention of him may be found in Imitations of Horace, Epistle i., Book 1, ver. 131, and note.

[3] In all the editions published during Pope's lifetime:

For Fountain statues, and for Pembroke
(1st edition. Curio) coins.

The Key to the Miscellany of Taste says: "Sir Andrew Foun-

Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,[4]
And books for Mead,[5] and butterflies for Sloane.[6] 10

taine, to whom the late Dean Hickes dedicated his most learned work." Curio, according to the same authority, is Dr. A—tt, I presume Arbuthnot who in 1727 had published Tables of Ancient Coins. I suppose, therefore, no offence was originally intended, but the position being equivocal, Fountaine and Curio were struck out.—DILKE.

Fountaine's name, however, remained in the text till 1743. Besides, Curio is also mentioned in the Epistle to Addison (first printed in 1721), ver. 43, in connection with Vadius (Woodward), who was one of the favourite objects of Arbuthnot's ridicule. It is therefore unlikely that the "Key" is right about Arbuthnot. Pope probably meant by Curio Thomas, the eighth Earl of Pembroke, who was alive when this Essay was first published. In the later editions, Pembroke being dead, his name was inserted. Young, Universal Passion, Sat. i., 177, also couples the names of Fountaine and Pembroke:

Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.

[3] In the Chauncy MS. the reading is as follows:

Not for himself but Fountaine gems he buys,
Pictures to raise the ignoble shout of Guise,
For Topham drawings and far-fetched designs.

Sir Andrew Fountaine (born 1675, died 4th September, 1753) was Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline, and resigned his office on being appointed Warden of the Mint, 8 September, 1727. He was a recognized connoisseur in various departments of art. See the reference to him in Dunciad, iv., ver. 547, 70.

General Guise was a well-known collector of pictures. He bequeathed his collection to Christ Church, Oxford. Horace Walpole says that they were entirely repainted, and as entirely spoiled, "by one Bonus, who was employed by the College to repair them."

[4] Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, born 1678, died 1735.

[5] Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.—POPE.

Richard Mead, born 1673, died 1754. "His library consisted of 6,592 numbers, containing upwards of 10,000 volumes, in which he spared no expense for scarce and ancient editions. It is remarkable that many of his books sold for much more than they had cost him. His library sold for £5518 10s. 11*d.*" Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 218. See also Imitation of Horace, Epistle i., Book i., ver. 51 and note, which shows that Pope did not here intend to sneer at him. Of Sloane (born 1660, died 1753) Walpole says: "Sir Hans Sloane is dead and has made me one of the trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand, and so would anybody who loved hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese. It is a rent-charge to keep the fœtuses in spirits."—Letter to Mann, February 14th, 1753. In the same disparaging spirit, so characteristic of the taste of the age, Young in his Love of Fame calls Sloane "the foremost toyman of his time."

[6] Early editions

butterflies of Sloane

Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.[1]
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?[2]
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some Demon whispered, "Visto! have a taste."[3]
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.[4]

"In the Comedian, or Philosophical Inquirer, 1732, edited by Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, in a letter addressed to Pope commenting on the unmeaning generality of the term 'rarities,' it is asked: 'Are not some drawings, some statues, some coins, all monkish manuscripts, and some books, *rarities*? Couldst thou not find a trisyllable to express some parts of nature for a collection of which that learned and worthy physician is eminent? Fy, fy! correct and write:

Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.'

The correction was evidently an improvement, and Pope therefore wisely accepted the benefit. Communication by Mr. Crossley, in Notes and Queries, June 4, 1853." — CARRUTHERS. It is to be observed, however, that "rarities" is the reading in every edition during Pope's lifetime.

[1] In the folio of 1731:

Than his fine wife (my Lord or finer whore.

[2] Said in the Key to the Miscellany of Taste to be Mr. S—es of Hertfordshire. I find no name in the Index to Chauncy's Hertfordshire that will answer this description. Is he the person referred to in the note on ver. 86?—DILKE.

He is. See Mr. Croker's note on that verse.

[3] In the folio of 1731:

What brought Sir Shylock's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whispered "Knights should have a taste."

The name Shylock was afterwards appropriated to Selkirk (see Moral Essay i. 55); and also to Wortley Montagu, Moral Essay iii. 94, 115.

"Sir Visto" is Walpole, who impaired his fortune by his vast outlay on Houghton.

[4] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to be an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works.—POPE.

In first edition:

S——d with a rule.

S——d in the Key to the Miscellany, is said to be "one Stafford, a carpenter."—CROKER.

In quarto of 1735: R—pl—y.

Thomas Ripley was made Controller of His Majesty's Board of Works in the place of Sir John Vanbrugh, deceased, 30th April, 1726. See Historical Register under that date. Pope's attack on Ripley was very probably made in consequence of the promotion of the latter over the head of Kent, who was architect to Lord Burlington, and had now to serve under Ripley in the post of chief carpenter. Horace Walpole, allowing that Ripley was deficient in taste, maintains that he "excelled in the mechanic part,

See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:[1]
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reached magnificence!
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,[2]
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,[3]
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;[4]

and in the disposition of apartments and conveniences."

[1] Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. He succeeded to Eastbury, his uncle's property in Dorsetshire, and was obliged by the terms of the will to complete the house which Vanbrugh had designed. In the folio of 1731, the name was "*Babo.*" The Key to the Miscellany of Taste, says Babo is Lord C—d—n, which is presumably meant for Lord Cadogan. Mr. Dilke says that the Lord of 1731 was Charles, brother of the 2nd lord, and that he married Sir Hans Sloane's daughter about or before 1727. As Babo and Sloane came close together, he thinks that probably the Key is correct in its statement, and that in the first edition, Caversham was the house intended.

[2] The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.—POPE.

After ver. 22 in the MS.:

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgeman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law.

For Kent see Epilogue to Satires, ii. 67. Bridgeman was the originator of the English style of landscape gardening, afterwards developed by Kent. Horace Walpole, in his essay on Modern Gardening, says that he was the inventor of the ha-ha. See note to ver. 74. James Gibbs (1683–1759), was a well-known architect. He designed the Radcliffe Library and the Quadrangle of All Souls at Oxford, and St. Martin's Church, Charing Cross, the portico of which has a high reputation.

Ver. 22 to 38 in the first edition followed the description of Timon's villa.

[3] In first edition:

Just as they are, yet shall your noble rules.

On this verse the commentator in the Miscellany of Taste, (for which see note to v. 103) remarks: "This as it stands is downright nonsense, 'Yet shall your noble rules, just as they are, fill half the land,'—that is, 'your noble rules, good or bad, rough as they run, shall fill.' This, I dare say, is none of your meaning. The truth is, your design was to have been understood in a sense very different from what your expressions will bear." Pope doubtless saw that this criticism was just, and altered the line accordingly.

[4] Imitated from Dryden's Epistle to his Kinsman:

From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.

Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;[1]
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall;[2]
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front.[3]
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer[4]
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven:[5]
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.[6]
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot,

[1] An allusion to Lord Peterborough's house at Bevis Mount. Compare Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book of Horace, ver. 8, and note.

[2] *i. e.*, some dog-kennel of a house in which the front wall is extended beyond the sides in order to give the building a more imposing appearance.

[3] Rustic. Plain masonry composed without attention to classical rules.

[4] Mr. Croker thinks either Chandos, Pembroke, or Cobham, may have been here intended, and is inclined to believe it was the third. He is of opinion that ver. 74 was meant to be uncomplimentary. But independently of the compliment to Stowe, Pope's note on ver. 74 gives quite the contrary impression.

[5] The seven sciences according to the classification of the schoolmen were, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy.

[6] Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect; and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens in France.—POPE.

Andrew Le Nôtre (1613—1700), the inventor of the style of garden consisting of porticoes, covered walks, grottoes, and labyrinths, which delighted the taste of Louis XIV., who employed him in the decoration of Versailles, Trianon, and Fontainebleau. He laid out St. James's and Greenwich Parks.

But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.[1]
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;[2]
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.[3]
Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.[4]

[1] Ver. 51 to 56 were not in the first edition.

"All the rules of gardening are reducible to three heads: the contrasts, the management of surprises, and the concealment of the bounds." —"Pray, what is it you mean by the contrasts?"—"The disposition of the lights and shades."—"'Tis the colouring then?"—"Just that."—"Should not variety be one of the rules?"—"Certainly, one of the chief: but that is included mostly in the contrasts. I have expressed them all in two verses (after my manner in very little compass) which are an imitation of Horace's Omne tulit punctum."—POPE as quoted by Spence. Anecdotes, p. 260.

[2] In the Chauncy MS. the lines run:

Here shall it point the future mount, and here
Invites to scoop the circling theatre.

[3] In earlier editions: "Begin with sense."

[4] The seat and gardens of Lord Viscount Cobham, in Buckinghamshire.—POPE. Stowe, like Blenheim, illustrates the first tendency of English taste to combine the arts of painting and architecture. Sir Joshua Reynolds praised Vanbrugh's work on this account, and Horace Walpole says of Lord Cobham's seat: "It is the same kind of visionary enchantment that strikes in the gardens at Stowe. Though some of the buildings, particularly those of Vanbrugh and Gibbs, are far from beautiful, yet the rich landscapes occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks,

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;[1]
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:[2]
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,[3]
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,[4]
You'll wish your hill, or sheltered seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.[5]

and the various pictures that present themselves, as we shift our situation, occasion surprise and pleasure, sometimes recalling Albano's landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe."

[1] Versailles was an instance of stiff magnificence in the formal style which Pope satirises throughout this Epistle. It was planted by Le Nôtre.

[2] Probably referring to the Golden House of Nero. See Suetonius, Life of Nero, cap. xxxi.

[3] In first edition:

Lo, Bridgeman comes and floats them with a lake.

A high compliment to the noble person on whom it is bestowed, as making him the substitute of good sense. This office, in the original plan of the poem was given to another man of taste, Bridgeman; who not having the taste to see that a compliment was intended him, it convinced the poet that it did not belong to him.—POPE.

[4] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £5000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind npon his house and pasture, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.—POPE.

The wealthy citizen was, I believe, Benjamin Styles, Esq., M.P. for Devizes, and the seat was Moor Park, which he purchased of the Duchess of Monmouth in 1720.—CROKER. De Foe says in his Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain, that "on the north he cut through Watford for a vista."

[5] This couplet is not in the earlier editions.

Dr. S. Clarke's bust was placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the doctor duly frequented the Court. —POPE.

But he should have added, with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit. The bust was set up in 1735, together with those of Locke, Newton, Woolaston, and Boyle.—WARBURTON.

Dr. Samuel Clarke was born at Norwich, 11th October, 1675, and was educated at Cambridge. In 1709 he obtained the Rectorship of St. James's, Piccadilly. He was accused of holding Arian opinions in consequence of his book on The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity,' which was published in 1712, and was condemned by Convocation. Queen Caroline held him in high favour, and to her he dedicated the essay in which, in 1715-16, he disputed with Leibnitz concerning the principles of Natural Philosophy and Religion. He died on the 17th May, 1729. Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, says that Pope was "stimulated by resentment against the doctor, because he refused to use his interest for obtaining the recall of Lord Bolingbroke from France with a general pardon."

Behold Villario's [1] ten years' toil complete;
His quincunx [2] darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain,[3] the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,[4]
With silver-quivering rills meandered o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus strayed,
Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves:
One boundless green, or flourished carpet views,[5]
With all the mournful family of yews;

[1] Villario, said in the Key to the Miscellany of Taste to be Lord C—le—n, *i.e.*, Castlemaine. His chief seat is said in the Peerage of 1722 to be Wanstead, in Essex. "Very fine, where there is said to be some of the finest gardens in the world."—DILKE. In the Chauncy MS. the name is *Vitellio*, and the satire, as the name implies, had a somewhat different turn. After ver. 78 the new paragraph opened with the following couplet:

Nor waits one curse alone on the profuse,
Ev'n when they gain the taste, they lose the use.

And the passage ended with this couplet in place of ver. 87–8.

The gouty owner on his couch is thrown,
And humbly begs you that you'll walk alone.

[2] A quincunx consisted of a group of five trees, four being planted in a square, one at each corner, and the fifth in the centre. A succession of such groups formed an avenue or an orchard.

[3] "Supports" is here used in the technical sense, signifying the art by which objects are made in a picture to assume their proper relative proportions. Thus Sir Joshua Reynolds says of Vanbrugh's buildings: "To *support* the principal object he produced his second and third groups or masses."

[4] That is, 'The blooming flowers as they wave on the parterres with every breath of wind, exhibit all the lucid varieties of colour."—WAKEFIELD.

[5] It is incorrect to say that taste "views." Perhaps the expression is elliptical for "he views."

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,[1]
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.[2]
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,[3]
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand: of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness with Timon, dwells in such a draught[4]
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

[1] The two extremes in parterres which are equally faulty, a boundless green, large and naked as a field; or a flourished carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds of which the examples are frequent.—POPE.

[2] Touches upon the ill-taste of those who are so fond of evergreens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the noble forest-trees to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.—POPE.

Sabinus was of the Spectator's opinion: "We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, rather than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the finished parterre."—Spectator, 414. On all these different kinds of taste a very sensible criticism may be found in Pope's letter to Lord Bathurst, dated September 23, 1719.

[3] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.—POPE.

This is the passage which afforded the enemies of Pope an opportunity of accusing him of ingratitude to the Duke of Chandos, with whom he was said to have lived in familiarity, and on one occasion to have received from him a present of £500. This report Pope publicly and indignantly contradicted in the lifetime of the Duke. See the note on ver. 375 of the Prologue to the Satires; to which it must be added, that, in the folio edition of the works of Pope in 1735, it is further said that "he never had the honour to see the Duke but twice." On this occasion Pope also wrote an explanatory letter to the Duke, who, in his answer, said that "he took the application which had been made of this passage as a sign of the malice of the town against himself." That Pope was highly satisfied with the conduct of the Duke appears from the fine compliment he afterwards paid him in his Epistle on the Characters of Men:

Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight.
—WARTON.

[4] The first edition of this Epistle was in folio, 1731. A spurious one was published in octavo, 1732, with many severe remarks by Concanen and Welsted, as was supposed; to which was prefixed a print designed by Hogarth, in which Pope is represented standing on a builder's high

To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a laboured quarry above ground.[1]
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall![2]
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be played;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade:
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;[3]
There gladiators fight, or die, in flowers;[4]

stage, and whitewashing the great gateway of Burlington House, and at the same time bespattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos passing by. Hogarth suppressed this print, which is now become very valuable. It is remarkable that our author never once names Hogarth, though he had many opportunities of doing it.—WARTON.

The "spurious" edition in octavo mentioned by Warburton must be the Miscellany of Taste, which had Hogarth's caricature for its frontispiece.

[1] "In a word the whole is an expensive absurdity, and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it when he said it was 'a great quarry of stones above ground.'"—Pope to Martha Blount. (Description of Blenheim.)

[2] Horace Walpole, in his Modern Gardening, intro interesting speculation as to by which the garden wall p use to mere ornament.

[3] So in the Guardian, No

Here intervening branches forn
And from the living place gr
rise;
There ships of myrtle sail in se

The satire reflects on landscape gardener, who c formal Dutch style to exce Horace Walpole says, "s garden with giants, animals coats of arms, and mottoe box, and holly."

[4] The two statues of pugnans, and Gladiator POPE.

Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,[1]
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;[2]
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stored?[3]
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil[4] has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,[5]
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.

[1] In first edition:

Behold my Lord advances o'er the green.

On this the commentator in the Miscellany of Taste remarked: "Here we find my Lord, first of all, advancing o'er the green on purpose to expose his person to view; and now we are told that our eyes must not be blessed with the sight till he appears at the study-door. Quere, whereabouts upon the green my Lord's study-door stands? *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*" This no doubt led to the alteration.

[2] The approaches and communication of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged and inconvenient.—POPE.

[3] The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity of collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print or the binding; some have carried it so far as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful ones they do.—POPE.

[4] Aldus is of course the celebrated Venetian printer, Aldo Manutio. The Abbé Du Sueil appears from the advertisements of the day to have been a noted binder in Paris.

[5] The false taste in music improper to the subject, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, etc.—POPE.

See Prologue to Satires, ver. 299, 300, and Pope's note. For particulars as to the Duke's Chapel, see note to ver. 152.

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,[1]
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,[2]
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[3]
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:[4]

[1] And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, etc., which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.—POPE.

[2] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, etc., at Windsor, Hampton Court, etc., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle and other places.—POPE.

Antonio Verrio (1639—1707) received nearly £8000 for paintings executed in Windsor Castle. Louis Laguerre (1663—1721) decorated Blenheim, Burleigh, Devonshire House, and Petworth, and painted the Labours of Hercules at Hampton Court. He died in Drury Lane Theatre. Pope, in his letter to Aaron Hill of 5th Feb., 1731-2, points out that the paintings in the chapel at Canons were not by Verrio and Laguerre, but by Bellucci and Zamen.

[3] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."—POPE.

The anecdote is to be found in the Guardian of 31st March, 1713: "I remember about 30 years ago an eminent Divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience."

If therefore the anecdote recorded a fact, it was not one within Pope's recollection.

[4] This and "the light quirks of music" were the chief points of resemblance to Canons cited by Aaron Hill in his letter to Pope of 23rd Dec. 1731; "the exact number of the Duke's domestics for some years, and the pomp of the chapel and its music, for whether jiggish or solemn never struck the enquiry of a thousand who remembered the Duke's magnificence chiefly by that circumstance." Hill's letter is illustrated by De Foe's account of Canons in his Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain (1725). He says: "The chapel is a singularity, not only in its building and the beauty of its workmanship, but in this also: that the Duke maintains there a full choir, and has the worship performed there with the best music, and after the manner of the Chapel Royal, which is not done in any other nobleman's chapel in Britain, no not the Prince of Wales's, though heir apparent to the Crown. Nor is the chapel only furnished with such excellent music, but the Duke has a set of them to entertain him every day at dinner." Vol. ii., Let. 3, p. 10. And again: "Here are continually maintained, and that in the dearest part of England, as to house expenses, not less than one hundred and twenty in family." *Ibid.* p. 11.

The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,[1]
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?[2]
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.[3]
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantalised in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever passed so ill.
Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;[4]
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.[5]

[1] Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, etc., are introduced into grottos or buffets.—POPE.

[2] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.—POPE.

[3] See Don Quixote, chapter xlvii.—POPE.

[4] The moral of the whole where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book i. Epistle ii. ver. 230 to 237, and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 161, etc.—POPE. But this Epistle was written before the preceding one, and before the Essay on Man. See note to ver. 176.

[5] Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance.—WARBURTON.

In the edition of 1751 this note ran

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?[1]
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.[2]
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;

thus: "Had the poet lived three years longer he had seen his prophecy fulfilled:" which so plainly pointed at what had happened at Canons, that it was altered as it here stands.—WARTON.

Neither Warburton nor Warton notice that in the first edition these lines followed the character of *Villario*. Mr. Croker thinks that "this is one of Warburton's dislocations;" but the lines stand in their present place in the quarto and duodecimo editions of 1735. I suspect Pope moved them in order to emphasise his denial that the character of Timon was meant for Chandos. As we see by his note to ver. 169, he wanted to connect the character of Timon with the general principle which is laid down in the "Essay on Man," and is repeated in the First and Third Moral Essays. He knew also that the "hard heart" of Timon would seem strikingly inapplicable to the open-handed Duke. If, on the other hand, he had transposed the passage merely for the sake of making an effective poetical prophecy, he would have helped to convict himself of what he so strenuously denied. The Duke's ruin was as early as 1734 foreseen by shrewd observers. His affairs had become involved in consequence of the collapse of the African Company, of which he was chairman, and Swift, who hated him, wrote in that year:

Yet since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipped: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.

Canons was sold by the second Duke in 1747.

[1] These lines, 177 to 190, were (with the exception of ver. 179–80) not in the first edition.

Ver. 179, 180 in the first edition, ran:

In you, my Lord, Taste sanctifies expense,
For splendour borrows all her rays from sense,

and then followed:

You show us Rome was glorious, &c.

[2] Compare the address to Bathurst in Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. Book ii. 254—263.

Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:[1]
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,[2]
(Proud to accomplish what such hands designed,)[3]
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the god, ascend;[4]
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.[5]

[1] M. Vitruvius Pollio (B.C. 80), author of the Treatise De Architecturâ.

[2] The poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the Act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's Imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Satire 2:

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall;

others very vilely executed through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of them were infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself. The proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the Committee the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines:

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the notes on that place.—POPE. See Epistle to Augustus, ver. 186. But there is no note by Pope on that place.

[3] "Design" must be here used in its technical sense, *i.e.*, "draw."

[4] Compare Spectator, No. 415: "We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place."

[5] Imitated from Dryden, Translation of Æneid, vi.

These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

EPISTLE V.

TO

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

THE occasion of this Epistle is explained in the following letters:

POPE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD.

FROM MY LORD HARLEY'S IN DOVER STREET.
Oct. 21, 1721.

MY LORD,—Your lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you, though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. Yet I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his. I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth; and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which I dare say you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from anything written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. I will only say for it that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be, whether you permit it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a total suppression of these verses, the only copy whereof I send you. But you never shall suppress, that great, sincere, and entire admiration and respect with which I am, my lord, your most faithful, most obedient, and most humble servant.

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, TO MR. POPE.

BRAMPTON CASTLE, *Nov.* 6, 1721.

SIR,—I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your

very fine verses enclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits does this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnell, Dean Swift, the doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

It was no wonder that Lord Oxford felt gratified. The verses are some of the very finest that Pope ever wrote, and mark the transition period between the didactic style at the close of "Windsor Forest," and the elevated moral manner which marks portions of the Satires and Epistles.

EPISTLE V.

TO

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.[1]

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved Poet sung,[2]
Till Death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.

[1] Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer, son of Sir Edward Harley, born 1661. He was three times Speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1704 was made Secretary of State, through the influence of Mrs. Masham. In 1708, in consequence of the intrigues of the Whigs he resigned his office, but in 1710, on the dismissal of Godolphin, he returned to power as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1711 his popularity was much increased by Guiscard's attempt on his life, and in the same year he was made Lord High Treasurer, and was raised to the peerage. In 1714, having lost the favour of Lady Masham, he received his dismissal, and after the death of the Queen was committed to the Tower, where he remained for two years. In 1717, on his own petition, he was brought for trial before the House of Lords, but the House of Commons declining to prosecute him, he was released. After this he lived in retirement till his death, 21st May, 1724.

[2] Such were the last, the sweetest notes that hung
Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue.
J. Talbot on the death of Waller.—WAKEFIELD.

This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country in the year 1721.—POPE.

The poems were published under the following title: "Poems on several occasions. Written by Dr. Thomas Parnell, late Archdeacon of Clogher, and published by Mr. Pope. Pope received from Lintot (13th Decr. 1721) fifteen pounds for Parnell's Poems. At the end of his notes on the Iliad, Pope informs us that Parnell left to his charge the publica-

Oh just beheld and lost! admired and mourned![1]
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain![2]
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear;)
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days;
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard interest tried,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death.[3]

tion of his poems, almost with his dying breath."—P. CUNNINGHAM, Note to Johnson's Life of Parnell.

[1] From Virgil, Æneid, l. vi. 870:

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.

[2] Thomas Parnell, born in Dublin in 1679, died at Chester, 1718 (Johnson says erroneously, 1717). After the fate of the Whig Ministry at the end of Queen Anne's reign he joined the Tories, and through the influence of Swift he was presented by Archbishop King with the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a-year. He is reported to have been intemperate in his habits during his last years, but it is said that this failing was caused by the loss of his wife, to whom he was fondly attached. Among the poems in the collection published by Pope were the Rise of Woman, the Fairy Tale, the Pervirgilium Veneris, and the Hermit.

[3] "They were quite mistaken in his [Lord Oxford's] temper, who thought of getting rid of him, by advising him to make his escape from the Tower. He would have sat out

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

the storm, let the danger be what it would. He was a steady man, and had a great firmness of soul, and would have died unconcernedly; or perhaps, like Sir Thomas More, with a jest in his mouth."—POPE to Spence.

EPISTLE VI.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

EPISTLE VI.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.,

SECRETARY OF STATE.[1]

A soul as full of worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed,—a Minister, but still a Man.

[1] James Craggs the younger was made Secretary of State for War in 1717. According to Lady M. W. Montagu, he owed his success chiefly to the favour of the Countess of Platen, through whose influence he was named for Cofferer by George I. on his accession. He was afterwards employed on diplomatic missions. He was deeply mixed up in the South Sea Scheme, having accepted £30,000 of the fictitious stock, given away by the Company to facilitate the progress of the Bill through the House of Commons; but he was spared the disgrace of a public exposure by dying of small pox in 1720, being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Ashamed of any friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.[1]

[1] Warton gives a dialogue by Pope which he says is genuine:

POPE.

Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true I hope,
That Cragg's will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.

Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope that must be ashamed of Craggs.

This should be compared with Swift's verses on "The Dean and the Duke."

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

POPE says, in a note appended to this Epistle in 1735, that it was written in 1715, but not published till 1720, when it appeared with Tickell's edition of Addison's works. The latter of these statements is inaccurate: the former is probably untrue. Tickell's edition did not appear till 1721. The Dialogue on Medals had been left in his hands to be prepared for publication, and in the biographical notice prefixed to the works, there is not the slightest hint that Addison had ever intended to produce it separately. Even, however, if he had thought of publishing it in 1715, it is in the highest degree improbable that Pope would have addressed a complimentary poem to Addison at the very time when, according to his own account, he wrote and sent to his rival the satire on his character. Besides, had the verses been in existence in 1717, the mere fact that Addison had not published his Dialogue would scarcely have prevented an author of Pope's vanity from printing his Epistle in the volume of his poems published in that year. The question would seem to be practically decided by Gilliver's edition of the Dunciad, in which is published the following notice: "A list of all our Author's genuine works." "The Works, &c., 1717. This edition contains whatever is his, *except the following, which have been written since that time;* Inscription to Dr. Parnell's Poems, and Verses on Mr. Addison's Treatise on Medals, first printed after his death in Mr. Tickell's edition of his works, epitaphs, &c."

The note appended by Pope to the Epistle in 1735 is, we can hardly doubt, part of the scheme which he concocted to clear himself from the charge of having written the character of Addison after the latter was dead. In 1721 the literary world was, of course, busy with the praises of the great essayist, and Pope falling in with the general sentiment, took advantage of the appearance of Tickell's work to come forward with a poetical panegyric. Afterwards, when the injurious report about his character of Addison had been widely circulated, and he himself was engaged in a harassing war with the Dunces, he perceived that an effect might be produced by ante-dating the composition of the Epistle, so as to give an appearance of magnanimity to the part which he described himself as having acted in the quarrel. The verses on Craggs were a difficulty, for, though they had appeared in the Epistle in 1721, they could not possibly have been written in 1715, at which date young Craggs occupied no position which would have entitled him to the name of "statesman." Pope, however, ingeniously surmounted this obstacle by pretending that the last ten verses were of later composition, and were added to the original draft of the Epistle, as a compliment to a statesman recently dead.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.[1]

See the wild waste of all devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,[2]
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,
Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled:[3]
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drained a distant country of her floods:[4]
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they![5]
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.

[1] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs which conclude the poem were added, viz. in 1720.—Pope. See Introductory Remarks.

[2] St. Jerome says, "Roma quondam orbis caput, postea populi Romani sepulchrum."—Warton.

[3] Palladio, speaking of the Baths of Diocletian, says: "Nell' edificatione delle quali, Dioclesiano tenne molti-anni 140 mila Christiani a edificarle."—Warburton.

[4] The woods were unpeopled to provide beasts for the Roman spectacles. By draining 'a distant country of her floods,' he must mean the water brought from a distance to flood the Colosseum for the purpose of mimic naval combats.

[5] Ver. 5–10 were not included in the copy printed in Tickell's edition of Addison's works.

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
  Ambition sighed: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretched from shore to shore,
Their ruins perished, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps.[1]
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,[2]
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
  The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,[3]
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,[4]
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years![5]

[1] "Judæa capta," on a reverse of Vespasian.—WARD (Globe Edition).

[2] *i.e.*, the triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous mass of building.—WARBURTON.

[3] Microscopic glasses invented by Philosophers to discover the beauties in the minuter works of Nature, ridiculously applied by antiquaries to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals.—WARBURTON.

Warburton seems to have shared the dislike of Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, for the whole race of virtuosi. Their somewhat illiberal sentiments are gently corrected in the person of Cynthio in Addison's Dialogue on Medals.

[4] *i.e.*, This a collector of silver; that of brass coins.—WARBURTON.

[5] "Behold then, my child, but first behold the shield! Behold this rust—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo—behold this beautiful varnish of time—this venerable ver-

To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.[1]
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured:[2]
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.[3]
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:[4]
Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.[5]
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enrolled,
And vanquished realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;

dure of so many ages."—Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, ch. iii.

[1] Compare Dunciad iv. 362:

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear.

[2] The story is told of Cornelius Scriblerus's shield in the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, ch. iii. "The truth was the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her own andirons." Vadius was Dr. Woodward.

[3] Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true,
Blest in one Niger till he knows of two.
—Dunciad, iv. 369.

That is, a Pescennius Niger, as in ver. 39 above. For another mention of Curio, see note to Moral Essay iv. ver. 8.

[4] "Mr. Addison did not go any depth in the study of medals: all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he had from me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons on that subject." — Signor Ficoroni, quoted by Spence.

[5] Compare Epistle to Jervas, ver. 20. "I think there is a great affinity between coins and poetry, and that your medallist and critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse." — Addison on Medals, Dialogue I.

Or in fair series laurelled bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.[1]
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;[2]
With aspect open, shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved."[3]

[1] Copied evidently from Tickell to Addison on his Rosamund:

Which gained a Virgil and an Addison.
—WARTON.

[2] Asinius Pollio, the friend of Virgil, to whom he addresses his Fourth Eclogue.

It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this place.—WARBURTON.

The suggestion in Warburton's note was doubtless inspired by Pope. The Epistle, as he tells us, was originally published in Tickell's edition of Addison's works, and it is extremely improbable that Pope should have inserted in a panegyrical poem a line reflecting on Addison's conduct, in a transaction to which Tickell himself was a party, viz., the translation of the Iliad. Without Warburton's note, no reader would suspect that the last line contained any allusion to Addison, but the commentator no doubt received the information from the poet, who took every opportunity of confirming by indirect evidence the story which he had circulated respecting the publication of the verses on Atticus.

[3] The lines on Craggs were really written after his death and the death of Addison. Tickell's edition of Addison's works appeared in 1721, not, as Pope says, in 1720. Addison died in 1719, Craggs in 1720.

To whom ye King. Wth reason hast thou shewn
A Princes faults, & I wth Justice own. That i[n]
Fain was my Heart ^which ~~err'd~~ (thro frantic ra[ge]
The angry Chief & angry Gods asswage. For He,
That happy Man whom Jove shall honor most,
Is more than armies, and Himself an Host.
Blest in the Love this wondrous Hero stands,
Heaven fights his war, & humbles all our Bands.
If Gifts immense his mighty Soul can ^bow,
Hear all ye Chiefs! & witness wt I vow.
Ten weighty ^Talents of ye purest gold
& twice ten Vases of refulgent mold.
Seven sacred Tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no Office, nor has felt ye Flame.
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in ^fleetness & in force,
~~For ever victors~~ in ye dusty Course;
Rich were the Man, whose ample collected stores
Equal'd those Prizes wch their swiftness bore!
Seven lovely Captives of ye Lesbian Line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form Divine
~~The same I chose for~~ ... charms
When Lesbos sunk beneath ^ Pelides' arms:
All these to buy his Friendship shall be paid
And join'd wth these ye long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine.
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes;
Pure from my arms, & guiltless of my Loves.
These instant shall be his. And if ye Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile Towers
Then shall he store, when Greece ye spoil divides
With Gold & Brass his conquering navy's sides

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S "ART OF PAINTING."

THIS beautiful Epistle first appears in print prefixed to an edition of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, published in 1716. As to the precise date of its composition we have no direct evidence, but there are some interesting circumstances bearing on the question which deserve careful examination. If Pope's statement, that the Epistle to Addison was written in 1715 (see note [1] to that Epistle) could be trusted, it would appear likely that the Epistle to Jervas was composed, or at least begun, in 1713, as the poet tells us in a footnote (see note [1] to this Epistle) that it was written "some years before the rest of the Epistles" (*i.e.*, those to Addison, Craggs, and Lord Oxford), and we know that in 1713 Pope was receiving instruction from Jervas in painting. But, as has been already shown, it is more than probable that the Epistle to Addison was written specially for Tickell's edition of Addison's works published in 1721, and as the Epistle to Craggs must have been written after 1717, and that to Lord Oxford was the work of the year 1721, Pope, perhaps forgetting what he had said elsewhere about the Epistle to Addison, may have only meant by his footnote in this Epistle that the Epistles to Jervas and Miss Blount were written some years before the earliest of the other three.

Certain it is that the Epistle as it stands must have received its *final* shape after February, 1714, the month in which the Countess of Bridgewater died (ver. 46—54). But here arises a curious question. The first very rough draft of the composition was written by the "paper-sparing" poet on the reverse of a page containing the translation of part of the ninth book of the Iliad. This circumstance, taken by itself, only shows that the Epistle was written before the Translation. The ninth book of the Translation was not published till 1717, while this Epistle was printed the year before with the edition of Fresnoy's Art of Painting. But the rudimentary sketch, a facsimile of which is here inserted (see also Appendix IV.), was quite different in conception from the poem as it stands, and what is now ver. 46 ran

An angel's sweetness or a *Berkeley's* eyes.

From this it may be inferred that the Epistle in its first state was designed, and partially executed, before the death of Lady Bridgewater, whose name was afterwards substituted for that of Lady Berkeley; that is to say before February, 1714.

Again, the original reading of ver. 60 seems to indicate that the poem received its present form about 1716. In Fresnoy's Art of Painting, as well as in the folio volume of 1717, the text stands,

And other beauties envy *Wortley's* eyes;

and in a letter from Pope to Lady M. W. Montagu, written

November 10, 1716, the year in which the latter left England, we find the poet paying his correspondent a similar compliment:

> Here stopped by hasty death Alexis lies,
> Who crossed half Europe led by Wortley's eyes.

As Pope's acquaintance with Lady Mary cannot have begun long before her departure for Constantinople, it appears not improbable that the line in the Epistle to Jervas, as at first printed, was written with a view to immediate publication.

On the whole I am inclined to infer from these circumstances that the Epistle, as it appears at the back of the Translation, was written to Jervas in 1713, as a tribute from Pope to the excellent instruction which his friend was giving him. As far as can be seen, the original design of the Epistle was different from that which was finally adopted. In the MS. draft the poet sends the painter a copy of Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, and takes occasion to inform him that he considers his oral teaching superior to the written precepts which the book contains. He describes their common studies and mutual criticism, and travels with him in fancy to visit the artistic and antiquarian treasures of Italy. There is no sign that the Epistle would have ended in the vein of melancholy reflection which now gives it so much beauty and pathos.

But in 1716 the publication of Fresnoy's Art of Painting by Richard Graham, who appears to have been acquainted with Jervas, no doubt moved Pope to recast his work, and the comparatively recent death of the Countess of Bridgewater, whose beauty had so deeply impressed the painter's imagination, gave a new turn to his thought, and suggested to him the striking conclusion about the triumphs and the vanity of Art. His admiration for Lady M. W. Montagu, then at its height, led him to insert the compliment to her eyes, which in later editions, after his quarrel with Lady Mary, he transferred to Lady Worsley. He probably substituted Lady Worsley's name in the edition of 1735, in order to give the impression that "Wortley" in the early editions was a misprint.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

MR. JERVAS,[1]

WITH DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.[2]

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the coloured mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mixed our studies, and so joined our name:

[1] This Epistle and the two following were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.—POPE. This Epistle was first printed in 1716. See Introductory Notes.

Charles Jervas (1675–1739), a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and after his death the most fashionable portrait painter of the day. Walpole says of him: "Between the badness of the age's taste, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession, and his own vanity thought no encomium disproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary, and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait painter, likeness. * * It is a well-known story of him that having succeeded happily in copying (he thought in surpassing) a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one and then at the other, and then with a parental complacency cried, 'Poor little Tit! how he would stare!'"

[2] Charles Fresnoy (1613–1665), painter, and author of the celebrated poem, in Latin verse, The Art of Painting. It has also been translated by Mason, and published with the invaluable notes of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.[1]
Smit with the love of Sister Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away![2]
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art;[3]
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While Fancy brings the vanished piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.[4]
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye:
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.[5]

[1] Rage, *i.e.* enthusiasm. So Cowley:

Who brought green Poesy to a perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.

[2] Sæpe dies sermone minor fuit; inque loquendum
Tarda per æstivos defuit hora dies.
Ovid. Pont. x. 10, 37.—WAKEFIELD.

So, too, Callimachus, Elegy on Heracleitus:

. . . ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσακις ἀμφοτέροιν ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν.

[3] Compare Epistle to Addison, ver. 52:

And Art reflected images to Art.

[4] A mixture of thoughts. He means, of course, "Build in imagination Rome anew."

[5] Sir Joshua Reynolds told me he did not think these artists exactly characterised by Pope.—WARTON.

How finished with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polished gem, the work of years.[1]
Yet still how faint by precept is expressed
The living image in the painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.[2]
Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:[3]
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.[4]

[1] Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing this poem.—POPE.

[2] Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. Jervas was, or imagined himself to be, vehemently in love with her. On one occasion, while gazing at her with admiration, he said: "I cannot help telling your Ladyship you have not a handsome ear."—"No? Pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" Jervas then showed her his own. Lady Bridgewater died of small-pox in 1714, aged 27.

[3] Cowley in his Davideis has:

Of men and ages past Seraiah read;
Embalmed in long-lived history the dead.
—WAKEFIELD.

[4] The ladies intended were the four daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough; Anne, Countess of Sunderland; Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater; Mary, Duchess of Montagu; Frances, Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., of Appuldercombe, in the Isle of Wight; and Arabella Fermor, heroine of the Rape of the Lock. — WARTON. In the folio of 1717 and in the Epistle as

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line,
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains;
And finished more through happiness than pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:[1]
Alas! how little from the grave we claim,
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

printed with Fresnoy's Art of Painting, published in 1716, "Wortley" stood for "Worsley." Lady M. W. Montagu was doubtless meant, but her name was removed after her quarrel with the poet. Lady Worsley's eyes must have been deserving of the praise which Pope gives them. Swift says to her in a letter dated 19 April, 1730: "How is our old friend Mrs. Barton? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago at Court almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them, which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it."

[1] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne (1665—1735). Myra was the Countess of Newburgh of whom Granville was enamoured. Johnson says: "His verses to Mira, which are most frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the sentiments of a lover, or the language of a poet; there may be found now and then a happier effort; but they are commonly feeble and unaffecting, or forced and extravagant."

EPISTLE IX.

TO

MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

EPISTLE IX.

TO

MISS BLOUNT,[1]

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.[2]

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share!
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.

[1] In the octavo edition of 1735, after the inscription, the following words are added, "Written at 17 years old."

The lines were first published in Lintot's Miscellany for 1712, and entitled "To a Young Lady, with the works of Voiture."

It is very certain that, if the lines were really written, as Pope says in the edition referred to, when he was only seventeen, they could not have been addressed in the first instance to Martha Blount, who would have been a mere child. But the probability is that here, as elsewhere, Pope fixed on a date for the composition which would illustrate the precocity of his genius. See Introductory Remarks to the following Epistle.

[2] Vincent Voiture, son of a wine-merchant, born at Amiens, 1598, died in 1648. He is now chiefly remembered for his letters. "Voiture," says Voltaire, "gave some idea of the superficial graces of that epistolary style, which is by no means the best, because it aims at nothing higher than pleasantry and amusement. His two volumes of letters are the mere pastime of a wanton imagination, in which we meet not with one that is instinctive, not one

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle, Life, away;[1]
Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.[2]
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourned who never mourned before.[3]
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes;
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,[4]
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;

that flows from the heart, that paints the manners of the times, or the characters of men: they are rather an abuse than an exercise of wit."

[1] So Dryden, Don Sebastian:

To make the trifle, Death, a thing of moment.—WAKEFIELD.

[2] In the edition of 1717, "death" stood in the place of "fate." In the Miscellanies the lines stand:

Till death, scarce felt, did o'er his pleasure creep,
As smiling infants sport themselves to sleep.

Wakefield says this is imitated from Dryden, in All for Love.

As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.

[3] Imitated from Shakespeare:

And how she prayed that never prayed before.
Taming of the Shrew.—WAKEFIELD.

[4] Etruscæ Veneres, Camenæ liberæ,
Hermes Gallicus, et Latina Siren,
Risus Deliæ et dicacitates,
Lusus, Ingenium, Joci, Lepores:
Et quid quid unquam fuit elegantiarum.
Quo Vecturius hoc jacent sepulchro.
Epitaph on Voiture.—WARTON.

By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accursed,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela[1] with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last,[2]
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love raised on beauty will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;

[1] The ordinary pronunciation of the name is "Paměla," from the Greek πᾶν μέλος. The name of Richardson's heroine has always been pronounced in that way. It is difficult to see what the name can have meant pronounced as in Pope's verse.

[2] Compare Moral Essays, ii. 257, 292.

This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
  Thus Voiture's early care still shone the same,[1]
And Montausier was only changed in name;[2]
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
  Now crowned with myrtle on the Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.[3]
The brightest eyes of France inspired his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

[1] Mademoiselle Paulet.—POPE.

[2] Madame de Montausier was the name under which Voiture celebrated Mlle. de Rambouillet.

[3] Daughter of the Marquise de Rambouillet, at whose hotel Voiture obtained his first introduction into aristocratic society.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

THE title to this Epistle in all the editions published during Pope's lifetime is the same as in Warburton's edition; but as the address of the previous Epistle was, up to 1739, To a Young Lady, we have no authoritative statement from the poet, till that year, with respect to the person whom he intended to honour. In 1739 he affixed Miss Blount's name to the Epistle accompanying the present of Voiture's works. By Miss Blount he, of course, meant Martha, for he had long before quarrelled with Teresa; and he thus appeared to give both Epistles to the younger sister. Yet the second was certainly addressed in the first instance to Teresa, as we see by the MS. reading of ver. 7, which Mr. Carruthers has published, and as might be inferred from the appropriation of the fancy names Zephalinda and Parthenissa in the text as it stands. When Teresa fell out of the poet's good graces, she was removed, in the same manner as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, from her poetical throne, and the place of honour was assigned to her younger sister. Whether or not Teresa Blount was really the "Young Lady" to whom the Epistle, accompanying the works of Voiture, was in the first instance addressed, is an open question. If it was written, as Pope pretends, when he was only seventeen (see note 1, p. 217), Teresa Blount would have been at that date a mere child; probably, however, the poet in this, as in many other cases, ante-dated the composition out of vanity; at any rate, he did not reproduce the statement about the author's age in any edition after 1735. Again, if the poem was originally addressed to Teresa, Pope's acquaintance with the Blounts must have begun some time before the commencement of his correspondence with them, for the Epistle is commended by Cromwell in a letter to Pope of 5th December, 1710. Cromwell in that letter says the Epistle "is as faultless as the fair to whom it is addressed, be she never so perfect," an expression which seems to show that he took the "young lady" for an imaginary being. This was very likely the case, and Pope may have appropriated the verses to Teresa Blount, as a compliment, after making her acquaintance.

This Epistle, which with the preceding one and the Epistle to Jervas was published in the folio volume of Poems in 1717, is full of grace and charm. It is conceived in the vein of exquisite and well-bred pleasantry which characterises the Rape of the Lock.

Among Warburton's papers I find a MS. copy of "Lines at the conclusion of Mr. Pope's verses to Mrs. M. B. on her leaving town." The copyist, R. G. (perhaps Richard Graham, who printed Pope's Epistle to Jervas, with his edition of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, before the lines appeared in the quarto of 1717), says, "The following were taken from Mr. Pope's original MS., and were never printed." Then follow the sixteen offensive lines first printed by

Warton, beginning "In this strange Town." At the end are the words "Copia vera." I find also in a cutting from the S. J. (St. James's ?) Chronicle, the following letter:

SIR,—The enclosed lines were transcribed from the original in the handwriting of Mr. Pope. They were added after the present conclusion of his Address to Miss M. B. on her leaving Town, "As some fond Virgin, &c." I heartily wish I could apologise for their licentiousness as easily I can prove their authenticity.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

G. R.

Then follow the lines in question. The writer may be the R. G. who made the "true copy" before referred to. Warton probably printed the lines on the authority of this transcript. It will be observed that in both cases the writer speaks of the verses as being added to the "Lines on Miss or Mrs. M. B. leaving Town," as if that were the address in the MS., from which he made the copy. This, however, can hardly be the case, for, as has been said, the MS. Epistle is evidently to Teresa: the copyist presumably is only referring the reader to the title in the published text.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.[1]

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care[2]
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;[3]
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,[4]
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;

[1] Of King George I., 1715.—POPE.

The Coronation of George I. was really on the 20th Oct., 1714.

[2] There is so much likeness (to use Johnson's words on another poem) in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As one lady lamented the going out of London, so did another.—WARTON.

[3] The word "spark" so frequently used in the eighteenth century in this sense does not occur before the Restoration. Its origin is probably to be traced to the "metaphysical" school of poets, whose peculiar vocabulary gave a kind of "slang" currency to a number of love terms. "Flame" is another instance in point.

[4] Zephalinda was the assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded many years with a Mr. More, under the feigned name of Alexis.—BOWLES.

In the original:

Thus from the world the fair Teresa flew.

Pope suppressed the name after he had transferred his attentions from Teresa to her sister Martha.—CARRUTHERS.

Ruffhead, however, gives another reading. He says:

"The writer of these sheets has now in his hand the original copy of these verses, from whence it appears that our author made some alterations perhaps not for the better. The seventh line in the original stood thus:

So fair Teresa gave the town a view."

Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
She sighed not that they stayed, but that she went.[1]
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks;
She went from Opera, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.
Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is whisk,[2] whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass the imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and gartered knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods or empty walls.

[1] Martha Blount seems to have borne the disappointment better than Teresa. Pope says to her in one of his letters: "That face must needs be irresistible, which was adorned with smiles, even when it could not see the Coronation."

[2] Whisk, *i.e.*, of course, whist.

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with head-aches, or the want of rhyme,)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,[1]
Gay[2] pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

[1] In the original it is "the blush of Parthenissa," which was the fanciful designation of Martha Blount in the correspondence of the sisters with James Moore.—CARRUTHERS. The first edition has also "the blush of Parthenissa." Martha Blount is spoken of under this name by Lord Chesterfield in one of his letters from Bath to Lady Suffolk. See Suffolk Correspondence, vol. ii. 84.

[2] In the first edition: "G—y."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

"Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te ali loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen."—CICERO.

"THE 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' now arbitrarily called the 'Prologue to the Satires,'[1] is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which by this union of scattered beauties, contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus."—JOHNSON.

The Advertisement prefixed to this Epistle is a curious example of Pope's disingenuousness, as the poem itself is a monument of his art. He wishes the reader to believe that the design had been conceived many years before the Epistle was published; that it was executed "by snatches;" and that it was in effect finished when the Verses to the Imitator of Horace made their appearance; when it seemed to him that, in self-defence, it would be "the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle." Thus he raised in the public mind an idea of his forbearance under provocation, of his moral superiority to his enemies, and of his love of virtue. The truth of the matter is that certain portions of the poem were written, as Pope says, "many years" before 1733, but these might have been omitted without in any way affecting its main design; while the general idea of the Epistle was conceived, and the greater part of it was written, as a direct answer to the Verses to the Imitator of Horace. This will appear very clearly on an examination of the dates of the previously published fragments, and of the circumstances under which they appeared.

The first lines of the Epistle which were printed were those containing the character of Atticus, or, as it was originally, of Addison. Of the publication of this fragment, Curll (defending himself from the charge made in the notes to the Dunciad, that the character was "never made public till by Curll in his Miscellanies, 12mo, 1727") gives the following account: "Pope's Libel upon Mr. Addison was first published by Mr. John Markland, of St. Peter's College, in Cambridge, with an answer thereto in a Pamphlet entitled Cythereia: or Poems upon Love and Intrigue, &c., 8vo. Printed for T. Payne in Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street, 1723." In 1727 Curll reprinted the character in a new edition of the Court Poems, and also at the end of Pope's Letters to Cromwell.

[1] As to the origin of the second title, see Appendix V.

It is not easy to decide the date at which these verses were written. The first mention of them is found in a letter from Bishop Atterbury to the poet, dated 26th Feby. 1721-2, in which the writer asks for "a complete copy of the verses on Mr. Addison." "No such piece of your writing," he says, "has ever been sought after so much. It has pleased every man without exception to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know whom your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." From these expressions we should judge that the lines had been recently composed, and the bent of Pope's genius for personal satire thus discovered. The poet, however, gives a different account of the composition.

"About this time (1715)," writes Warburton, whose narrative is in substantial agreement with the story told by Spence on Pope's own authority, "Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr. Pope that it was vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree that he had underhand encouraged Gildon to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope in great heat wrote Mr. Addison a letter, wherein he told him he was no stranger to his behaviour, which, however, he should not imitate; but that what he thought faulty in him he would tell him fairly to his face, and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the enclosed: which was the character first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed with justice, from this time to his death, which happened about three years after."

If this were all the evidence on the question we possessed, and if Pope had nothing to gain or lose by his representations, we might accept his history of the satire on Addison without hesitation, though the openness of his dealing with the person whom he attacked would, in that case, stand in striking contrast to his shifty conduct on other, and more or less similar, occasions. But it must be remembered that his story is intended to be a refutation of what he called "the great falsehood which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death;" it therefore requires to be corroborated. Now the direct confirmatory evidence that the lines on Atticus were written during Addison's lifetime comes from two quarters, Lady M. W. Montagu and Lord Oxford. The former, who was certainly not likely to have testified voluntarily in Pope's favour, is quoted by

Spence (Anecdotes, p. 337) as having said, apparently in reply to a question which the latter had asked her, "Yes, that Satire *was* written in Addison's lifetime." Lord Oxford, in the Bodleian folio, has the following MS. note to ver. 209 of the Epistle to Arbuthnot: "The assertion of some anonymous authors that Mr. Pope writ this character after the gentleman's death was utterly untrue: it having been sent him several years before, and then shown to Mr. Secretary Craggs and the present Earl of Burlington, who approved our author's conduct on an occasion which he had too much regard for that gentleman's memory willingly to make public. By what accident it came into print he never could learn, but all he can now do is to omit the name." Lady Mary's statement, baldly reported by Spence, and unsupported by any explanation, cannot count for much; and it is to be observed that she says nothing about the verses having been sent to Addison. Lord Oxford's note seems to be merely an amplification of a note which Pope himself inserted in an Appendix to the quarto volume of 1735, without giving any reference to the Earl of Burlington.[1] With regard to what is said about the substitution of the name "Atticus" for that of Addison, we know that Pope preserved the initial and final letters of Addison's name in the "Fragment of a Satire," which he published in the Miscellanies in 1727, after the verses had been separately printed. The single point in Pope's story, which both Lady Mary and Lord Oxford confirm, is that the verses were written during Addison's lifetime.

There remains the indirect evidence of the letter to Craggs of 15th July, 1715. In this letter Pope writes to Craggs to complain of the "little senate of Cato," and to insinuate that Tickell had commenced his translation of Homer for the purpose of gratifying the ambition of "one man, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne." These expressions seem very intelligible when they are compared with Pope's protestations of friendship in his published letters to Addison, which, as we know now, were never written to Addison, but were constructed out of the returned letters of Caryll, and readdressed, obviously for the purpose of giving the public a favourable impression of Pope's conduct in the dispute about the rival translations of the Iliad. The letter to Craggs may therefore be either genuine or concocted. Let us first assume it to have been genuine. In that case it seems to confirm Pope's story in two points: in the first place it shows signs of the "great heat" in which the poet says he wrote the verses after what Lord Warwick told him; in the second place, containing as it does the same phrases

[1] He had, however, stated in the Testimonies of Authors prefixed to the Dunciad, that he was authorised to give the Earl's name, as one of those who had seen the verses before Addison's death. He also asserts in the same place that the verses were sent privately to Addison; but the passage is so worded as not necessarily to make Lord Burlington a witness to the truth of *this* statement.

and metaphors as the verses, it would appear to have been written about the same time, thus indirectly corroborating Pope's statement, prefixed to the Dunciad, that the character was written in Addison's lifetime, and, as he hinted, in consequence of Addison's supposed connection with Tickell's Translation. But the date of the letter to Craggs proves that Pope's story, as reported by Warburton, is untrue in its most essential particulars. The poet evidently wishes to insist on the authenticity of the information which he received, by showing that it came from Addison's own stepson. Now Addison was not married to the Countess of Warwick till the 2nd August, 1716; and at that date Pope could not have had any cause to complain of Addison's jealousy, for in the Freeholder of May 7, 1716, the latter had praised his Translation in warm terms. Even if we suppose the information to have been given by Lord Warwick before his mother's marriage, Wycherley did not die till Dec., 1715, so that Gildon could not have received his ten guineas before that date. Yet in *July* of that year, when Pope wrote to Craggs, he evidently possessed some proofs of Addison's jealousy, which had thrown him into "great heat;" so that the verses, written at least six months later, and carefully built up on the language of this letter, can hardly have been the product, as he asks us to believe, of sudden impulse.

Supposing, however, that the published letter to Craggs was never really written to that statesman? The latter had been dead fifteen years when the surreptitious volume of Pope's correspondence was published, and it is difficult to see how the poet can have recovered the letter. Again, Craggs was one of Addison's most intimate friends, which makes it highly improbable that Pope would have denounced the latter to him so unreservedly. On the other hand, if the letter was written purposely for publication in the volume of correspondence, the poet's motive is clear. He ran no risk of detection, as Craggs was dead; while his nice calculation anticipated that the public, struck with the resemblance between the language of the Character of Atticus and that of the letter, would believe them both to have been written about the same time, and would find in the fact a confirmation of the story of the quarrel which he had himself circulated.

It is indeed not very difficult to conjecture with some confidence the process by which Pope's fable was constructed. The verses on Addison were in all probability written, as Pope says, during the lifetime of the former. In 1711 the poet had been attacked by Dennis for his Essay on Criticism. Of the pamphlet on Wycherley by Gildon, in which Pope says that he and his family were scurrilously abused, I can find no trace, though, if it ever existed, it is curious that the poet should not have preserved it in the collection of libels on himself, which he caused to be bound, and which are

now in my keeping. But in the New Rehearsal, published in 1714, Gildon had attacked Pope under the name of "Sawney Dapper," and had accused him of having written himself the panegyrical verses which were prefixed with Wycherley's name to his Pastorals. In 1715 Pope suspected Addison of having prompted Tickell to undertake the rival translation of the Iliad. Feeling sore at what he conceived to be a conspiracy against his reputation, he joined Addison's name with those of Gildon and Dennis, in the first draft of the Satire, as it appears in Appendix VI. of this volume. But we may be sure that he never sent the verses to Addison. Had he done so, and had the lines produced in Addison's mind the effect which Pope insinuates, they would doubtless have been preserved by the former among his papers. But no trace of them was found there, any more than of the letters which Pope published in his correspondence as having been addressed to Addison.

It is not wonderful that nothing should have been heard of the Satire till 1722. Addison's position and popularity would have suggested to a man so cautious as Pope the danger of showing them even in the circle of his own acquaintance. He may, however, have taken an intimate friend like Lord Burlington into his confidence, and he perhaps read the lines to Lady M. W. Montagu, knowing, in 1716, that she was about to leave England for Constantinople. In 1722 the reasons for reticence no longer existed. He sent the verses to Atterbury, who showed them to others; they were read with eagerness, and in 1723 were printed with an answer by Markland. The report naturally spread that they had been written since Addison's death; and Pope, though he had written the Satire only in retaliation for injuries which he believed to have been done him, now found himself charged with having wantonly attacked a great man who was no longer able to defend himself. All his self-love, all his old resentment against Addison, being thus aroused, his first thought henceforth was how to exalt his own character, even at the expense of his rival's. We see how early the story of the quarrel which he afterwards circulated began to take shape in his mind. The Longleat MS. of the verses (see note to ver. 156) cannot have been written later than 1724; and already Gildon's "meaner quill" of the original lines is transformed into "*venal* quill," with evident reference to the "ten guineas" of Warburton's narrative (see note to ver. 156). This is the first stage of the fiction, which reaches its climax in the recomposition of the letters originally sent to Caryll, and in the tale of the character written off in "great heat" after Lord Warwick's disclosures, and forwarded openly to Addison.

The satire having been printed by Curll in the same volume with the Letters to Cromwell, Pope had an opportunity of charging the bookseller with having published it surreptitiously; and at the same time, as there was no longer any reason for

keeping it from the world, he inserted it in his Miscellany of 1727 under the title of Fragment of a Satire. It was, however, now preceded by the lines in disparagement of critics and commentators, which were aimed especially at Bentley and Theobald, the former of whom had offended Pope by his depreciation of the Translation of the Iliad, and the latter by his remarks on the poet's edition of Shakespeare. It is possible that the character of Bufo was written at some period previous to the appearance of the Verses to the Imitator of Horace; it belongs to the same class as the portraits of "Umbra," "Macer," and "Atticus," and may, like the two former, have been originally one of several satirical portraits painted in accordance with Atterbury's recommendation. The only other portion of the Epistle which we know to have been written long before its publication was the pathetic concluding paragraph. This was sent by Pope in a letter to Aaron Hill, dated 3rd September, 1731. It may, therefore, be said that the "snatches" written "as the several occasions offered," are comprised in vv. 151–214, 231–248, and 406–419; that is to say, out of a composition of 419 lines, only 96 were certainly written before 1733; and these might be removed without radically interfering with the construction of the poem.

How very far from the truth was Pope's statement that he only put "the last hand to this Epistle" after the publication of the Verses to the Imitator of Horace, may be inferred from the fact that the remaining 323 lines were evidently written as an answer to those Verses. The internal evidence of the composition itself is conclusive on this point. It is much less a "bill of complaint" than an apology in the shape of an autobiography into which the pre-existing fragments are dexterously woven. The first portion—*i.e.*, all the lines preceding v. 157—is obviously a connected work, and the occasion of its composition is ascertained by the interrupted sentence "Still Sappho—," (v. 101) in allusion to Lady W. M. Montagu, who had been grossly satirised as Sappho in the first Imitation of Horace, and was supposed by Pope to be one of the authors of the retaliatory Verses. The allusion to the elopement of Lady Walpole (see note to v. 25) shows that the opening of the poem was written as late as 1734. As to the latter part, which takes up the autobiographical thread that had of course been dropped in the portions of the Epistle relating to the small critics, to Atticus, and to Bufo, it is evident from the reference to the epitaph on Gay, that it could not have been composed before March 31, 1733, at which date Pope was corresponding with Swift about the final form which the memorial lines on their friend were to assume on the monument. The remainder of the Epistle comprises the assertion of the moral motives of the poet's satire, the character of Sporus, and the account of Pope's family; two of these three passages being an answer to the line, "Hard as thy heart and as thy birth obscure," in the Verses to the Imitator of

Horace; and the third being the poet's crushing rejoinder to Lord Hervey as the reputed author of that poem.

Characteristic as the disingenuousness of the Advertisement is, it is not more characteristic than the art with which the pre-existing and disconnected fragments are pieced into the main design. It was necessary to suit the protesting form in which the satire on Addison first appeared, "*If* meagre Gildon draw his venal quill," &c., to the autobiographical character of the Epistle to Arbuthnot. The poet therefore altered the passage by starting a paragraph in narrative form, "Soft were my numbers," and making the subsequent lines historical, "Yet then *did* Gildon draw his venal quill." Instead of the line in the Miscellany, "How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe," he reads:

> And swear not Addison himself was safe,

thus delicately preparing the mind of the reader for the transition to the character of Atticus, which in the Miscellany had appeared with the initial and final letters A—n.

Equal skill is shown in leading the autobiography up to the character of Bufo; and nothing can seem more natural and appropriate than the affecting address to Arbuthnot at the conclusion of the Epistle, although the verses were originally written on a quite different occasion, and to a different person. It is to be observed that Pope's statement in the Advertisement, as to his method of composition in the Epistle, was necessary by way of apology for the concluding paragraph, since Mrs. Pope had died before the poem was published. The "callidæ junctureæ" by which the poet combined his old and new materials would alone suffice to prove him a great master of his art, but the quality of the whole Epistle is of extraordinary excellence. Johnson is probably right in tracing the idea to Boileau's address, "A son Esprit"; but admirable as that satire is, we have only to compare it with Pope's to see how far the latter excels his French predecessor in all poetical gifts and graces. The sustained dramatic power, the variety of the detail, the richness of the imagery, the elevation of the sentiment, the force of the invective, contrasting so exquisitely with the pathetic repose of the conclusion, all combine to place the Epistle beyond the reach of rivalry in this kind of writing.

The Epistle was registered at Stationers' Hall, 2nd Jan., 1734-5, under the title "An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot;" the owner of the copyright being Lawton Gilliver.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court"] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their Names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.—POPE.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,[1]

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John![2] fatigued I said:
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.[3]

[1] Dr. John Arbuthnot, son of a non-juring clergyman in Scotland, born at Arbuthnot, in the county of Kincardine. He studied medicine in Scotland, but removed while young to London, where he taught mathematics, and obtained notice by several learned treatises. Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George of Denmark was taken ill there, he was called in and effected a cure. In consequence of this success he was soon afterwards appointed physician in ordinary to the Queen, and held the appointment till the death of Anne in 1714. In 1710 he was elected a member of the Royal College of Physicians; in 1723 he was chosen second censor of the College; in 1727 he was made an Elect of the same College, and was appointed to pronounce the Harveian oration for that year. He died in 1735. He was introduced to Pope by Swift in 1713. The triumvirate formed the backbone of the Scriblerus Club, and cooperated in the production of the Miscellanies published in 1727. Arbuthnot was the author of the History of John Bull, the Art of Political Lying, and, perhaps of It never Rains but it Pours. Johnson says of him: "Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliancy of wit; a wit who in the crowd of life retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal."

[2] John Serle, his faithful servant, remembered in his will.—Warton.

[3] Imitated from Juvenal, iii. 9:

Augusto recitantes mense poetas.

After this verse in the Chauncy MS.:

Yet worse, vile poets rise before 'tis light,
And walk, like Marg'ret's ghost, at dead of night.

This appears to be an allusion to

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot,[1] and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,[2]
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:[3]
Then from the Mint[4] walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,[5]
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

Mallet, author of William and Margaret. Perhaps Pope may have intended to punish Mallet for his depreciation of the Essay on Man. Johnson says, in the Life of the poet: "About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his Essay on Man, but concealed the author; and when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him that the newest piece was something called an Essay on Man, which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of his subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret."

[1] In Pope's time, and almost up to the end of the eighteenth century, the word was pronounced, and often spelt, "charet." Compare Dunciad, ii. 24.

[2] From Garth's Epilogue to Cato:

> At plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow,
> E'en churches are no sanctuaries now.
> —WAKEFIELD.

[3] Debtors could not be arrested on Sunday.

[4] The Mint in Southwark derived its name from a mint of coinage kept there by Henry VIII. It is described by Strype as consisting of several streets and alleys; the entrance being from opposite St. George's Church by Mint Street, "running into Lombart Street, each entrance having its gate." It had the privilege of exemption from all legal process, civil and criminal, and was therefore the haunt of debtors, thieves, and murderers. The privilege was abolished by Statutes 8 & 9 of William III., and 9 & 11 George I. The Statute of 1723 relieved all debtors under £50, who had taken refuge in the Mint, from their creditors. Nahum Tate died in the Mint in 1715. Gay laid there one of the scenes in the Beggar's Opera; and named one of Macheath's gang Mat of the Mint.

[5] In the Chauncy MS.:

> Is there a parson mad or steeped in beer,
> An Irish poetess.

The "parson much bemused in beer" was no doubt meant for Lawrence Eusden. In the first edition of the Dunciad he occupied the place assigned to Henley in Book ii., 425 of the existing text:

> How Laurus lay inspired beside a sink,
> And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink.

He was Rector of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, and died in 1730, of

A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?[1]
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?[2]
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,[3]
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,[4]
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),

course before the publication of this Epistle.

The *Irish* poetess was perhaps Mrs. Sykins, whom Swift had furnished with a letter of introduction to Pope at Twickenham. She sent the letter to Pope's house, but left Twickenham without calling on him; and he was evidently offended with her. See his letter to Swift of 9th April, 1730.

[1] From Boileau, Epistle v. 118:

Dans la poudre du greffe, un poëte naissant.

[2] Imitated from Boileau's Art Poétique, Chant 1:

Charbonner de ses vers les murs d'un cabaret.

And Boileau himself borrowed from Martial, lib. xii. ep. 62:

Nigri fornicis obrium poetam
Qui carbone rudi, putrique cretâ
Scribet carmina.

After this verse in the MS.:

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandished reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice having seen two plays
Who would do something in his sempstress' praise?

[3] Arthur Moore, Esq. — WARBURTON.

He was M.P. for Great Grimsby from 1706 to 1722, a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, and well-known in the fashionable world. — CROKER.

The "giddy son" was of course James Moore Smyth. Gay alludes to Arthur's "gravity" in his Verses on Pope's Return from Troy.

[4] Horace Walpole says in his Notes on Pope, that Cornus was Lord Walpole. The "frantic wife" must therefore be Margaret, Lady Walpole, daughter and heiress of Samuel Rolle of Haynton, Devon. She married Robert, Lord Walpole, in 1725, and left him in 1734. Her vivacity and agreeable manners are mentioned in several of Lady M. W. Montagu's letters; but H. Walpole speaks of her as half mad; and she seems to have transmitted her infirmity to her son, the third Earl of Orford. When she left her husband, the Beefsteak Club addressed her in verse as follows:

Go, sprightly Rolle, go traverse earth and sea,
And fly the land where beauty is not free.
By your own wealth enslaved to one you hate,
Mourn not your own, but think on Britain's fate.
Life may be happy on some happy shore
Where not a W[alpole] shall approach thee more.

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?[1]
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.[2]
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I![3]
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel—"Keep your piece nine years."[4]
"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,[5]
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."[6]
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.[7]

[1] In the first edition:

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

[2] From Horace, Ars Poetica, 475:

Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo.

[3] Alluding to the scene in the Plain-Dealer, where Oldfox gags and ties down the widow, to hear his well-penned stanzas.—WARBURTON.

[4] From Horace, Ars Poetica, v. 386:

Si quid tamen olim,
Scripseris, in Maeci descendat judicis aures,
Et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.

In the Chauncy MS.:

I pass to judgment, and these words he hears,
Th' advice of Horace, "Keep your piece nine years."

Or,

I drop (thank Horace!) in all authors' ears
The self-same counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

[5] Compare Goldsmith's Description of an Author's Bedchamber.

[6] In the Chauncy MS.:

The things we own are incorrect. But take them,
Good sir, and just what you would have them, make them.

Or,

{His piece he owns not quite correct, but "take it,"
{His piece, he says, is incorrect, but "take it,"
He cries, "and just what you would have it, make it."

[7] The Bodleian folio in a MS. note explains this as referring to "Tib-

Pitholeon sends to me:[1] "You know his Grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal,[2] or he'll turn divine."[3]

bald." And after ver. 48 in the Chauncy MS. follows this couplet:

But the grand project Shakespeare to restore
That the wag had—for what? To get ten more.

This shows that Theobald (exalted into the hero of the Dunciad, on account of his book called "Shakespeare Restored"), was the person intended. Pope, in the 8vo edition of the Dunciad, 1729, says in note to Book i. ver. 106: "During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition, etc., this restorer, who was at this time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design." To this Theobald replied in a letter to Matthew Concanen, printed in the Daily Journal, April 15, 1729. He mentions two favours which he had asked of Pope, but neither of which Pope had granted, and neither of them of the kind specified in ver. 48.

[1] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10, l. i.—POPE. Pitholeon is said in the MS. note to the Bodleian folio to be Welsted. "His Grace" is stated on the same authority (Lord Oxford) to be the Duke of Argyle. Here again Lord Oxford's information is in part confirmed by the reading of the Chauncy MS.:

Welsted this message sends: "You know his Grace:
And I'm a stranger."

The stroke at Welsted's "pretence to Greek," refers to his Translation of Longinus. The "libel" to which Pope refers, in ver. 51, is specified in his note to ver. 375; or he may allude to Welsted's Satire called Palæmon to Cælia, as in note to Dunciad ii., 210.

[2] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's Ministry. Bishop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland.—WARTON.

I cannot concur in Warton's suggestion, for the MS. had—

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine,

which could not apply to a journal written in the Minister's favour, or to Hoadley or Bland, long before well-known as divines, and close friends of Walpole. Pope more probably meant the Daily Journal or Mist's Journal, in which he was frequently abused.—CROKER.

Pope however did not mean that Welsted went "to plague Sir Robert," by writing against him in a journal. In 1727 Welsted had addressed a Discourse to Sir R. Walpole, of a panegyrical nature. The suggestion is that he would plague him for money or a place. The Journal, whatever it was, would have been written against the poet.

[3] In 1736 Welsted published a theological work on the Scheme and Conduct of Providence. Pope may have heard that he was engaged on this: hence his satire, "he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. "'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."[1]
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.[2]
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with Lintot."[3]
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."[4]
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."[5]

[1] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the Assembly.—WARTON.

[2] In the folio:

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

On this passage Cibber, in his curious letter, printed in 1742, addressed to Pope, has the following observation:

"I am glad to find in your smaller edition that your conscience has since given this line some correction; for there you have taken off a little of its edge: it there runs only thus:

The *players* and I are luckily no friends.

This is so uncommon an instance of your checking your temper and taking a little shame to yourself that I cannot in justice omit my notice of it."—BOWLES.

It is a curious fact that some of the folios dated 1734 read "the players," as in the smaller editions. The quarto of 1735 has "Cibber and I." We must suppose that Pope corrected the text while the folios were still issuing from the press. The quarrel between Pope and Cibber originated in the allusion made by the latter, while playing Bays in the Rehearsal, to the Mummy and Crocodile in Three Hours after Marriage, which had been recently damned.

[3] Bernard Lintot, the eminent bookseller, who printed Pope's Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey.

[4] "In vulgar slang 'snack,' or 'snap,' is booty, share, portion, any articles out of which money can be made: 'looking out for snaps,' waiting for windfalls or odd jobs. Hence 'to go snacks,' to go shares, to participate in the booty."—WEDGEWOOD, Etymological Dictionary.

[5] The Bodleian folio has a MS. note, "One Hamilton." This, I have no doubt, refers to Newburgh Hamilton, author of two plays called Doating Lovers (1715) and Petticoat Plotters (1720). He was a relation of the Duke of Hamilton, and lived in his house, and his pushing character seems to be well hit off in the text, for Baker's Biographia Dramatica

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen)[1] was forced to speak, or burst:
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?[2]
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings:
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,[3]
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.[4]
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:[5]

says of him: "Neither of his pieces met with success. The first of them, however, was supported through three performances for the sake of the author's benefit, whose interest was so strong and his acquaintance so extensive, that he was enabled to lay the pit and boxes together for the advanced price of six shillings for each ticket." The Virgin Tragedy would therefore seem to belong to Barford, the Orphan Muse to Hamilton.

[1] The story is told by some of his barber, but by Chaucer of his queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables.—POPE.

Compare Persius, Sat. i.:

Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle,
Auriculas asini quis non habet?

and Boileau, Sat. ix.:

Midas, le roi Midas, a des oreilles d'âne.

[2] So in the Epilogue to Jane Shore:

That Edward's miss then *perks it* in your face.

[3] This apostrophe to the Dunciad is somewhat obscure. He seems to extend the application of the word so as to make it signify his general habit of exposing dunces.

[4] The thought is taken from La Bruyère, De l'Homme: "Tout le monde dit d'un fat, qu'il est un fat; personne n'ose le dire à lui-meme: il meurt sans le savoir."

[5] "Sometimes a single word will vulgarise a poetical idea; as in that description of a World in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcerned would hear the mighty *crack*."

Bathos, ch. xii. These lines occur in Addison's translation of Horace, Ode iii., B. 3.

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.[1]
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:[2]
Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,[3]
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arched eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord,[4] and whore?
His butchers Henley,[5] his free-masons Moore?[6]
Does not one table Bavius still admit?[7]
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?[8]

[1] Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hor.—Pope.

[2] In the first edition:

Scribblers, like spiders, break one cobweb through,
Still spin the slight, self-pleasing thread anew.

[3] This couplet first appears in the octavo of 1735. It is not in the first edition or in the quarto of 1735.

[4] This may have been intended merely as a general reflection on his habits. Colley Cibber was treated as half companion, half butt by the young nobility. In his Letter to Pope he says with reference to this verse: "I don't pretend to write like you, yet all the requisites to make a good companion are not confined to poetry! No, sir, even a man's inoffensive follies and blunders may sometimes have their merits at the best table; and in these I am sure you won't pretend to vie with me: why then may not my lord be as much in the right in his sometimes choosing Colley to laugh at, as at other times in his picking up Sawney, whom he can only admire?" Cibber was a member of White's Club, but it appears that he was received there simply in the capacity of a buffoon. Lord Orrery, however, says that the "lord" was the "Duke of Devonshire, patron to Colley Cibber." It appears from the Biographia Dramatica, that the first Duke of Devonshire patronised Colley, his father the sculptor having been employed at Chatsworth.

[5] This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesday on the Sciences: one shilling was the price of admittance. His oratory was among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row.—Bowles.

[6] James Moore Smyth was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.—Warburton.

[7] First edition: "Arnall," *i.e.*, the journalist, Walpole's chief tool.

[8] Bishop Boulter, who was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron. Boulter wrote in conjunction with Philips a paper called the Freethinker. He was then only a minister of a parish in Southwark; but being considered of consequence to the Government, he was first made Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Primate of Ireland.—Bowles.

Still Sappho[1]—A. Hold! for God's sake![2]—you'll offend:
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.[3]
I too could write, and I am twice as tall,[4]
But foes like these[5]—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.[6]
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:[7]
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.[8]
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,[9]
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"[10]
There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.[11]

[1] See First Imitation of Horace, ver. 84; and Introductory Remarks to the same Satire.

[2] In first edition:

Hold! nay see you—you'll offend.

Lord Oxford in a note to the Bodleian folio says "(Nay see you)—the Doctor's common phrase."

[3] In first edition:

Wit makes you foes—learn prudence of a friend.

[4] In first edition:

I too could write, and sure am twice as tall,

[5] In first edition:

But all these foes.

[6] This couplet first appears in the octavo for 1735.

[7] So in Imitation of the First Epistle of Second Book of Horace:

A vile encomium doubly ridicules,
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

In the Chauncy MS. the reading is:

This his dull zeal in dedication shows,
And proves the dunces are not all my foes.
That will in verse my character defend,
That against Grub Street will my fame defend.

[8] This probably refers to the Grub Street Journal, the plan of which was to attack Pope's enemies by ironically praising them, and at the same time affecting to depreciate the poet's own works. Pope, as we see from his note to ver. 378 below, disclaimed all connection with this journal.

[9] Referring to Curll's surreptitious publication of his Letters to Cromwell in 1726.

[10] In the MS. [and in the first edition and quarto of 1735]:

For song, for silence, some expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
Time, praise, or money is the least they crave,
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

[11] Horace tells us nothing directly of his cough, though he gives us to understand in several passages that he was of a chilly temperament. Pope was perhaps thinking either of Horace's raillery of the Stoic—"præcipue sanus, nisi quod pituita molesta est," (Epistles i. 1, 108); or of the prophecy of the Sabine

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,[1]—
Such Ovid's nose,—and, "Sir, you have an eye."[2]
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"[3]
And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.[4]
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink? my parents', or my own?[5]

witch, in which she predicts that, among other diseases, Horace would not die of a cough. Sat. i. 9:

Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut *tussis*, nec tarda podagra.

We know from two passages that Horace was short and stout. In Epistles i., 20, 24, he says that he was "corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum;" and in Epistles i., 4, 15, that he was "pinguem, nitidum, bene curatâ cute." Suetonius also tells us in his Life that the poet "habitu corporis brevis fuit atque obesus."

[1] In the Chauncy MS.:

The son of Ammon had a back too high.

All that Quintus Curtius (who describes Alexander's personal appearance fully) says is, that "his neck was slightly inclined towards his left shoulder." His form, this historian says, was symmetrical. Book 1., Chap. 2.

[2] It is remarkable that, amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.—WARBURTON.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who once saw Pope, says: "He was about four feet six high, very hump-backed and deformed * * He had a large and very fine eye, and a long handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which run across the cheeks were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords. Roubilliac, the statuary, who made a bust of him from life, observed that his countenance was that of a person who had been much afflicted with headache, and he should have known the fact from the contracted appearance of the skin above the eyebrows, though he had not been otherwise apprised of it."—Life of Malone, p. 429.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

Say for my comfort when I'm sick in bed,
So Bacon yawned, so Maro held his head.

[4] After ver. 124 in the MS.:

But friend, this shape, which you and Curll admire, (*a*)
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire; (*b*)
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, (*c*) not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties joined,
Had heired as well the virtues of the mind.

(*a*) Curll set up his head for a sign; (*b*) His father was crooked; (*c*) His mother was much afflicted with headaches.—WARBURTON.

[5] So Fenton in his Epistle to Mr. Lambard:

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.[1]
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:[2]
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,[3]
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved,[4] and Swift endured my lays;

If, for his father's sins, condemned to write,
Some young half-feathered poet takes a flight.—WAKEFIELD.

When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, "These are good rhymes."—WARBURTON.

[1] So Ovid:

Sponte sua Carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere versus erat.
—WARTON.

"I began writing verses of my own invention farther back than I can well remember. When I was about twelve I wrote a kind of play, which I got to be acted by my school-fellows. It was a number of speeches from the Iliad, tacked together with verses of my own. The Epic poem, I begun a little after I was twelve, was called 'Alexander, Prince of Rhodes:' there was an underwater scene in the first book; it was in the Archipelago. I wrote four books toward it of about a thousand verses each; and had the copy by me till I burnt it, by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester, a little before he went abroad."—POPE, quoted by Spence.

[2] The allusion to filial disobedience has reference to James Moore Smyth. Compare ver. 23. He seems also, as in v. 128, to have Ovid in sight.

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

After this verse in the Chauncy MS.:

For fickle fame I risked no greater good,
And if men praised, it was because they would.

[3] "I suspect that the words 'not wife,' were not merely inserted for the sake of the verse, but were added designedly to the general sketch of his life, as an assertion of his celibacy; and however awkwardly expressed (for the subject was a delicate one), were meant to repel the rumours of his marriage with Martha Blount."—CROKER.

[4] As to Congreve's feeling about Pope, Lady M. W. Montagu says in her letter to Arbuthnot of 3 January, 1735: "I am seriously concerned at the worse scandal he has heaped on Mr. Congreve, who was my friend, and whom I am obliged to justify, because I can do it on my own knowledge, and, which is yet further, bring witness of it from those who were

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,[1]
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.[2]
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.[3]
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?

then often with me, that he was so far from loving Pope's rhyme, both that and his conversation were perpetual jokes to him, exceeding despicable in his opinion, and he has often made us laugh in talking of them, being particularly pleasant on that subject." Lady Mary, however, is not a trustworthy witness in any matter relating to Pope; and her tone throughout this letter shows extreme irritation.

[1] The phrase descriptive of Atterbury is borrowed from Gay's Verses on Mr. Pope's Return from Troy.

See Rochester approving nods his head.

It was no doubt a characteristic gesture.

[2] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled Dryden's Satire to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant. These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such an acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following:

While pure description held the place of sense, &c.—Pope.

For Granville "the polite" see First Pastoral, v. 46, and the Dedication to Windsor Forest. "Knowing Walsh" advised Pope to aim at "correctness." Compare particularly what Pope says about him in his first note to the First Pastoral. For Garth, see Second Pastoral, ver. 9 and Pope's note. Talbot (Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury), and Somers are mentioned again in Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue ii. vers. 77, 79, and notes. For Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, author of the Essay on Poetry, see Essay on Criticism, ver. 723, and Pope's note.

[3] Authors of secret and scandalous history.—Pope.

By no means authors of the same class; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.—Warburton.

The allusions are to Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, author of the History of his own Times; John Oldmixon, author of the History of England during the Reign of the Royal House of Stuart, published in

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,[1]
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.[2]
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;[3]
I wished the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.[4]
Did some more sober critic come abroad—
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.[5]
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;[6]

1730, which called forth a vindicatory reply from Atterbury; and Thomas Cooke, of Braintree, Essex, the translator of Hesiod, who had abused Pope in a satire called the Battle of the Poets, and was author of The Scandalous Chronicle, published in 1726. The whole passage is suggested by Boileau's similar appeal in his Seventh Epistle, beginning:

Cependant laisse ici gronder quelques censeurs.—Ver. 86–100.

[1] In first edition: "Damon."

[2] From Addison's Letter from Italy:

My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted window, or a purling stream.

[3] Pope pretended to suspect that Gildon had received £10 from Addison for a Life of Wycherley, in which he himself was abused. But it is observable that when the verses were first printed, the first line was:

If meagre Gildon draw his *meaner* quill.

See Introductory Remarks to this Epistle, and Appendix vi.

[4] Mr. Croker saw, among the Longleat Papers, in Pope's autograph, the character of Addison, which was originally connected with the foregoing lines. The verses were not dated, but as they were sent to Lord Harley, afterwards second Earl of Oxford, they must have been written before May, 1724. They differ slightly from the verses published in the Miscellany, in 1727:

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still,
If D——s rhymes and raves in furious fret,
I'll answer D——s when I am in debt.
Hunger not malice makes such authors print,
And who'll wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?
But were there one, &c.

See Appendix vi.

[5] From Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i., Scene 2:

How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

[6] In the Miscellanies, after ver. 162:

In future ages how their fame will spread,
For routing triplets, and restoring *ed*!

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley[1] down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics, some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.[2]
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms![3]
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.[4]
Were others angry—I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,

[1] In the first edition of the Miscellanies:

From sanguine Sew— down to piddling Tibbalds.

A critic writing to Pope in 1735, says: "Who this Sew— is I don't know, but why must Bentley come slashing, and take his place? You are grown very angry it seems at Dr. Bentley of late. Is it because he said (to your face I have been told) that your Homer was miserable stuff; that it might be called Homer modernised, or something to that effect: but that there were very little, or no vestiges of the old Grecian?"—CARRUTHERS.

Warton says that Bentley's criticism was: "The verses are good verses, but the work is not Homer; it is Spondanus." "Sew—" is George Sewell, M.D. and a dramatic author. It appears, from Nichols' Illustrations of Literature, vol. ii., p. 714, that he published a seventh volume of Shakespeare, intended as a Supplement to Pope's edition, and from the extract, made by Theobald from his preface, it may be inferred that he was "sanguine" as to the possibility of restoring the true text of the poet.

[2] In the Miscellanies the couple was:

Yet even this creature some regard may claim,
Wrapt round, and sanctified with Shakespeare's name.

The alteration was of course made when Bentley's name was inserted, and has reference to the Doctor's "slashing" edition of Milton.

[3] So Walsh, in an Elegy to his Mistress:

Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave.
Embalmed in verse, through distant time they come,
Preserved, like bees, within an amber tomb.
—WAKEFIELD.

[4] In the early editions:

Not that the things are either rich or rare
But all the wonder is, how they got there

Verse 172 is borrowed from Dryden's Prologue to The Husband his own Cuckold:

And wonders how the devil they durst come there.

That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify, for who can guess?
The bard[1] whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,[2]
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:[3]
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:[4]
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:[5]
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.[6]

[1] In the Miscellany, "the wretch."

[2] Amb. Philips translated a book called the Persian Tales.—POPE.

On this line Theobald remarks: "His Persian Tales were censured because they were translated for thirty pence apiece—a crime indeed that deserves reproach, for it is not the virtue of all men to deal in five-guinea subscriptions." — Nichols' Illustrations of Literary History, vol. ii., p. 763.

[3] A fine improvement of this line of Boileau :

Qui toujours emprunt, et jamais ne gagne rien.—WARBURTON.

After this verse in the Chauncy MS. there is the following couplet :

Nurse Namby with a song to sucking child,
The stiff Anacreon, and the Pindar mild.

Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol. v., p. 185, says : "Ambrose Philips wrote a poem on Lord Carteret's daughter, Lady Georgiana, now the dowager Lady Cowper, then in the cradle, in such a kind of measure, and with such infantine sentiments, as were a fair subject for ridicule. Carey laid hold of these and wrote a poem in which all the songs of children at play were wittily introduced, and called it by a name which children might be supposed to call the author, whose name was Ambrose Philips." The name was of course Namby-Pamby.

[4] In the Miscellanies :

Johnson, (a) who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, etc.

(a) Charles Johnson author of the Victim, and Cobbler of Preston.

He was born 1679, died 1748. He appears in the early editions of the Dunciad, being ridiculed for the fatness of his person, and the number of his plays.

[5] "A verse of Dr. Evans'." Note by Pope in the Miscellanies.

[6] Nahum Tate (1652-1715), the partner of Brady in the Paraphrase of the Psalms, and the author of the Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel.

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.[1]
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;[2]
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:[3]
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,[4]
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,[5]
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise,[6] assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound,[7] and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;[8]

[1] In the Miscellanies:

How would they swear not *Congreve's* self was safe.

[2] In the Longleat MS.:

But were there one whose better stars conspire
To bless, whom Titan touched with purer fire.

[3] In the Longleat MS.:

Who born with talents, bred in arts to please,
Was formed to write, converse, and live with ease.

[4] From Orrery:

Poets are Sultans, if they had their will,
For every author would his brother kill.
—WAKEFIELD.

Orrery, however, had been anticipated by Denham in his Verses to Fletcher:

Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who to secure their reign
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

The form "fond to rule," instead of "fond of ruling," was still used in the last century. "Some are fond to know many things at once." Watts on the Mind, quoted by Johnson in his Dictionary.

[5] In the Miscellanies:

View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes.

[6] This is from Wycherley's Prologue to the Plain Dealer:

And with faint praises one another damn.

[7] In the Longleat MS.:

Or pleased to wound.

In the Miscellanies:

Wishing to wound.

[8] Pronounced in the old-fashioned way, "obleeging" and "obleeged," the word having been only recently naturalised. Compare Imitation of Hor. Epistles, i. 7-29.

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,[1]
And sit attentive to his own applause;[2]
While wits[3] and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he![4]

[1] From his own Prologue to Cato:

While Cato gives his little senate laws.

Wakefield finds the source of the verse in some lines written by Lansdown in 1690:

Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
He might have lived to give new senates laws.

In Pope's Longleat MS. the passage runs:

Fearing e'en fools by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Who, when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves them both, but likes the worst the best;
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause.

The construction "Like Cato give," in the existing text, referring back to "Should such a man," is a little awkward.

[2] This seems to be a recollection of what Lucan says of Pompey, not of Cato, in Pharsalia, Book i. v. 132:

Totus popularibus auris
Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri.

[3] In Pope's Longleat MS.:

While fops and templars every sentence raise.

[4] In Pope's Longleat MS. and the Miscellanies:

What pity, heaven! if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if A——n were he?

It was a great falsehood which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the Dunciad. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name in the Edition of his Works.—POPE. Upon this point see Introductory Remarks to this Epistle.

The name of Atticus had been already appropriated to Addison in the Spectator, No. 150.—CROKER.

De Quincey asks, "Why must we laugh? Because we find a grotesque assembly of noble and ignoble qualities. Very well, but why then must we weep? Because this assemblage is found actually existing in an eminent man of genius. Well, that is a good reason for weeping; we weep for the degradation of human nature. But then revolves the question, Why must we laugh? Because, if the belonging to a man of genius were a sufficient reason for weeping, so much we know from the very first. The very first line says:—

Peace to all such, but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires.

Thus falls to the ground the whole antithesis of this famous character. We are to change our mood from laughter to tears upon a sudden discovery that the character belonged to a man of genius, and this we had already known from the beginning. Match us this prodigious oversight in Shakespeare." The prodigious oversight is De Quincey's, not Pope's. We are not to weep because this assembly of noble and ignoble qualities is found in a man of genius, but because it is found in *Atticus*. We laugh at the abstract idea of inconsistency called up before our mind by the poet's description; we weep when he suddenly informs us that it is applicable to one whom we have

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plastered posts, with claps, in capitals?[1]
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?[2]
I sought no homage from the race that write;[3]
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:[4]
Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;[5]
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;[6]
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.[7]

admired as a writer and loved as a man. An analogous blunder of De Quincey's may be seen in his remarks on the death of Euclio in Moral Essay i. 261. See note to that passage.

[1] Curll, in his Complete Key to the Dunciad (1728), has a note on Book I. v. 40, "of Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post." "Mr. Lintot, in Fleet Street, is so fond of red-letter title pages to the books he prints, that his show-boards and posts before his door are generally bedaubed with them."

[2] Hopkins in the civth Psalm.—POPE.

[3] In the Chauncy MS. there are three variations of this line:

{Who says I ruled the ragged race that write,
Known but by that to all the race that write,
What though I ruled the ragged race that write.}

[4] After ver. 220 in the Chauncy MS.:

I bore 'em all good will, and wished 'em luck,
To Allen Ramsay, and to Stephen Duck.
With wits no party formed nor held debate,
But left to Bubo the Parnassian State.
A quiet Prince I slumber'd on my seat,
Or planted, sauntered, chatted, drank, and eat,
Preferred my friends to fame, nor writ, nor read,
Nor knew if Dennis were alive or dead.

[5] To daggle is to trail through the wet. The reference is no doubt to the "puppy" (as Pope called him elsewhere) James Moore Smyth, and to the six borrowed lines (243—248) in the Second Moral Essay.

[6] He had certainly a hand in Three Hours after Marriage, and to his quarrel with Cibber, arising out of the failure of that play, we must ascribe his hostility to the stage.

[7] In the Chauncy MS.:

Held with the wits nor concert nor debate,
But left to Bubo the Parnassian state.

Or,

On play or poem never held debate,
But left to B—b the whole Parnassian state.

See following note.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo,[1] puffed by every quill;[2]
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.[3]
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)[4]
Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,[5]
And flattered every day, and some days eat:

[1] Bufo. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, born 16th April, 1661, died 1715. Roscoe attempts to prove that Bufo was not meant for Halifax. He relies on the fact that the latter died while the poet was a young man, before he could have grown "sick of fops and poetry and prate;" and also on the subsequent mention of Halifax among Pope's distinguished friends: Epilogue to Satires, ii. 76. Roscoe's criticisms are so far justified that it is evident from the Chauncy MS. (see preceding note) that Bubb Dodington was the person intended when the lines were originally composed, and indeed when the Epistle was first published. But it is plain that Pope afterwards, for some reason, changed his mind. In the later editions he added the four lines about Dryden, which could obviously have no reference to Dodington, but which, on the other hand, pointed directly to Halifax. The alteration was probably made in order to make the narrative seem more consistent. The character of Bubo was very likely written in the first place separately, like those of Atticus, Macer, and Umbra, and was grafted on to this Epistle without due regard to the context. Afterwards Pope saw that it was an anachronism to represent Dodington as a distinguished patron of letters in Addison's time. He therefore determined to give the satire a new application, and in order to fix it upon Halifax wrote the lines about Dryden. He had, no doubt, a pique against Halifax as the patron of Tickell, and the person to whom the latter had dedicated his Translation of the Iliad; and the complimentary mention of him in the Epilogue to the Satires is made only for the sake of his own glorification.

[2] By Addison in his Account of Poets; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator; by Tickell, to his Homer.—WARTON. For the dedications to Dodington, see note to v. 250.

[3] After ver. 234 in the MS.:

To bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,
And snuffed their incense like a gracious God.

When the satire was first written, and applied to Dodington, the line "Horace and he went hand in hand with song" referred to a paraphrase of the first Ode of Horace, by Welsted, in which Dodington's name is substituted for that of Mæcenas. See note to ver. 250.

[4] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues for Plato, Homer, Pindar, etc. *Vide* Fulv. Ursin., etc.—POPE. This note is of course a blind to conceal the personality of the satire, like those on the character of Timon. Compare Moral Essay iv., 141-168.

[5] Dodington's seat was Eastbury, for which see Moral Essays, iv. 20.

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,[1]
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,[2]
To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.[3]
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,[4]
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.[5]
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still![6]

Halifax does not seem to have possessed any great seat in the country, but Pope, in Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 232, praises "delightful Abbs Court," a manor which belonged to him.

[1] The Duchess of Marlborough (Opinions, ii. 156) gives much the same character of him: "Lord Halifax had a vast deal of vanity and much covetousness. He loved dedications and everything of that sort." She adds several instances of his meanness: "When he dined alone he eat off pewter, for fear of lessening the value of his plate by cleaning it often." She suspected of him something still worse than such meanness. He once solicited her bounty for a poor author, and got £100, which she was sure he gave to the poor man as from himself.—CROKER.

[2] Swift says in his Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne, that all the encouragements Halifax gave were "good words and good dinners." Elsewhere he writes:

While Montague, who claimed the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets often table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept;
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy though they wanted shoes.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

Ev'n Johnston writ; and happy in each line,
E'en let him write for me till ninety-nine;
In fame what matter if he miss or hit?
Folly's to him a better friend than wit.

Johnston is probably "Johnson." See note to ver. 186.

[4] This couplet and the next were not in the first edition. It was "no wonder" that Dryden should not have sought the patronage of Halifax, as the latter in conjunction with Prior had satirised the Hind and Panther in the Town and Country Mouse.

[5] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him, by the contribution of several persons of quality.—POPE. Here again Pope seems to wish to veil the personality of the satire on Bufo.

[6] In the Chauncy MS. there are the following variations:

Fools find fit patrons still in every age,
Quarles had his Benlowes, Tibbald has his Gage.

In a MS. note Pope says: "Edward Benlowes, a gentleman of Oxfordshire in the time of Charles I., who patronized all the bad poets of that reign. They anagrammatized his name Benevolus, which cost him his estate." With regard to Gage, it appears from Nichols' Illustrations of Literary History, vol. ii., p. 733, that Theobald applied to be made Poet Laureate, and that Lord Gage interceded for him.

Other variations are:

How pleased I see some patron to each scrub,
Quarles had his Benlowes, Tibbald has his Bubb.

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,[1]
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands![2]
Blessed be the great! for those they take away, 255
And those they left me[3]—for they left me GAY;[4]
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:[5]

And—

Some {kind / scrub} Mæcenas to each poet scrub,
Ducket to Oldmixon, to W—— B——.

In 1726 Welsted dedicated to Dodington his comedy, The Dissembled Wanton, and in 1727 he published "Proposals for translating the whole Works of Horace," with a specimen. The first Ode is applied to Dodington, and begins:

Descended from old British sires,
Great Dodington to kings allied,
My patron thou! my laurel's pride!

Theobald dedicated the Double Falsehood to Dodington. See Nichols' Illustrations of Literary History, vol. ii. p. 710. These variations in the MS. throw much light on Pope's original meaning in the satire on Bufo.

[1] In the Chauncy MS. there are the following variations of this and the next three lines:

{corruption wants / Oft as some job requires} a day's defence,
As oft as envy is at war with sense,
Or lordly pride for flattery makes demands,
Some dunce or other's taken off my hands.

Or:

And peers for flattery make such large demands,
They take a tribe of dunces off my hands.

Or:

And one kind knight, so gracious heaven commands,
Now takes a hundred dunces off my hands.

Barry, in his Lectures on Painting, says: "To use the words of one of the greatest ornaments this country has to boast, 'It appears from the report of the secret committee for inquiring into the conduct of Robert, Earl of Orford, that no less than fifty thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers between February 10, 1731, and February 10, 1741.'"—Page 88.

[2] He alludes to his adversaries in the Daily and Weekly Journals, and is glad when the great whistle off such dogs from worrying him to fawn upon them.—CROKER. The image is rather taken from hawking, the whistle being the signal for slipping the hawk. So Dryden, Annus Mirabilis, Stanza 86:

Have you not seen, when whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoop at what her eye designed?

[3] One of the frequent parodies on Scripture that occur in Pope's works: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Job i. 21.

[4] A stroke at Lady Suffolk, who was always supposed by Swift and at last apparently also by Pope to have been cold in her solicitations for Gay. This, however, was not the case. Lady Suffolk did what she could, but her influence with the King was much smaller than was generally believed. Gay had been offered the place of gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa, but conceiving himself insulted by the offer, had declined it.

[5] Alluding, of course, to his epitaph on Gay.

Of all thy blameless life thy sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn.[1]
  Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)[2]
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.[3]
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.[4]
  Why am I asked what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?[5]
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus)[6] something will come out."

[1] Gay died in the Duchess of Queensberry's house. The Duke and Duchess were forbidden the Court in consequence of what was considered the impertinence of the latter in collecting in the Royal Apartments subscriptions for the publication of Gay's Polly, after the Lord Chamberlain had refused to license the play. The Duchess seems to have had a real affection for Gay. "I often want poor Mr. Gay," she writes to Lady Suffolk, Sept. 28th, 1734, "and on this occasion extremely."

[2] In the first edition the verses were transposed thus:

Give me on Thames's bank with honest ease,
To see what friends, or read what books I please;
There let me live my own, and die so too,
To live and die is all I have to do.

Wakefield points out the source of the latter couplet—Denham's lines on Prudence:

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too:
To live and die is all we have to do.

[3] Alluding to ver. 14—17 in the Epistle to Craggs.

[4] After ver. 270 in the MS.:

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe whate'er it will,
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery lived no fool.

[5] In the Chauncy MS.:

Meantime the town imagined I must write,
And ask'd what works were rising into light.

Compare Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, v. 32.

[6] Lord Orrery says, "Lord Duplin." Pope has placed over the name "Balbus," in the Chauncy MS., the initial and final letters "K—l," which clearly stand for "Kinnoul," *i.e.*, the Earl of Kinnoul (originally known to Pope as Lord Dupplin), for

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will[1] or Bubo[2] makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?[3]
Cursed[4] be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear![5]

whom see note to ver. 121 of Imitation of Horace, Book i., Epistle 6.

[1] Sir William Yonge, Bart., M.P. for Honiton, and K.B. on the revival of the Order in 1725, eldest son of Sir Walter Yonge, Bart. Pope's attacks on him were frequent. He disliked him both as a leading Whig and also as having taken a prominent part in the prosecution of Atterbury. The "lampoon" here spoken of may have been a satirical answer written by Sir W. Yonge to a song by Lady M. W. Montagu.—Dodsley's Collection, vi. 230.

[2] Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. See Moral Essays, iv., ver. 20. Pope afterwards coupled him with Yonge in Epilogue to the Satires, Dialogue i. 68.

The flowers of Bubo and the flow of Young.

[3] The above passage is imitated from Boileau, Epistle vi. 69:

Vient-il de la province une satire fade
D'un plaisant du pays insipide boutade,
Pour la faire courir on dit qu'elle est de moi;
Et le sot campagnard le croit de bonne foi:
J'ai beau prendre au temoin et la cour et la ville:
Non a d'autres, dit-il; on connoit votre style.

[4] After ver. 282 in the MS.:

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately? was it understood?
P. Be nice no more, but with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound,
With GEORGE and FREDERIC roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse?
A. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court-sermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurelled Cibber, and great Arnall shine.
P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

In the Chauncy MS. are the following variations of the lines as they stand in the text:

I sighed and cursed in bitterness of woe,
Nay, cursed be Fame with all its noise and show,
The Fame that made one worthy man my foe,
If Bridgeman, while his head contrives a maze,
Knows not, good man, my satire from my praise.
The friendships formed in youth I cherish still,
Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still;
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery lived no fool.

The allusion to Bridgeman is explained in Pope's note to ver. 74 of the Fourth Moral Essay.

[5] Probably this couplet and the following one are meant to reflect on Lord Hervey. See the quotation from the State Dunces in note to ver. 322.

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;[1]
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;[2]
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,[3]
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;[4]
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

[1] I suspect this refers to Bubb Dodington, and that some such injury, real or supposed, explains Pope's intense animosity against that person. He says in his letter to Swift of 6th Jan., 1734, with plain reference to Dodington: "I hope, and I think, he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him. He is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private to those who know me not."

[2] See Pope's letter to Aaron Hill, Dec. 22, 1731: "It would have been a pleasure to me to have found some friend saying a word in my justification against a most malicious falsehood. I speak of such as have known by their own experience these twenty years, that I always took up their defence when any stream of calumny ran upon them."

Compare Hor. Sat. i. 4, 81:

Absentem qui rodit amicum
Qui non defendit alio culpante.

[3] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.—POPE. See note to ver. 375. The two circumstances he selects had no real application to Canons. The "silver bell" was of course a poetical exaggeration, and the "soft Dean" existed only in an anecdote.—See Moral Essay iv. note to ver. 150.

[4] That is, pervert a general and justifiable satire into a lampoon, and a poetical fiction into a slanderous lie.—CROKER.

Let Sporus[1] tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?[2]
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

[1] In the first edition Pope had the name "Paris" instead of Sporus; it seems a more suitable name. There is, I believe, no account why it was altered.—BOWLES.

On the contrary, Pope himself gives the reason in the notes appended to the quarto edition of 1735, showing the variations from the folio edition:

"Ver. 280. It was originally Paris, but that name having been as we conceive the only reason that so contemptible a character could be applied to a noble and beautiful person, the author changed it to that of Sporus, as a name which never as yet has been so misapplied." Sporus was Nero's favourite. The name therefore conveys a double sarcasm, both against Lord Hervey and the Court. Butler in his Hudibras, Part 2, Canto 2, 655, has two lines which may have suggested the name to Pope.

That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus and Pope Joan.

John Lord Hervey, second son of the first Earl of Bristol. He married "the beautiful Molly Lepell," after Mary Bellenden, the most admired of all the maids of honour. He was admitted, as Vice Chamberlain, to close intimacy with Queen Caroline, and held the office of Privy Seal under Walpole till that statesman was obliged to relinquish power in 1742. He died in 1743. The character of Sporus was a just retribution for the Verses addressed to the Imitator of Horace, and the Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, in which Pope's personal deformity and obscure birth are made the subjects of satire. Though the portrait of Sporus is described by Johnson as the meanest part of this Epistle, it is difficult to suppose that such would have been his deliberate judgment if he had not been prejudiced in favour of Lord Hervey. The morals of the latter, as displayed by himself in his Memoirs of the Reign of George II., show that Pope's satire is as just as it is ardent and poetical.

[2] Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of ass's milk, and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a week; and he used a little paint to soften his ghastly appearance.

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,[1]
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,[2]
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.[3]
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,[4]
And he himself one vile antithesis.[5]
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,[6]
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.[7]

[1] See Milton, book iv.—POPE.

Eve is of course the Queen. Richardson has a note on this passage: "I have heard that this lord had actually a seat managed behind the queen's hunting chaise, where he sat perched behind her close at her ear, but he could never stand it above three or four times. Besides the ridicule of his friends, folks hooted at him as the machine passed along. This I heard, as I say, by accident, four or five years after writing down these collated passages."

[2] Alluding to those frothy excretions called by the people *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.—WARBURTON.

[3] After ver. 322, in the early editions:

Did ever smock-face act so vile a part,
A trifling head and a corrupted heart.

This part of the Satire seems to have been suggested by some lines on Hervey in the State Dunces, a Satire which appeared in 1733:

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er each virgin's fame,
Formed by these softer arts, shall Hervey strain
With stubborn politics his tender brain?

[4] "Now Master up now Miss" is borrowed from Pulteney's Proper Reply to a late scurrilous Libel: "Though it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate hermaphrodite, such a pretty little master-miss, too roughly, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little correction for your good."

In the same pamphlet Lord Hervey is said "to be such a composition of the two sexes that it is difficult to distinguish which is predominant." This pamphlet occasioned a duel between Pulteney and Lord Hervey.

[5] This triplet is not in the folio.

[6] *i.e.* The Council board.

[7] It is rather the old painters than the Rabbins who represent the Serpent under this form. The latter suppose that he assumed the form of a reptile only after the curse had been pronounced upon him. Bishop Patrick says in his Commentary on Genesis: "St. Basil, in his 'Book of Paradise,' saith it was not a frightful crea-

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to Truth, and moralised his song:[1]
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;[2]
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,[3]
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;[4]

ture, as it now is, ἀλλὰ προσηνὴς καὶ ἥμερος, but mild and gentle: not crawling about in a terrible manner upon the ground, ἀλλ' ὑψηλὸς ἐπὶ πόδων βεβηκὼς, but lofty and going upright on its feet. Several of the Jews have been of this opinion."

[1] So in the translation of the Iliad, 7, 140:

He stooped to reason and his rage resigned.

The metaphor is taken from falconry.

Wakefield finds the original in Denham's Preface to the Progress of Learning:

My early mistress now my ancient muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease to infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with disenchanted wings to Truth.

[2] It was reported that he had been beaten in Ham Walks, and that he shed tears from the pain. The story was told in a pamphlet called A Pop upon Pope, which the poet believed to have been written by Lady M. W. Montagu.

[3] In the folio:

The tales of vengeance, lies so oft o'erthrown.

As that he received subscriptions for Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, etc., which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the Nobleman's Epistle. — POPE. The note to the quarto edition begins: "Such as those in relation to Mr. A——, that Mr. P—— writ his character after his death." The truth as to Broome's verses is explained in a note to the Letter of Broome to Fenton, 26 August, 1726. Vol. iii. (Letters) of this edition, p. 125.

[4] Such as profane Psalms, Court Poems, and other scandalous things,

The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;[1]
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,[2]
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—[3]
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court,[4] or Japhet in a jail,[5]

printed in his name by Curll and others.—WARBURTON.

This note appeared in the quarto and later editions as Pope's; "many libellous things," standing instead of "other scandalous things."

[1] The person libelled in the Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and the shape pictured in many caricatures of the day, as in that by Hogarth, where the poet as a hunchback is represented daubing Burlington House with white-wash.

Warton says that Hay, in his Essay on Deformity, has remarked that Pope was so hurt by the caricature of his figure, as to rank it among the most atrocious injuries he received from his enemies.

[2] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parent, and his very nurse aspersed in printed papers by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.—POPE.

This line is a characteristic example of the grammatical incorrectness into which Pope was sometimes betrayed by his efforts after terseness.

[3] So in his versification of Donne's Satires, iv. 178:

Not Fannius self more impudently near
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

Warburton quotes from Timon of Athens:

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.

[4] In the first edition: "Glencus at Court."

Mr. Croker says, "Glencus was obviously a Scot, and I have no doubt old Secretary Johnstone (who was very naturally an object of Pope's dislike), and almost as little as to the reason for which Pope gave him this peculiar name. In 1695 an enquiry was moved in the Parliament of Scotland into the atrocious massacre of Glencoe in 1691, for which King William III. and his Secretary Dalrymple of Stair were responsible. The King was exculpated, but Dalrymple was censured though not punished. Smollet says: 'This motion is said to have been privately influenced by Secretary Johnstone for the disgrace of Dalrymple, who was his rival in power and interest.'"

Pope satirises Johnstone in the First Moral Epistle, under the name of "Scoto." Perhaps he thought that the name of Glencus was, under the circumstances, too complimentary.

[5] Alias Sir Peter Stranger. See Moral Epistles, iii. 86. Epilogue to

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt,[1] or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,[2]
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:[3]
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:[4]
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for Moore.[5]
Full ten years slandered, did he once reply?[6]
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie;[7]

Satires, Dialogue i. 120, ii. 185–189.

[1] So Hudibras:

Like Knights o' the Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge.

The so-called "Knights of the Post" stood about the sheriff's pillars near the Courts in readiness to swear anything for pay.—WARD. (Globe Edition.)

[2] In the MS.:

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit:
Safe, as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the same.

[3] This allusion, with the verses in the MS., ought to be a sufficient answer to those who contend that Pope did not intend Lady Mary by Sappho. The turn of this couplet and the following verses was probably suggested by Boileau, Epistle x. 81:

Deposez hardiment qu'au fond cet homme horrible,
Ce censeur qu'ils ont peint si noir et si terrible,
Fut un esprit, doux, simple, ami de l'équité.

[4] Alluding to his Prologue written for Dennis's benefit night in 1733.

[5] **Cibber** in his Letter to Pope, and with reference to the allusion in v. 97, gives an account of a dinner at which he and the poet were both present. The phrase "rhymed for Moore" shows that the latter had not plagiarised the verses in the Rival Modes, but that Pope had written them for him. See note to Moral Essay ii. 248 and note.

[6] It was so long, after many libels, before the author of the Dunciad published that poem; till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.—POPE.

[7] This man had the impudence to tell in print that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds; the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatsoever.—POPE.

In the folio, after "his Grace" occur the words, "whom Mr. Pope had never the honour to see but twice." Pope refers, in the text and in his note, to the libellous One Epistle

To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
He lashed him not, but let her be his wife: [1]
Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,[2]
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will; [3]

which he believed to be the joint production of Welsted and James Smyth. In this Satire there is a couplet:

Who from the skies, propitious to the fair,
Brought down Cecilia, and sent Cloris there.

To which couplet there is a note: "See verses in Pope's poem, 'To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.'" And in a poem with the title Of Dulness and Scandal, by Welsted, the following lines occur:

Immured whilst young in convents hadst thou been,
Victoria still with rapture we had seen:
But now our wishes by the fates are crossed;
We've gained a Thersite, and a Helen lost:
The envious planet has deceived our hope,
We've lost a St. Leger, and gained a Pope.

Welsted had no doubt heard a rumour that the name of the "Unfortunate Lady" (in reality a mere poetical phantom) was St. Leger.

[1] I suspect the "mistress" is meant for Teresa Blount. As far as we know, there were only two women whom Pope would have believed desirous of "defaming his life," Teresa Blount and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is not likely that the latter was meant, for she is openly aimed at in other passages of this Satire, and besides, the woman alluded to is evidently unmarried. Pope suspected Teresa of having in 1725 spread a malicious report respecting his relations with her sister, and on the 20th July, 1729, he wrote to Caryll that she was engaged in an intrigue with a married man. If she is the person here glanced at, the poet must mean to claim credit for his moderation in refraining from publicly exposing the immorality of his traducers.

[2] Budgell, in a weekly pamphlet called the Bee, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal in the Grub Street Journal; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.—POPE.

In the folio there is an additional sentence: "He took no notice of so frantic an abuse; and expected that any man who knew himself author of what he was slandered for, would have justified him on that article." Pope was beyond all doubt a contributor to the Grub Street Journal, which was conducted by two of his acquaintance, Dr. Russell and Mr. Martyn.

[3] Dr. Tindal, of All Souls College, Oxford, of notorious character, the author of Christianity as Old as the Creation, left the following will:

"I, Matthew Tindal, &c. (after a legacy to his maid-servant), give and bequeath to Eustace Budgell, the sum of two thousand one hundred pounds, that his great talents may serve his country, &c., my strong box, my diamond ring, MS., books, &c.

(Signed) MAT. TINDAL."

The Reverend Nicholas Tindal, his nephew, author of the Continuation of Rapin, declared his suspicion that this will was forged. This was generally credited, and Budgell, in 1737, threw himself out of a boat, and was drowned.—BOWLES.

Let the two Curlls of town and court,[1] abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.[2]
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

[1] Curll the bookseller, and Lord Hervey. He calls Lord Hervey the "Curll of Court," because, like the bookseller, he descends to such low arts as ridicule of his personal defects and his obscure birth. See on this point Letter to a Noble Lord.

[2] In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter (*a*), a farmer, nay a bankrupt (*b*). But, what is stranger, a *nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity;* and the following line:

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,

had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.*

Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the heir of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family. Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished (*c*). The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO POPE. VIRO. INNOCUO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. M.DCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONJUGI. INCULPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS. BENEMERENTIBUS. FILIUS. FECIT.
ET SIBI.—POPE.

(*a*) The allegation that Pope's father was a hatter, was made in Dean Jonathan's Parody on the 4th Chapter of Genesis. Printed for Timothy Atkins, and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster, 1729. "And it came to pass that the nurse died, * * and then the mourning of Pope the son of the hatter was ended."—DILKE.

(*b*) In the "Female Dunciad. Printed for T. Read in White Fryers, and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster," it is said in a footnote: "Mr. Pope's Father was no stranger to a statute of Bankrupt."

(*c*) A notice in the Gentleman's Magazine, 2, 326, containing most of the above particulars about Mrs. Pope, says: "She lived with her son (her only child) from the time of his Birth to her Death; and was carried to the grave by 6 poor men, to whom were given suits of dark grey cloth, and followed by 6 poor women in the same sort of mourning."

That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore![1]
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.[2]
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's[3] from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,[4]
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.

[1] Wakefield says, without giving his authority, that James Moore was of illegitimate birth, and that his mother was an adulteress. Pope or his allies seem to make a similar statement in Memoirs of Grub Street, vol. 1, pp. 93, 107. An account of the loose morals of James Moore's mother is given under the title of "Maura," in a volume entitled Court Tales (1717), p. 90. There is a copy in the British Museum. After verse 385 in the Chauncy MS. followed these lines:

And couldst thou think my honest sire { father was / unknown }
Merely because thou dost not know thine own?
Known he shall be, and loved and honoured long.

[2] Imitated from Virgil, Æneid, ix. 446:

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

[3] In the early editions the name was "Clodio." Mr. Croker suspected that old Horace Walpole was intended by Bestia. He does not give his reasons, but probably his inference was drawn from the name, and from the description given of Horace Walpole's uncouth person and rustic manners in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 324. Horace Walpole the younger, also in a letter to Mann, dated 30 June, 1742, quotes an epigram of the day (A receipt to make a Lord) in which his uncle is called "in morals most wicked, most nasty in mien," and says that he was "*by rapine enriched*, though a beggar by birth." In the State Dunces there is a description of Horace Walpole the elder which goes far to establish the correctness of Mr. Croker's conjecture:

Full placed and pensioned see Horatio stands,
Begrimed his face, unpurified his hands,
To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.

See also note to Imitation of Horace, Epistle i. Book 1, note to ver. 88.

[4] Alluding to the unhappy marriage of Addison with the Countess of Warwick. He thus retaliates not unjustly on Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu—who had ridiculed the obscurity of his birth—by reminding them that alliances with the nobility are not always productive of family happiness:

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath,[1] nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.[2]
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine![3]
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky![4]
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.[5]

[1] He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope.—BOWLES.

[2] Imitated from Horace, Epist. i., x. 33:

Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

[3] After ver. 405 in the MS.:

And of myself too, something must I say
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day;
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or hand, an author; critic yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

[4] Boileau's life affords in this respect a curious contrast to Pope's. He describes himself in his Tenth Epistle, v. 97, as:

Dès le berceau perdant une fort jeune mère,
Reduit seize ans après à pleurer mon vieux père.

[5] An honest compliment to his friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite physician of Queen Anne. —WARBURTON.

Arbuthnot, after Queen Anne's death, was deprived of his appointment and his apartments at St. James's, and removed to Dover Street. He accepted the change in his cir-

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.[1]

cumstances with equanimity. Writing to Pope on the 7th of Sept., 1714, he says: "Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover Street, where he will be glad to see Mr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret . . . I will never forgive you if you cannot use my fore-said house in Dover Street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it."

[1] He makes his friend close the dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the character both of his temper and piety.—WARBURTON.

But the last couplet was originally written as an expression of Pope's own sentiment. The passage containing ver. 406 to the end, with other lines, was enclosed by him in a letter to Aaron Hill, dated 3 September, 1731. It ran as follows:

While every joy, successful youth! is thine,
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have shown
Another's age, shall hasten on my own,
Shall some kind hands, like B***'s or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in sickness shall a friend be nigh,
Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?
Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far is right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

These lines are presumably those to which Johnson alludes in his Life of Thomson as having formed part of a poetical epistle sent by Pope to Thomson in Italy. The reference to Bolingbroke, however, would rather seem to indicate that the "successful youth" was a political or legal friend, such as Lyttelton or Murray.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

SATIRE I.

TO

MR. FORTESCUE.

SATIRE I.

"WHEN I had a fever one winter in town that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke, who came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dropped on the first Satire of the Second Book, which begins, 'Sunt quibus in Satirâ.' He observed how well that would suit my case if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some others of the Satires and Epistles."—POPE to Spence, p. 297.

"The 'Imitations of Horace' seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners there will be an irreconcileable dissimilitude, and the works will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern."—JOHNSON.

It would be interesting to learn if the above was intended to be regarded as a final judgment on London, and The Vanity of Human Wishes, the two works on which Johnson's reputation as a poet mainly rests. The criticism is at any rate only partially applicable to the Imitations of Pope, which, far from being "strained" or "uncouth," are among the most easy and polished of his compositions. What is said about the "irreconcileable dissimilitude between Roman images and English manners," is more true, and many improprieties of this kind will be pointed out in the notes to this edition. Johnson, however, appears not to have properly appreciated the design of Pope, as declared in the Advertisement to these Satires; he would otherwise have perceived that the zest, with which the poet pursued his course of "Imitation," was due much less to the pleasure he derived from finding modern parallels for ancient images, than to his sense of the propriety with which, under cover of adapting Horace, he might

draw the public attention to his own affairs. Indeed, one of the most noticeable features in his Imitations is the latitude which he allows himself in departing from the sense of his original. This is more especially the case in the first Satire, in which it will be found that Pope, though professing to draw a close parallel between his own position and that of the Roman satirist, has most artfully contrived to emphasise the essential differences in their respective situations. The main object of Horace was at once to shelter himself behind the authority of Lucilius, and to point to the favour with which he was regarded by Augustus; he therefore very dexterously leads up his poem to conclude with a compliment to the Emperor, by comparing him, as his patron, with those great Romans of an earlier age, who, for the love of letters, had protected the father of Latin Satire. Pope is far from imitating the modesty of his original. His aim was to wound his enemies and to exalt himself, by describing, in the first place, the dangers from bad men, to which his single-minded love of virtue exposed him, and, in the next place, the familiarity with which he "lived among the great." The Court of George II. was of course the natural parallel to the Court of Cæsar; but Pope belonged to the Opposition, and his rendering of Horace's compliments to Augustus is edged with the keenest irony. While Horace is constantly dwelling on the example of Lucilius, and while the most pleasing passage in his Satire is his description of the old-fashioned simplicity of Roman manners, shown in the relations of the poet with Lælius and Scipio, Pope only incidentally mentions Boileau and Dryden, in order to contrast *their* dependent position with *his* freedom; and in the same spirit he makes Horace's praises of Lucilius' honesty a pretext for enlarging upon his own virtue.

The Advertisement to the Satires was first published in the second volume of his Poetical Works, printed in 1735, and, like his other Advertisements, was intended much more to create an impression than to explain a fact. "The occasion of publishing these Imitations," says he, "was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles." As a matter of fact only *one* Imitation was published on the "occasion" referred to, and a clamour had been raised about only one of his Epistles, namely, the one addressed to Lord Burlington on False Taste. Pope mentions the first Epistle on the Use of Riches with this Imitation, in a letter to Swift of 16 February, 1733: "It was I," he says, "that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter. Yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will

find out." These were, of course, the lines describing his zeal for virtue.

It will be seen that the statement in the Advertisement as to the origin of the Imitations does not quite agree with the statement in the letter to Swift; yet the contradiction is rather apparent than real. If Pope's leading motive in the Imitation was, as he told Swift, to profess his sincere devotion to the cause of Virtue, such professions were, nevertheless, chiefly intended as an answer to his enemies, who had assailed him for the malignity of his satire. This protestation of his zeal and public spirit, however, is not altogether consistent with what he says in the earlier part of the poem, where he rests his case on his right to defend himself.

> *Peace is my dear delight*, not Fleury's more,
> But touch me, and no minister so sore.

The second of these lines expresses an undoubted truth; it may be convenient here to consider how far the assertion in the first is justified by Pope's relations to the persons attacked in this Satire.

In the first place, with regard to his supposed attack on Lady M. W. Montagu under the name of Sappho, what evidence have we that she was the person actually intended? It appears that the town applied the lines about Sappho to Lady Mary, and that she had the indelicacy and the imprudence to urge Lord Peterborough to complain of them to Pope. The latter was naturally very unwilling to undertake such a commission, but, Pope happening to call upon him, he told the poet of the errand with which he had been entrusted. The reply which he received can hardly have been satisfactory to Lady Mary.

"He said to me," wrote Lord Peterborough to his client, "what I had taken the liberty to say to you, that he wondered how the town would apply these lines to any but some noted common woman; that he would yet be more surprised if you should take them to yourself; he named to me four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Ben (Behn), assuring me, that such only were the objects of his satire."

Pope also disavowed the attack upon Lady Mary in his Letter to a Noble Lord; but as he in the same place declared, evidently with irony, that "Lord Fanny." was not meant for Lord Hervey, such a denial seems almost equivalent to an admission of guilt. It is, however, to be observed, that in his first draft of the Imitation, as preserved in the Chauncy MS., Sappho and Lady Mary are satirised separately, the reading in ver. 81 being

> Slander and lies expect from W—y's rage,

and the couplet about Sappho being introduced after ver. 102, in the mouth of Fortescue, with the words "*poisoned* by her hate," instead of

"libelled by her hate." It certainly seems strange that Pope should have intended to satirise Lady Mary under a feigned, as well as under her real, name in the same context, and that he should have charged her with a crime which he afterwards fixed upon Lady Deloraine. On the other hand, it is difficult to suppose that the town would have applied the verses to Lady Mary unless either Pope had secretly explained his meaning, or Lady Mary herself had at once complained to her friends of the couplet. She might indeed have fancied that Pope intended her to recognize herself under a name which he had once coupled with hers in a letter: "I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with *Sappho's*." It seems that Pope considered the propriety of making some alteration in the lines, for he writes to Fortescue on March 8, 1733: "The affair in question of any alteration is now at an end by that lady's having taken her own satisfaction in an avowed libel, *so fulfilling the veracity of my prophecy*." If these words are to be interpreted literally, they appear to show conclusively that Pope meant the offensive couplet for Lady Mary.

In any case, whatever Pope's first intentions were, there can be no doubt that, after the application of the name was once made, he took every opportunity of confirming the general belief as to the person intended. In the Epistle to Arbuthnot he says:

> Sappho can tell you how this man was bit (v. 369).

and in the MS. there is this variation;

> Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
> And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit:
> Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid,
> He writ no libels, but my Lady did.

These lines can of course point to but one person.

On reading the Epistle, Lady Mary wrote to Arbuthnot:

"I have perused the last lampoon of your ingenious friend, and am not surprised you did not find me out under the name of Sappho, because there is nothing I ever heard in our characters and circumstances to make a parallel; but as the town (except you, who know better) generally suppose Pope means me, whenever he mentions that name, I cannot help taking notice of the horrible malice he bears against the lady signified by that name, which appears to be irritated by supposing her writer of the Verses to the Imitator of Horace." (Lady M. W. Montagu's Works, Moy Thomas' edition, vol. ii. p. 20.)

Pope afterwards alluded to Lady Mary under the name of Sappho, in Moral Essays, ii. 24-26, iii. 121 (in both which passages he substituted "Sappho" for other names which had appeared in earlier editions); and in the first Versification of Donne, ver. 6. We may therefore, on the whole, take it for something like a moral certainty that she was here aimed at under that name.

What then was the cause of a quarrel so desperately fought? Mr. Dilke and Mr. Moy Thomas, who belong to a school of criticism essentially sceptical and destructive, are inclined to believe that it was of an extremely unheroic nature. Mr. Thomas, in the careful biographical notice prefixed to his excellent edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's works, attributes the estrangement partly to growing political differences, partly to literary pique; while Mr. Dilke relies on the account of Miss Hawkins and Worsdale the painter, "that the first cause of quarrel between her (Lady Mary) and Pope was her borrowing a pair of sheets from the poet, which, after keeping them a fortnight, were returned to him unwashed."[1] This incident may of course have led to a coolness, and the considerations specified by Mr. Thomas may have been weighty enough to procure Lady Mary a place in the Dunciad; but we can hardly believe that such circumstances, even with the supposed fresh offence given in the "libels" to which Pope refers in his Epistle to Arbuthnot, would have been sufficient in themselves to inspire the savage attack made upon Sappho in this Imitation. Besides, such secondary evidence as Miss Hawkins and Worsdale can give, is hardly to be set against the direct statement on the subject, which comes down to us, on the highest authority, from Lady Mary herself. The story which she told to her own daughter, the Countess of Bute, who repeated it to her daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, was, "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy." (Lady M. W. Montagu's Works, vol. i. p. 92.)

This story is perfectly consistent with the tone of Pope's letters to Lady Mary, and with his expression in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, "Sappho can tell you how this man was bit." Nor is it absolutely inconsistent with what Lady Mary on another occasion told Spence; or with Pope's own account of the rupture in his Letter to a Noble Lord. Spence reports Lady Mary thus:

"I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he had left off visiting me? He answered negligently that he went as often as he used to do. I then got Dr. Arbuthnot to ask him what Lady Mary had done to him? He said that Lady Mary and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together (and I don't remember that we were ever together with him in our lives) to write a satire on some certain persons, that he refused it, and that this had occasioned the breach between us." (Anecdotes, p. 235.)

Pope, on the other hand, says, in his Letter to the Noble Lord, that he had "discontinued their society (that of Lady Mary and Lord

[1] Papers of a Critic, p. 352.

Hervey) because he found they had too much wit for him." Now, Lady Mary's story to Spence is just what we should expect from a clever woman, questioned upon a delicate subject; her answer is quite insufficient to account for facts, but quite good enough to put off the inconvenient curiosity of an amiable gossip. And Pope's account of his reasons or discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance, though scanty and ambiguous, is by no means out of keeping with the "immoderate fit of laughter" with which she says she received his "declaration." It will be observed too that both in his Letter to the Noble Lord and in the Epistle to Arbuthnot he speaks of the effects of Lady Mary's "wit": in the one place he says he discontinued her acquaintance "*because she had too much wit for him*," in the other he confesses that "he liked that dangerous thing, *a female wit*." Indeed, if we consider the characters of both parties in connection with the recorded facts, it will be seen that a collision between two such natures was from the first inevitable. Pope was in every sense of the word an idealist: he viewed himself and all things about him through an atmosphere of imagination; and he was at the same time keenly alive to ridicule. Lady Mary, on the other hand, was utterly deficient in imagination; sharp, clear, and brilliant wit, and shrewd common sense, characterise all her writings; whether she is corresponding with Pope or Lord Hervey, she always insists on reducing their fancies and sensibilities to plain matter of fact. She penetrates the motives of Lord Hervey's sentimental longings for retirement at Ickworth; she translates into prosaic verse Pope's raptures over his two lovers killed in a thunderstorm. It might have been prophesied that, either in his poetry or his person, Pope would receive mortal offence from a critic of such unsparing wit.

The stroke, when it came, was delivered on the most sensitive part of the poet's nature. It is quite unnecessary to suppose that he was passionately in love with Lady Mary. The "declarations" which he is constantly making to her in his letters, he made, with as much sincerity, and almost in identical words, to Judith Cowper and Martha Blount; and, in using language of this kind, he was only conforming with the gallantry fashionable in his age. He calls himself in one of his poems the "most thinking rake alive." His love-making was like his description of Stanton-Harcourt, purely ideal. But his vanity and his artistic sensibility were so strong that he was vexed when he was not believed to be in earnest. To have the declaration of his elaborate passion received with laughter, must have been a rude shock to his vanity, and his acute self-consciousness would have no doubt associated Lady Mary's behaviour with his own physical defects. After all his well-considered expressions of devotion, after the exquisite lines in which he had connected her name with his grotto, ridicule was the refinement of torture. It humiliated him in his own esteem, and

the recollection of the light mockery, with which she had always met his heroics, added to his sense of insult and injury.

These considerations, though they help us to understand the condition of Pope's feelings, afford no excuse whatever for the character of his satire on Lady Mary. The rupture between them was produced by merely personal circumstances; but the satire with which the poet retaliated was public. It is not true, as Pope says in his MS., that "he writ no libels, but my Lady did": the first libel came undoubtedly from his side in the reference to the "hapless Monsieur" in the Dunciad. We indeed see from the Memoirs of Grub Street, that Pope believed Lady Mary to have had a hand in the One Epistle, and to have written A Pop upon Pope; but gross as are the personalities in these wretched productions, still even if Lady Mary had aided in their composition, of which there is no proof, such savage retaliation as the lines upon Sappho would have been unpardonable.

Pope was equally the aggressor in his quarrel with Lord Hervey. He pretends indeed to innocence, but his expressions in his Letter to a Noble Lord are plainly ironical. "I never heard," he says, "of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told an imitation I had made of Horace had offended some persons, and among them, your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few general strokes about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*, a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, that these I say should ever be applied as they have been by any malice but that which is the greatest in the world, the malice of ill people to themselves." This is certainly not meant for a sincere disavowal of offence; on the contrary, the writer means to be doubly offensive by calling attention, under the veil of what he calls "general strokes," to his particular and pointed references to Lord Hervey.

There can be little doubt that the familiarity between Lord Hervey and Lady Mary was the main cause of Pope's displeasure. He gave the first proofs of his dislike by placing Lord Hervey among the authors initialled in the Bathos, and he immediately afterwards impaled him in the first edition of the Dunciad.

> And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
> Impatient waits till * * [Hervey] joins the choir.

The attack culminated in the reference to "Lord Fanny" in the first Imitation of Horace; and after three such deliberate blows it certainly seems a somewhat bold assertion on Pope's part that "Peace was his dear delight." At the same time it must be remembered that, on each occasion, Lord Hervey was attacked only in his literary capacity, which was of course fairly open to public criticism. After the third attack Lord Hervey at last rejoined. Whether he was the sole or the joint author of the Verses to the Imitator of Horace is

doubtful. Mr. Croker found at Ickworth a MS. copy of the verses prepared for a second edition, with MS. notes by the author, without any mention of the "Lady" on the title page. We have also Lady Mary's denial of the authorship in the letter to Arbuthnot. On the other hand the lines are included in a volume of MSS. vouched to by her as her own compositions, and they are much smoother and more polished than most of Lord Hervey's poetical pieces. But the latter had certainly a hand in the verses; the Epistle to the Doctor of Divinity was all his own; and no one can say that the provocation which he had received was sufficient to justify the brutal personality of his retort. After such treatment Pope might fairly claim to have written the character of Sporus in self-defence, nor need we waste much sympathy on Lord Hervey for the injuries he received in the fray. Pope is unjust in his estimate of his victim's intellect; Lord Hervey's Memoirs show that he possessed high statesmanlike qualities, prudence, penetration, and judgment; but they equally show that the character of Sporus was no libel on his heart; all his observations on individuals are made in a spirit of bitter detraction, and his cynical view of human nature is unrelieved by a generous sentiment. His style affords perpetual examples of the correctness of Pope's description of it as "one vile antithesis."

As to the satire on Delia and Judge Page, Mr. Croker says: "Delia was Mary Howard of the Berkshire branch, widow in 1730 of Henry first Earl of Deloraine, and now wife of William Wyndham, Esq., sub-Governor to the young Duke of Cumberland. She herself was governess to the young Princesses. I have not been able to discover the cause of Pope's animosity against Lady Deloraine; it is probable that as she was very silly and imprudent in her talk she may, 'at some unlucky time,' have said something to offend her irritable neighbour. Lord Hervey's Memoirs have brought this lady into more prominent view as a mistress of George II., but her character as exhibited by him is as remote as possible from such dark passions as Pope imputes to her. 'Her Ladyship,' he says, 'was one of the vainest as well as one of the simplest women that ever lived, but to this wretched head there was certainly joined one of the prettiest faces that was ever formed' (Memoirs, ii. 351). I have found in the Hervey Papers an anecdote that may have given rise to the slander about Miss Mackenzie. This young lady of the Seaforth family was one of the maids of honour, and it happened one day that Lady Deloraine addressed her so rudely that she left the dinner table in tears. This incident may have been so exaggerated as to have given rise to the imputation of poison, for I find in a letter to Lord Bristol in 1738, in allusion to the rivalry between the two Royal Mistresses, Lady Yarmouth and Lady Deloraine, he hints that one might possibly get rid of the other by poison, 'as one of them was

shrewdly suspected of doing by the fair Mackenzie,' but this allusion of the good old Earl is no authority, for it is dated five years after Pope had given circulation to the story; but on looking a little closer into the matter, we do not find that Pope positively says that Miss Mackenzie *died* of the poison. Mr. Bowles indeed does, both in the note to this passage, and in his Life, but he gives no authority, and I have ascertained beyond all doubt that Lady Deloraine continued in the family of the young princesses till she was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen, which latter post she resigned in February, 1733, the very month of the publication of Pope's Satires, on her marriage with N. Price, Esq., of Saintfield, in the County of Down. The poisoning therefore could, even in Pope's malicious view, have been no more than a calumny, to which perhaps the scene at the dinner table may have given rise.

"With regard to Sir Francis Page, Pope's enmity would be sufficiently explained, if the statement in Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary were true, that Judge Fortescue Aland, dismissed at the accession of George II., was Pope's friend Fortescue, the interlocutor in this dialogue. But Chalmers was mistaken. Judge Fortescue Aland's name was John, and he was afterwards an Irish peer. Pope's friend was William, Master of the Rolls in 1741. Sir Francis Page, a judge of the Common Pleas, was probably indebted for the bad immortality conferred on him in this celebrated line, and in one or two other passages in Pope's Works (Epilogue to Satires, ii. 189; Dunciad, iv. 30) to his having in 1728 presided at the trial of Pope's unworthy protégé Savage, for the murder of Mr. Sinclair. Savage, no doubt, gave Pope the same angry and exaggerated account of the Judge's deportment, which he afterwards gave to Dr. Johnson. But Johnson, while he produces Savage's representation or misrepresentation of Page's usual insolence and severity, honestly discriminates it from the Judge's charge to the jury, which he gives nearly in the words of the contemporary report of the trial, and which seems temperate and proper, while it is evident that Savage's behaviour at the bar was exceedingly disrespectful and violent. Fielding also, in Tom Jones (Book viii., 2), describes Page still more dramatically, and no less unfavourably, but as Pope's Satire and Johnson's Life of Savage had already popularised the ill-character of Page, its adoption by the novelist is no evidence of its truth."

This Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 14, 1732-3, under the title "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated in Dialogue between Alex. Pope of Twickenham in Com: Midd: Esqr., on the one part, and his learned Councel on the other;" the owner of the copyright being Lawton Gilliver.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

POPE.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

SATIRE I.

TO

MR. FORTESCUE.[1]

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)[2]
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.[3]
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.[4]
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,[5]
Advice; (and as you use) without a fee.[6]

[1] William Fortescue, called to the Bar in 1715, was made one of the judges of the Exchequer in 1735, and of the Common Pleas in 1738, and became Master of the Rolls in 1741. He died in 1749. He was author of the report in the Miscellanies, "Stradling *v.* Stiles." Pope writes to him in Feb., 1732-3: "Have you seen my imitation of Horace? I fancy it will make you smile; but though, when first I began it, I thought of you, before I came to end it I thought it might be too ludicrous for a man of your situation and grave acquaintance to make you Trebatius, who was yet one of the most considerable lawyers of his time, and a particular friend of the poet. In both which circumstances I rejoice that you resemble him, but am chiefly pleased that you do it in the latter.'

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

F * * I *scarce can think it*, but am told.

[3] Referring to the mention of these characters in the Third Moral Epistle, published in 1732.

[4] Pope says in his Letter to a Noble Lord: "Fanny (my Lord) is the plain English of Fannius, a real person, who was a foolish critic and an enemy of Horace: perhaps a noble one, so (if your Latin be gone in earnest) I must acquaint you the word 'Beatus' may be construed:

Beatus Fannius ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine."

[5] In the Chauncy MS.:

You'll tell me like a friend, whate'er it be,
My case.

[6] Horace, with much seeming seriousness, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer, C. Trebatius Testa, an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar and of Tully, as appears from many of his epistles to Atticus; the gravity and self-importance of

F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink:
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine;[1] *Probatum est.*[2]
But talk with Celsus,[3] Celsus will advise
Hartshorn,[4] or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,[5]
You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.
P. What! like Sir Richard,[6] rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd the verse;[7]

whose character is admirably supported throughout this little drama. His answers are short, authoritative, and decisive—"Quiescas; aio;" and as he was known to be a great drinker and swimmer, his two absurd pieces of advice have infinite pleasantry. All these circumstances of humour are dropped in the copy. The lettuce and cowslip wine are insipid and unmeaning prescriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. Fortescue's character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We must also observe, from the old commentators, that the verbs *transnato* and *habento* are in the very style of the Roman law: "Vide ut directis jurisconsultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium jurisconsultum."—WARTON. As to the prescriptions which Warton says are "unmeaning," see notes to ver. 18, 20.

[1] This prescription is suggested by Garth in his Dispensary, Canto 3:

Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those blest opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies.

[2] This couplet does not occur in the Chauncy MS.

[3] In the Chauncy MS. the name is "Hollins." Hollins was Fortescue's doctor. See Letter to Fortescue, number 45, in Bowles's edition.

[4] This appears to have been advice really given by the physician. Mrs. Pendarves (afterwards Mrs. Delany) writes to Mrs. Anne Granville, April 4, 1730: "Dr. Hollins says if people would be convinced of the real service exercise and hartshorn would do them, they would not so much neglect such easy medicines. He prescribes two or three hundred drops to be taken in a day." Autobiography of Mrs. Delany, vol. i. 250.

[5] In the Chauncy MS. the line runs:

If you must write, why not Augustus praise? { compile
But must you write, then { sing
our sovereign's praise.

[6] In the Chauncy MS.:

What! like a torrent.

For Blackmore's knighthood see note to ver. 387 in the Epistle to Augustus.

[7] In the Chauncy MS.:

With ARMS and GEORGE and FREDERIC charge the verse.

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or, nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?[1]
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,[2]
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,[3]
And sweetly flow through all the Royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;[4]
They scarce can bear their Laureate[5] twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,—[6]
It is to history he trusts for praise.[7]

[1] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenarde, when the Pretender and the Princes of the blood of France fled before him. — WARBURTON.

The reference is to Budgell's exquisitely ridiculous poem "On His Majesty's Late Journey to Cambridge and Newmarket." The king is made to go from Cambridge to Newmarket, where he witnessed the races:

On this distinguished day the noble breed
Seemed to exert a more than usual speed,
As if by instinct each contending horse
Knew that Britannia's King beheld the course.
And yet, O Prince, with far superior grace
Might the proud species boast their generous race.
Did they but know on Oudenarda's plain
How greatly one Illustrious Steed was slain,
Well pleased his life in battle to resign,
Pierced with the fatal ball that threatened thine.

The "trembling Angel" is an addition by Pope. After this v. in the Chauncy MS. there are the following lines:

F. Yet generous, good, and just are themes you sing,
Why not our good and just and generous King?
P. I'll take the first occasion, I declare,
But done abruptly, how the King would stare!
F. Some hero then or statesman you may find,
Such to your Homer have been wondrous kind:
The bold Mæonian that in lofty sounds
Paints and immortalises blood and wounds,
Heroes and statesmen read, but o'er epistles
Of good and just and fit a great man whistles.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

Then the whole art of numbers to display
Then all at once my genius to display.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

With soft Amelia's name delight the Nine.

The Princess Amelia was the second daughter of George II., born in 1711. She died in 1786.

[4] In the Chauncy MS.:

Few panegyrics touch their nicer ear.

[5] Colley Cibber.

[6] In the Chauncy MS.:

Alas! our monarch scorns poetic lays.

The contempt of George II. for literature was notorious. Chesterfield says of him: "He thought the *belles lettres* trifles."

[7] Alluding to the office of Royal Historiographer. See Epistle to Augustus, note to ver. 372.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,[1]
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.[2]
E'en those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:[3]
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.[4]
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale[5] his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;[6]

[1] In the Chauncy MS.:

Better be Cibber, Harris, who you will,
Than thus blaspheme all money and quadrille,
Rather than rail at riches and quadrille.

As he had done in the Third Moral Essay, ver. 76. Possibly the Harris here mentioned may be the Bishop of Llandaff, in which case the difficulty mentioned in note to ver. 134 of Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue 1, would be explained, as it would appear that Pope must certainly have had some grudge against Harris.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

Abuse the City's weightiest men in metre,
Or ridicule the rich that trust in Peter.

"Best good men," *i.e.*, the richest men.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

Who 'scapes you now expects you still to rhyme on,
And shakes at every Balaam every Timon,
Even those you name not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. Alas! they tremble for themselves in Balaam,
Each good man trembles for himself in Balaam.

[4] For the fictitious and the real names, see Moral Essays, iii. 91 and 100.

[5] Nicholas Leke, 4th and last Earl of Scarsdale. He was of the Jacobite faction, and was imprisoned in the Tower after the rising of 1715.

[6] In the Chauncy MS.:

All mortals have their pleasure: . . pine.
Ham-pies are Darty's joy, and scribbling mine. coxcombs

This lover of ham-pie owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil, and said he had done justice to his taste; but if instead of ham-pie he had given him sweet-pie, he never could have pardoned him.—WARBURTON.

Charles Dartineuf, or Dartiquenave, was Surveyor of the King's Gardens, and Paymaster of the Board of Works. His character is frequently noticed by writers of the period, among others by Swift in his Journal to Stella. See note to ver. 77 of Moral Essay, i. He was supposed to be a natural son of Charles II. He died in May, 1738. I have found in a cookery book published in 1730, a receipt for a "Westphalia Ham Pie," which will illustrate the meaning of the text, and which is worth preserving, both for its own sake and for Darty's. "First boil your ham, but not too much; take off the skin, and pare off all the rust and outside, and take out all the bones; cut some hacks in it in the inside, and season it with pepper, cloves, mace, and ginger, and wash the top with the yolk of an egg, and season and strow over some thyme and parsley minced; make a

Ridotta sips and dances,[1] till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,[2]
Like in all else as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:[3]
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;[4]

coffin, and put in your ham in the middle, put some forced meat round, and round that partridges, chickens, and pigeons, and some forced meat between; season all; but lay over some hard yolks of eggs, artichoke bottoms quartered, and chesnuts blanched; lay scalded lettuce or asparagus scalded in short bunches; put over butter, and close it and bake it; cut it up and take out the fat, put in some good gravy, and shake it together, and put over it a ragoust of pallats and sweetbreads, cockscombs, morelles, truffles, and mushrooms, and serve it away hot to the table; garnish with the cover cut." The book from which this ingenious idea is extracted, was written by Charles Carter, cook to the Duke of Argyll, and is said on the title page, to have been "approved by divers of the prime nobility, and by several masters of the art and mystery of cooking," of whom Darty was doubtless one.

[1] In the Chauncy MS.:

Ridotta plies the sideboard.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

A ball boy } Lord Fanny loves, a wench his brother.

Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, second son of Sir Stephen Fox, early distinguished in Parliament. Stephen, his eldest brother, was created in 1741 Lord Ilchester. Their personal resemblance was very great, though some of their tastes and habits were different. I know not where (except in this passage) there is any evidence of Stephen's partiality for Hockley in the Hole, a place near Clerkenwell, of vulgar resort for bear and bull-baiting, and the like.—CROKER.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

'Tis all my joy in rhyme to speak as plain
I love in verse to speak my mind as plain } As Master Shippen.

"My chief pleasure is to write satires like Lucilius," says Horace. "My chief pleasure," says Pope, "is —what? to speak my mind freely and openly." There should have been an instance of some employment, and not a virtuous habit.—WARBURTON.

William Shippen, the most faithful and honest of English Jacobites, was sent to the Tower for saying in the House of Commons that the King's (George I.) Speech "seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain; and that 'twas a great misfortune that the King was a stranger to our language and Constitution." He refused to retract this expression, and on other occasions made no secret of his desire for the return of the Stuarts.

[4] In the Chauncy MS.:

Whose soul as certain to be loved as seen,
Stands boldly forth, nor keeps a thought within.

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man,[1] term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,[2]
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.[3]
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;[4]
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes,[5] sharpers, and directors.[5]
Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

[1] Pope told Spence that Lord Bathurst used to call Prior his verseman and Lewis his proseman. Spence's Anecdotes, p. 175. The point of the name "proseman," as applied to Lewis, is explained in a letter of Pope to Lord Bathurst of July 5, 1718. See note 3, p. 324 of vol. iii. (Letters).

[2] Pope wrote to Caryll, March, 1732-3: "You will smile to hear that one or two good priests were gravelled at my saying in the last thing 'Term me what you will, Papist or Protestant, &c.,' not seeing so plain a meaning as that an honest man and a good Catholic might be indifferent to what the world called him, while he knew his own religion and his own integrity."

[3] After ver. 68 in the MS.:

P. 'Twere safer yet, you only lashed the dead,
The heirs of such would hardly break your head.
P. I'd never use my satire or my sword
To draw when no man gives me a cross word,
When neither cut-throats, cheats, nor thieves appear;
Nor Henley, Bl——n, or Macheath are near.
Save but our Army, &c.

Bl—n is very probably "Bladen," whom Pope satirised as a gambler in Dunciad, iv. 560; that is to say, either Martin or Thomas Bladen, probably the latter, for whom see Moral Essay iii. 14 and note.

[4] So Dryden in the Hind and Panther:

He scours the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.

[5] Supercargoes, *i.e.* superintendents of ships' cargoes. Directors had become a term of odium since the bursting of the South-Sea Bubble.

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more: [1]
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,[2]
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,[3]
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.[4]
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,[5]
P—xed by her love, or libelled by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt each creature feels;[6]
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;

[1] "Cardinal Fleury's great principle in politics was to keep peace in Europe as long as it was possible, and by his adherence to this principle, France, during his administration, recovered all the havoc and distress and misery that had been brought upon her by a series of so many years' mismanagement in his predecessor." — Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 84.

[2] So Dryden in the Epilogue to 'Aurengzebe':

The action great, yet circumscribed by time,
The words not forced, but sliding into rhyme.—WAKEFIELD.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

Slander or lies expect from W—y's rage.

This is noticeable. See note to ver. 102, and Introductory Remarks to this Satire.

As to Delia, Bowles says: "A Miss Mackenzie died about this time, and was supposed to have been poisoned from jealousy. A hint of this kind was sufficient for Pope. The person alluded to was Lady D—ne." That is, Lady Deloraine. But see Introductory Remarks.

[4] In the folio:

Hard words and hanging if your J—ge be ——.

Sir Francis Page, a judge well-known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to Mr. Pope to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables other than the judge's name. "But, sir," said the clerk, "the judge says that no other word will make sense of the passage." "So then, it seems," says Pope, "your master is not only a judge, but a poet: as that is the case the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases."—SIR JOHN HAWKIN. As to Pope's feeling against Page, see Introductory Remarks to this Epistle.

[5] In the folio:

From furious Sappho yet a sadder fate.

[6] In the MS.:

Where lies its strength to hurt each creature feels,
Its strength by nature every creature feels.

'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.[1]
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
  Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)[2]
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;[3]
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be displayed,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darkened room to muse invite,
Or whitened wall provoke the skewer to write:[4]
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.[5]
  F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of age you perish for a song![6]
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life![7]

[1] After ver. 88 in the Chauncy MS.:

Mistaken Monsieur } fled to save his throat,
Yet silly Remond }
When nothing was in danger but his note.

See Epilogue to Satires i. 112, and note.

[2] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphrase of the next ten lines.—WARTON.

[3] In the Chauncy MS.:

But to apply and cut the matter short,
Whether I live in { exile / country } or in Court.

[4] After v. 98 in the Chauncy MS.:

{ Deny me paper—mulberries and a clout,
With pen and ink, with mulberries and a clout,
Or ill or well, or in my wits or out.

Or—

Or rich or poor, with paper or without
By G— I'll write with mulberries and a clout.

[5] Nat Lee wrote in Bedlam. Budgell was about this time a busy pamphleteer—and if not absolutely insane, very like it. In April, 1730, he went to the king's levee to present a memorial against Sir R. Walpole, and it was stated in the papers that he was greatly disordered in his senses, an imputation which he denied in a long pamphlet, but which his irregular and irrational conduct, and his suicide in 1736, seem to confirm. —CROKER.

[6] After this couplet in the Chauncy MS.:

How oft from Sappho have I feared your fate,
P—xed by her love, or poisoned by her hate.

[7] "Shylock and his wife" are the Wortley Montagus. See Moral Essays, iii. 94. "Testers" are sixpences, so called from the impress of the Sove-

P. What! armed for Virtue when I point the pen,[1]
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;[2]
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pensioned Boileau lash, in honest strain,
Flatterers and bigots, even in Louis' reign?[3]
Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,[4]
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?[5]
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave?[6]
I will, or perish in the generous cause.[7]
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws:

reign's head—(tête or teste). After this verse in the Chauncy MS.:

F. I dread some great man, or some great man's spouse,
You know one Duchess has forbid her house.

The "one Duchess" was no doubt the Duchess of Buckingham. See note to Moral Essay ii. 137.

[1] From this line to verse 140 is a passage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the English language, in rhyme. — WARTON.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

And can I want to aid this bribeless cause.

[3] Referring to his Lutrin, which was a satire on the Canons of La Sainte Chapelle. Boileau also attacked the Jesuits in his Twelfth Epistle.

[4] After ver. 112 in the Chauncy MS.:

Another Colbert (F * *) shall be seen,
And here, with pride, a King may be a screen.
I leave the world to murmur or commend
To virtue only, and her friends a friend.

Colbert was an intimate friend of Boileau. See the letters, Epitre x. 109.

Que ma vue à Colbert inspiroit l'allegresse.

[5] The pimp and friar were the same person — Father Dominic, in the "Spanish Friar," produced in 1681. Pope implies that the immorality of Charles II. was aimed at in the "pimp," but this was not so. The play was a satire on the vices of the priests, not on those of the Court. It was written after the murder of Thynne, when the anti-Catholic feeling in the country ran high, and Dryden took advantage of the public sentiment. It was a great favourite with Charles II. James II., on the other hand, may be said to have been in a rage with the 'Spanish Friar,' for it was the only play prohibited by him after his accession.

[6] Imitated from Donne, Sat. 4:

Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or raised men,
Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart puft nobility?

[7] This passage deserves careful comparison with the original, on account of the remarkable *difference* of the spirit in which the two satires are conceived. Horace shelters himself modestly under the shield of Lucilius. He points to the boldness which the latter used in the olden time, the immunity which he enjoyed, and the

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To VIRTUE ONLY, AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND:
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.[1]
There, my retreat the best companions grace,[2]
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,[3]
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.[4]

freedom with which he lived in the company of the great. However unworthy I may be, says he, of comparison with Lucilius in genius or station, still I am like him in the company I keep. Pope refers to his predecessors only to make his own independence and love of virtue appear the more shining, and uses his intimacy with the great as an additional recommendation of his upright and fearless character. Horace applies "Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis" to Lucilius; Pope takes it to himself. The style of Horace is genial and pleasant; Pope is fierce and denunciatory; fine as his declamation is, it is much more in the manner of Juvenal than of Horace.

[1] In the Chauncy MS.:

In Twitnam's grottoes all the noise they keep,
Like distant thunders but promote my sleep.

His grotto ran underneath the high road from London to Hampton Court.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

Yet Twitnam still sees some of noble race,
Heroes in peace, and statesmen out of place,
Here, Cyrus-like, brave Mordaunt you may see,
To form a quincunx, or to prune a tree.

Or—

Here, Spain forgotten, Mordaunt you may see,
To dress a dinner, or to prune a tree.

On Lord Peterborough's skill as a cook Sir John Hawkins says in his History of Music (vol. v. p. 305): "In Spain, when he was upon journeys, he was frequently in danger of perishing for want of food, and, when he could get it, was so often constrained to dress it himself, that he became a good cook, and such was the force of habit that, till disabled by age, his dinner was constantly of his own dressing. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green, say that he had a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook, and that he used to retire from his company an hour before dinner time, and having despatched his culinary affairs, would return, properly dressed, and take his place among them."

[3] Pope's quincunx and his vineyard flanked two sides of the bowling green, which was in the centre of his garden.

[4] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, in the year 1705,

Envy must own, I live among the great,[1]
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;[2]—
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell:
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?[3]
F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explained by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hanged for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*[4]
See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!

took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 250 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.—POPE.

[1] Horace makes the point of honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the great,

Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honest man. He prided himself on this superiority, as appears from the following words in a letter to Dr. Swift: "To have pleased great men according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them is a greater." Let. vii., Jan. 12, 1723.—WARBURTON.

[2] In the Chauncy MS.:

Unplaced, unpensioned, meaning all men well,
Not meddling nor reserved, but meaning well.

The line as it stands in the text describes without exaggeration one of the most amiable features in Pope's character. His claims to the qualities described in v. 135 are unfortunately less just. No poet ever made such use of social gossip for the purposes of satire.

[3] In the Chauncy M.S.:

The Courts are open to whoe'er show cause,
And base attorneys will pervert the laws.
This my plea, and this is my precedent,
Unless my learned counsel shall dissent.

[4] In the Chauncy MS.:

Consult the statute, *prim.* I think it is,
Ricardi tert. or anno non. Eliz.

There is no statute "quart. Edwardi sext.," but there were statutes tert. and quart. of Edward VI., and prim. and quint. Eliz., against writing, printing, or singing seditious words. The reference is more exact than could have been expected in rhyme.—CROKER.

But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write;[1]
Such as Sir Robert would approve——

F. Indeed!

The case is altered—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hissed,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismissed.

[1] In the Chauncy MS.:

Such as the King would read, or Gibson write.

Gibson was Bishop of London at this time. In his letter to Swift of 2nd April, 1733, Pope says: "You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires Epistles; they will consist more of morality than wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller."

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

"This discourse in praise of temperance loses much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a person of a much higher rank in life than the honest countryman Ofellus; whose patrimony had been seized by Augustus, and given to one of his soldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief speaker in this very Satire. We may imagine that a discourse on temperance from Horace raised a laugh among the courtiers of Augustus; and we see he could not venture to deliver it in his own person. This Imitation of Pope is not equal to most of his others."—WARTON.

"This Imitation will be valuable to a certain class of readers, because it is written without effort or ostentation; and, in a familiar, yet lively manner, brings us acquainted with the author's domestic establishment and way of life. After a philosophic lesson, which the poet puts into the mouth of his friend Mr. Bethel, as Horace did into that of Ofellus, Pope assumes the discourse at v. 129, and continues it through the remainder of the piece. He here introduces us in the most easy and unaffected manner to his own simple yet hospitable style of living, the result of those philosophic maxims which teach him not to refuse the blessings which Providence has left him, because he cannot accumulate riches; for the want of which he consoles himself by reflecting on the rapidity with which they frequently pass from one to another, or become the prize of the most worthless or the most ignorant of mankind.

"To say, as his critics Warton and Bowles have done, that 'this imitation is not equal to others, and the least successful of any he has attempted, &c.' is to compare it with pieces, the merits of which are of a different kind, but not on that account necessarily greater. There is no kind of composition more pleasing than that which introduces us to the personal acquaintance of the Poet, and enables us to participate not only in his domestic concerns, but in his very thoughts, so as almost to place him in the list of our friends. The difficulty of attaining this, does not consist in style and manner only. Before a person can accomplish it, he must have formed for himself a temper and disposition which will bear to be represented, and this seems to be the true reason why, amongst the innumerable attempts that have been made in this style, so few of them have been attended with success."—ROSCOE.

Mr. Croker was of opinion that this was the Imitation mentioned by Pope in his letter to Swift of 16th February, 1733, as having been written with as little care as he ever gave to anything in his life, and that Warburton's reference in that passage to "1st Satire, 2nd Book" is a typographical error. The question was in his judgment decided by the allusion to the last twenty lines as containing

something complimentary to Swift, which the imitation of the Second Satire does, and that of the first Satire does not. He thought also that the haste and want of finish which Warton and Bowles detected in the piece would be accounted for by Pope's statement. But this judgment is evidently founded on a misconception. It is plain that the poem which Pope sent to Swift with the Epistle to Bathurst was printed for publication, even if it was not published, for Swift —as we see from Pope's expressions in his letter of Feb. 16, and from what Swift says in his letter to Pope, to which the other is an answer—did not know who had sent it; whereas, if it had been in MS. he could not have doubted. The Imitation of the Second Satire was not published till July, 1734, it is therefore very improbable that it should have been in print early in 1733. Pope does not say in his letter that he intended a compliment to Swift, but merely that Swift would discover the motive of the Imitation in the last twenty lines, meaning the allusion to the poet's zeal for virtue, and to his noble friends. Besides, this would seem to be the Imitation mentioned in a letter to Swift, dated 2nd April, 1733, in which he says: "This week, *exercitandi gratiâ*, I have translated, or rather parodied, another Epistle of Horace, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, house-keeping, &c."

Warton is right in thinking this Imitation inferior to most of the others, and Johnson's disparaging criticism on this class of Pope's compositions applies justly to Bethel's sermon. Horace's Satire has a dramatic propriety. The luxurious Romans of the day might admire in poetry, while they despised in real life, the "wise saws and rude mother wit" of the rustic Ofella, preserving as these did the flavour of the old Roman simplicity inculcated by Cato the censor. But to suppose that a society, like that of England under George II., which had by no means lost the principle of liberty, and which was working out a new order of taste and refinement, would listen to the common-place moralising of a country gentleman like Bethel, showed a curious absence of Pope's usual shrewdness and judgment.

This criticism, however, does not apply to the latter part of the poem. Here we may doubtless discover the motive of the Imitation. The poet is again on personal ground, and, though we cannot credit him with all the virtue and philosophy that he claims for himself, Roscoe's observations on the pleasing character of the autobiographical allusions are perfectly just.

This Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, 3rd July, 1734-5, together with a fresh edition of the preceding Imitation, as follows: "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated in Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham in Com: Midd: Esqr., and his learned Councell 4°, and the Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace paraphrased in 4°;" the owner of the *copyright* being Lawton Gilliver.

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

TO

MR. BETHEL.[1]

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

[1] No address is given to this Satire in any of the editions published during Pope's lifetime. The present address is one of Warburton's "improvements;" nothing can be more absurd than making Bethel listen to his own sermon. The poem is not an Epistle but a Satire. Hugh Bethel owned an estate in Yorkshire of £2000 a-year. He was one of Pope's earliest friends, and received from the poet a copy of the first edition of his works published in 1717, with a complimentary Latin inscription. Pope addresses him in the Essay on Man as "blameless Bethel," and gracefully uses the asthma from which his friend suffered as an illustration of his own moral argument. See note to Essay on Man, Book IV., ver. 122. In a letter to Allen, he says: "I have known and esteemed him (Bethel) for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity without any of the weakness of —— ; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor a thing he did not tell." He died at Ealing, in Middlesex, on January 16, 1748.

Go, work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)[1]
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine locked up, your butler strolled abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthawed),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat,)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,[2]
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"[3]
Oh, blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:[4]

[1] These six following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exercises gives it a pleasing variety. The sixth and seventh lines in Horace are nervous and strong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders, *foris est promus*. *Defendens* and *latrantem* and *caro* and *pinguem*, are all of them very expressive epithets: and the allusion to Socrates' constant exercise, &c., ought not to have been omitted.—WARTON.

[2] This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of £1500 a-year in the simple luxury of good living.—WARTON.

Richard Oldfield was after the publication of this Satire, returned M.P. for Windsor by a double return, with Lord Vere Beauclerk, who had vacated on being made a Lord of the Admiralty. In a very full house the Ministerial member was seated on the 27th of November, 1738.—CROKER. He is mentioned again in Imitations of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 87.

[3] A West Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. —POPE.

[4] Two miserable lines; which you would hardly match for poverty in

Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,[1]
Till beccaficos[2] sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;[3]
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,[4]
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,)[5]

the most arrant of his Dunces.—WAKEFIELD.

[1] In Halliwell's Popular Rhymes there is the following from Essex:

The robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive agen!
The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs
Bad luck will sure to follow.

And there is another country rhyme:

The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's birds to hollow.

in which "to hollow" is believed to be the same as 'to hallow," to hold sacred.

The robin appears to be sometimes eaten. Mr. Hayward, in his Essay on the Art of Dining, quotes from the Almanach des Gourmands: "Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi."

[2] The beccafico is one of the rarest of British birds. It is chiefly found on the coast of Sussex, near Worthing, where fig trees abound.

[3] A famous eating-house.—POPE. It was a tavern in Southampton Street, Covent Garden. Pope mentions it again in the Sober Advice:

When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on pea-chicks at the Bedford Head?

[4] Edward Wortley Montagu and his wife, as appears from a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, dated January 27, 1748. "Old Avidien is dead—worth half a million," and he explains in a note that the name refers to the Wortley Montagues. They are satirised for their avarice in several other passages as "Shylock and his wife." See Moral Essays, iii. 94, 115, and First Imitation of Horace, 103.

[5] There is no allusion to Avidienus' wife in the original; and Pope's interpolation is gross. He might have learned better of the Tatler, which even in its own light style thought that "the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound that we know not how to name it." Tatler, 68.—CROKER.

The point of the couplet, such as it

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,[1]
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drowned),[2]
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
First health: the stomach (crammed from every dish,
A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war,)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise[3] from a clergy, or a city feast!

is, lies in the fact that Avidienus is said by Horace to have had the nickname of "Canis." Pope suggests that this may be translated so as to apply equally well, though for different reasons, either to Wortley Montagu or to his wife.

[1] Compare Imitation of Epistle ii., Book ii. 234:

All Worldly's hens, nay partridge sold to town.

It seems almost too extravagant a stroke to make Avidien charge his friends for the game which he sent them as presents.

[2] Edward Wortley Montagu when a boy ran away to sea three times. It was probably on one of these occasions that the report of his death by drowning reached his parents. See Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. iv. pp. 626-8.

[3] A strange instance of false grammar and false English in using *rise* for *rises*.—WARTON.

Warton seems to overlook the fact

What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.[1]
  On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,[2]
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:[3]
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?
  Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?[4]

that Pope meant to indicate two sets of guests, aldermen and clergymen; "each worshipful and each reverend guest."

[1] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. And, therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, he describes that languor of mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato: "affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ." To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule from the doctrine which he believed, upon those preachers of it whose feasts and compotations in taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprising humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the original.—WARBURTON.

[2] Pope frequently exceeded. Dr. King (Anecdotes, p. 12) after telling a story of him at a dinner at the Earl of Burlington's, says: "Pope's frame of body did not promise long life, but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

[3] This thought is taken from Terence, Phormio, ver. 1, 9. Senectus ipsa est morbus: "Old age is itself a disease."—WAKEFIELD.

[4] Cockscombs were an ingredient in

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)[1]
Who has not learned fresh sturgeon and ham-pie[2]
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has licked up all thy pelf,
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.[3]
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?[4]
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:

the ham-pies of which Dartineuf was so fond. See Imitation of Satire i. v. 46.

[1] He would appear to be quoting some cynical song or saying of Lord Hervey's. Cynicism is a vein which Lord Hervey in his Memoirs loves to display.

[2] Compare Imitation of Satire i. ver. 46.

[3] The imagery is elegant, and is finely conducted by a continuity of appropriate diction. It proceeds on the modern theory, which also was the doctrine of the Epicureans, that luminous bodies produce their effects by a continual emission of particles from their surfaces, and of consequence by a *shining away* or decrease of their quantity. But the praise of originality must be paid to Sheffield, from whose Ode to Brutus our poet seems to have derived it:

But Truth, unveiled, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.—WAKEFIELD.

[4] Compare Moral Essays, iv. 198. He refers to the dangerous state of the churches built in Queen Anne's time, some of which were founded on boggy land, and others were badly executed through the frauds of the contractors.

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M * * o's was, but not at five per cent.[1]
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity;
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:[2]
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.[3]
In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands,[4] than if now excised;[5]

[1] The Duchess of Marlborough. Coxe says (Life of Walpole, chap. 24): "The Duchess's enormous wealth enabled her occasionally to forward or obstruct the public loans, and she was highly offended with Walpole for presuming to raise money at a less interest than she had required." On the other hand, the Duchess herself says in her Opinions, under the year 1737: "From the beginning I lent such sums to the Government as reduced the interest from six per cent. to four per cent., thinking it would have a good effect on the security of the nation; and at that time he could not have procured such sums without me." Walpole himself acknowledged in 1726 (Coxe, ii. 452) that he thought himself obliged to the Duchess for the credit and service she had done the Government by lending it for several years so great a sum of money. It appears from the British Chronologist under June, 1732, "the Duchess of Marlborough about this time advanced £300,000 on the Salt Duty." The satire in the text was of course published before the compact between Pope and the Duchess. See Introductory Remarks to Second Moral Essay.

[2] See note [1], p. 305, on Bethel.

[3] It is noticeable in this place, that Pope departs from the spirit of the original. Horace continues his portrait of Ofella, and puts the contented sentiments that follow into his mouth; Pope, on the other hand, seeks only to display his own character in an amiable light. In the same way, in the First Imitation, he appropriates to himself the zeal for Virtue, which Horace ascribes to Lucilius. See note to v. 47 of that Imitation.

[4] Mr. Pope had South-sea Stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.—WARBURTON.

[5] Walpole's Excise project, magnified by the rumours of the Opposition into a scheme for a General Excise, was brought forward in 1733. Compare Moral Epistles, iii. 120. This Imitation appears from Pope's letter to Swift of 2nd April, 1733, to have been written during the Excise year, though it was not published till 1734.

In forest planted by a father's hand,[1]
Than in five acres now of rented land.[2]
Content with little, I can piddle here,
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,[3]
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place)
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Though double taxed, how little have I lost![4]
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.[5]
My lands are sold; my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's;[6] is not that my own,

[1] Pope's father bought twenty acres of land in Windsor Forest, which he sold in 1716.

[2] This was just the extent of his grounds at Twickenham.

[3] The wall, I suppose, was that along the high road; his separation rom the cottages on each side of his lawn consisted, as appears from the drawings, only of hedges.—CROKER.

[4] In 1723 a bill was passed for aising £100,000 by a tax on the Roman Catholics over and above the double land tax which they paid. Pope says to Caryll in a letter written some time in 1723: "If this bill passes, I shall lose a great part of my income."

[5] As a standing army was one of the first-fruits of the Revolution of 1688, the year of Pope's birth, his philosophy was not severely tested by this change of fortune. The maintenance of a standing army was one of the stock arguments used by the Opposition to show the danger to which liberty was exposed under Walpole's administration. In a debate in 1738, after the publication of this Imitation, Shippen declared, in reference to the army, that the Tories, as desiring the reduction of the forces, had proved themselves truer friends to Revolution principles than the Whigs.

[6] Mrs. Vernon's. See note to v. 166.

POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).[1]
"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift!) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build without a son or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?[2]
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;[3]
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

[1] From Hom. Odyssey, xv. 84:

χρὴ ξεῖνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν.

In Pope's translation it is:

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

[2] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20th, 1743, he says: "My landlady, Mrs. Vernon, being dead, this house and garden are offered me in sale, and I believe (together with my cottages on each side my grass plot next the Thames) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life), I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things, that the friend who should like it was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure, that does not stop short of the grave." So that we see (what some who call themselves his friends would not believe) his thoughts and prose were the same. —WARBURTON.

Mrs. Vernon possessed Twickenham Park, which had belonged to Robert, Earl of Essex, who gave it to Sir Francis Bacon. He sold it for £1800. Thence it came into Lord Cardigan's family, who sold it to King William, who gave it to Lord Albemarle, who sold it to Mr. Vernon.—CROKER.

[3] The expression well describes the surprise an heir must be in to find himself excluded by that instrument, which was made to secure his succession. For Butler humorously defines a Jointure to be the act whereby parents turn

Their children's Tenants, ere they're born.
—WARBURTON.

Compare the general spirit of this passage with Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 246–263.

At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damned, and all's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;[1]
And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight:[2]
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fixed, and our own masters still.

[1] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old mansion.—WARTON.

The "booby lord" was William Grimston, born 1692, created May 29, 1719, Baron of Dunboyne in the county of Meath, and Viscount Grimston. He wrote when 13 years old, a play called "The Lawyer's Fortune, or, Love in a Hollow Tree," which was printed in 1705, and reprinted, years afterwards, by the old Duchess of Marlborough, with the frontispiece of an elephant dancing on a tight-rope, to bring ridicule on Grimston, who was a candidate for the representation of the borough of St. Albans in Parliament, in the opposite interest to the Duchess. Swift says of him, in reference to this play,

> The leaden crown devolved to thee,
> Great poet of the "Hollow Tree."

One of the lines in the play was "There let us rest our weary limbs till they more weary be." Grimston represented St. Albans in five Parliaments, and died 15th of October, 1756. Pope's sneer at his stupidity does not seem to have had any better foundation than party feeling and the bad play published in his boyhood.

[2] Evelyn in his Diary, June 11, 1696, speaks of "Duncombe, not long since a mean goldsmith, having made a purchase of the late Duke of Buckingham's estate at near £90,000, and reputed to have near as much in cash." Murray's Handbook of Yorkshire says: "In 1695 the trustees of *the Duke of* Buckingham sold Helmsley for £90,000 to Sir C. Duncombe, Secretary to the Treasury, temp. James II. He left it to his nephew Thomas Brown, who took his name, and built the present house (*a*), Duncombe Park, in 1718. His great great grandson was created Baron Feversham in 1826."

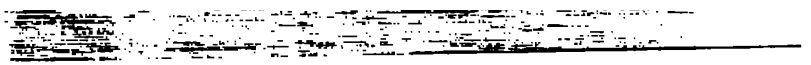
Duncombe was prosecuted in 1701 for frauds on the Exchequer. "He had been ordered by the Commissioners of the Excise to pay ten thousand pounds into the Exchequer for the public service. He had in his hands, as cashier, more than double that sum in good milled silver. With some of this money he bought Exchequer Bills, which were then at a considerable discount: he paid those bills in; and he pocketed the discount, which amounted to about four hundred pounds. Nor was this all. In order to make it appear that the depreciated paper, which he had fraudulently substituted for silver, had been received by him in payment of taxes, he had employed a knavish Jew to forge indorsements of names, some real and some imaginary."—MACAULAY. Hist. of England, chap. xxiii. In consequence of a discussion between the two Houses of Parliament, he seems to have escaped the penalty imposed on him by the Bill passed by the Commons, which provided that two-thirds of his real and personal property should be confiscated for the public service.

(*a*) This house was burned down in 1880.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.



"THIS piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true friendship."—WARBURTON.

Warburton's expressions seem exaggerated. It is difficult to understand how he can have preferred this piece to the splendid Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book, or to the First Satire. Like the next Epistle, it is indeed highly finished, but like that it labours under the disadvantage of being a reproduction of Roman sentiment and philosophy which neither Pope nor any modern writer could treat *con amore*. "Nil Admirari" was a text on which an easy man of the world in the Court of Augustus could expatiate, in a spirit quite unlike that of the modern cynic who contents himself with the belief that "there's nothing new, nothing true, and it don't signify." What Horace seems to say is that, as everything in the external world appears mutable and uncertain, men should steadily pursue whatever they choose as their end in life, without turning to the right or the left. Whether you prefer to philosophise, he says, to lead a life of active virtue, to make money, to succeed in politics, to indulge in dissipation, or to treat existence as a jest, in any case be "thorough"; adapt your means to your end; above all preserve your equanimity. He does not attempt to set up any standard of right or wrong; as his principles are those of a sceptic his tone is ironic; all these pursuits, so runs his argument, are vanity, but if you only immerse yourself sufficiently in action, you may contrive to keep the unpleasant reflection out of your mind.

Such sentiments were as different as possible from Pope's. Though Pope's own standard of morality cannot be said to be definitely Christian, yet he was affected by the established doctrines of religion, and his many solemn protestations of his zeal for virtue, his denunciations of the public corruption, and his praises in other places of such characters as Barnard and the Man of Ross, show the feeling that separated him from the light-headed unconcern of Horace. There is a solemnity of tone in many parts of this Epistle, and though he follows closely the line of Horace's argument, yet when he comes to the passages on gluttony and debauchery, he feels himself

obliged to modify the conclusions of the original. The address to Murray is full of fine and poetic feeling.

This Imitation was published by Gilliver in 1737.

It was registered at Stationers' Hall, 14th Jan., 1737, as follows: "The Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace, Imitated by Mr. Pope;" the owner of the copyright being Alexander Pope.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO

MR. MURRAY.[1]

"Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."[2]
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.[3])
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend, whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.[4]

[1] William Murray, afterwards the famous Earl of Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He was born 2nd March, 1705, was made Chief Justice in 1756, and died 20th March, 1793.

[2] So Milton, Paradise Regained, iv. 362:

What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so?

[3] Creech published his translation of Horace in 1684. Pope, as he himself says, borrows the two first lines of his translation of this Epistle. Creech is said to have committed suicide during a fit of insanity occasioned by the refusal of a fellow collegian to lend him money.

[4] Pope, in a manner not unusual with him, gives a religious turn to the atheistic indifference of the original. Compare Imitation of Satire ii. Book ii. vv. 79, 80, where, as Warburton says, he mitigates Horace's Epicureanism.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire:
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away:
For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,[1]
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe,[2] blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

[1] In the House of Lords, and in the Courts of Chancery, and at Westminster.

[2] "Murray," says Lord Campbell, "was attached to a young lady of beauty, accomplishments, and birth, and she listened favourably to his suit. But her family requiring a

Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brightened Craggs's, and may darken thine: [1]
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords: [2]
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
Racked with sciatics, martyred with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by battered beaux invited over,
And desperate Misery lays hold on Dover.[3]

sight of his rent-roll, were not contented that her jointure and pin-money should be charged upon his rood of ground at Westminster Hall, and married her to a squire of broad acres in a midland county."—*Chief Justices*, ii. 339.

[1] Lady M. W. Montagu says in her account of the Court of George I.: "His (the younger Craggs) father was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk." This statement has been repeated by Lord Macaulay, but it rests on mere gossip. The truth is, that the elder Craggs was the son of Anthony Craggs, Esq., of Hole House, near Walsingham, in the county of Durham, a gentleman of some estate, which he however had to mortgage or sell in consequence of his extravagance. James came to London in 1680. He found a patron in the Earl of Arundel, and having obtained the appointment of *steward* to the Duke of Norfolk, afterwards married a lady of good fortune. See Mr. Moy Thomas's note on Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters and Works, vol. i. p. 230.

Murray was fourth son of the fifth Viscount Stormont.

[2] There is a parody of these lines, said to be by Cibber:

Persuasion tips his tongue, whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

Pope's couplet has been often noticed as a specimen of the Bathos, but it is not quite so much so as it sounds, as he is speaking of Murray pleading before the highest tribunal of the land, the House of Lords in its judicial capacity, "conspicuous scene;" and then he carries on the idea, "another yet is nigh."—CROKER.

This is just, but Pope ought to have perceived that the *local* association would predominate, and when taken in connection with the highly rhetorical construction of the first line would conspire to produce a "bathos." The slip is the more unfortunate as it to a certain extent spoils the effect of the fine and ingeniously turned compliment to Murray that immediately follows.

[3] Two quack doctors. Joshua Ward's statue is in the Society of

The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.
Would ye be blessed? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;[1]
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal[2] leads the way,

Arts. The British Chronologist says, under Nov. 1734: "Mr. Ward, returning from France, where he had done a great many cures, having cured a servant of the Lord Chief Baron Reynolds, in a very desperate case, by his pill and drop, which his Lordship acknowledged by a public advertisement this month, Mr. Ward's medicines came into high reputation, and he was attended by all degrees of men; but gave his medicines to the poor gratis." Besides the "battered beaux" here spoken of, he was consulted by some who could not be so contemptuously described. H. Walpole writes to Mann, 20 January, 1760: "I don't know what to say about Ward's medicine, because the cures he does in that complaint are done in person. He rubs his hand with some preparation, and holds it upon your forehead, from which several have found instant relief."

[1] On Lord Hyde's (*i.e.*, Lord Cornbury, for he died before his father) return to England, his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him, with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank. All Lord Hyde's answer was: "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold? or at least how could you know my price so exactly?" It was on this account that Mr. Pope compliments him with that passage:

Disdain what Cornbury disdains.
—SPENCE.

The pension was offered and refused in 1732. See Gay's letter to Swift, March 13, 1732. It seems doubtful, however, whether Lord Cornbury was quite immaculate. He was suspected of dealings with the Pretender during his travels. He died in 1753 of a fall from his horse. Lady M. W. Montagu says, in a letter to the Countess of Bute, dated July 23 of that year, "I am sorry for the untimely death of poor Lord Cornbury; he had certainly a very good heart: I have often thought it a great pity it was not under the direction of a better head." See also "1740," v. 18 and note.

[2] Matthew Tindal, D.C.L., Fellow of All Souls (died 1733), *denied a church* in his treatise, "The Rights of the Christian Church asserted against the Romish and all other Priests, &c.," 1706. He was very far from *denying virtue*. On the contrary, his thesis that Christianity is only a republication of the religion of nature, lays an exclusive stress on virtue. The allusion in the word *denies virtue*, is probably not to any moral theory, but to the loose conduct attributed to Tindal. Cf. Dunciad, ii. 399:

Toland and Tindal prompt at priests to sneer.—PATTISON.

Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words,[1] and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark the advantage;[2] just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubbed a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis[3] birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse).
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Asked for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.[4]

[1] Compare Moral Essays, iii. 334.

[2] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid. Those divinities, as Horace has described them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conspire in giving their various accomplishments to this favourite of fortune.—WARTON.

[3] John Anstis, the Garter King at Arms. He was born at St. Neots, 28 Sept. 1669, and represented the Borough of St. Germains from 1702–1714. In 1714 he was made Garter King at Arms, and died 4 March, 1744. Prior has an Epigram upon him:

> But coronets we owe to crowns,
> And favour to a Court's affection;
> By nature we are Adam's sons,
> And sons of Anstis by election.

Compare Epilogue to Satires ii. 238.

[4] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these three ladies, the unlucky play, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry, even

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves:
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blessed,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
  But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levée, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

when he is most moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. — WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken some pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these ladies were, and what the play they patronised. It was once said to be Young's "Busiris."—WARTON.

It is highly probable that the Duke of Wharton was the patron and Young the author meant, for it is known that Wharton was a munificent benefactor to Young, and he is said to have given him £2,000, and he certainly granted him two annuities, afterwards the subject of a Chancery suit, soon after "Busiris" was acted, so that the minor liberality imputed to him is extremely probable. It would then be doubtful whether the "luckless play" was "Busiris" or "The Revenge"— the latter seems the more likely, for "Busiris" was played on 7th March, 1719, and ran nine nights with great applause, whereas "The Revenge," though afterwards more popular, ran only six, and made no sensation. — CROKER.

It is said that Wharton gave Young £2,000 for "The Revenge," saying afterwards it was the best bargain he ever made. Whether or not Wharton was meant, it is not very likely that Pope, as some suppose, is here referring to the Duke of Chandos. The praise of "gloriously confounding" his wealth, though true enough of Chandos, is scarcely complimentary, and seems intended to be ironical, and we may be sure that Pope would not have ventured a second stroke at the Duke. It is more probable that he meant to throw the public off the scent, by assigning to Timon a trait that was applicable to somebody else than Chandos.

"This may be troublesome, is near the chair:
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,[1]
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did,[2] but could not eat at night,
Called, happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo,[3] or Ty—y's crew,[4]

[1] So Dryden in Translation of Persius, Sat. v. :

Up, up, says Avarice: thou snor'st again.
—WAKEFIELD.

[2] There was a Lord Russel who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt anything of that he would cry out, "Oh! I have found it!" turn short round and ride home again, though they were in the midst of the finest chase. It was this lord who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger, called him a "happy dog."—POPE in Spence's Anecdotes.

Francis, elder brother of the celebrated Lord William Russel, born in 1638, died in 1678.

[3] The Earl of Kinnoul married Lord Oxford's daughter, and, while Lord Dupplin, was a great friend of Pope and Swift. He seems to have impaired his fortune by his extravagance, and to have lost the esteem of his friends. Lewis writes to Swift, 30th June, 1737, of the second Lord Oxford: "God Almighty has given him the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man, Lord Kinnoul." To which Swift replies, 23rd July of the same year: "I never was so much deceived in any man as in that execrable Lord Kinnoul, whom I loved extremely, but now hate beyond expression." He was ambassador in Turkey, and afterwards at Lisbon.

[4] James O'Hara, Earl of Tyrawley, appointed ambassador to Lisbon, January 13, 1728. See British Chronologist under that date. See Horace Walpole to Mann, 15th November, 1742: "My Lord Ty-

From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well-travelled, and transformed to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,[1]
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"[2]
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:[3]
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

rawley is come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and fourteen children." His indiscriminate debauchery is alluded to in the Sober Advice, v. 122. He was, however, distinguished both as a soldier and as a diplomatist, and is frequently mentioned in Lord Chatham's Correspondence.

[1] The allusion is to a verse of the Earl of Rochester's in his Letter from Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country:

The cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown.

This line seems to have been well-known about this period. Mrs. Pendarves (Mrs. Delany) quotes it in a letter to Mrs. Anne Granville, of New Year's Day, 1728. See Autobiography of Mrs. Delany, vol. i. p. 150.

[2] "I choose," says he (Swift), in a letter to Mr. Pope, "my companions amongst those of the least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write it is on the most trifling subjects." And again: "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose or bad verses, either of Rage or Raillery," &c. And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay: "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle!"—WARBURTON.

[3] The turn of these verses is noticeable as compared with the original. Horace says nothing about his advice, "vivas in amore, jocisque," being worse than any other of the plans of life he had been enumerating; but Pope probably felt that a recommendation to any of his hearers, who felt so inclined, to acquiesce contentedly in the cynicism of Swift or the prodigality of Rochester, was not exactly becoming in a poet who called himself a Christian, and prided himself on his virtue. The truth is that Horace's Epistle was incapable of Imitation. Its humour, no less than its philosophy, belongs entirely to the Pagan world.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THIS Imitation is highly finished, like the last, but it is open to objections of the same kind. We feel throughout what Johnson calls the irreconcileable dissimilitude between Roman images and English manners. In truth Horace's own Epistle seems on first reading somewhat insipid; the point, however, lies in its burlesque motives. The poet pretends to excuse himself for his laziness in writing, on high Stoic principles; the gravity with which he elaborates his philosophy; the fidelity with which he copies the minute manner of the Stoics in reasoning about commonplaces; the sublime conclusion as to virtue; and the final bathos about the cough, are all admirable. These characteristics Pope has not attempted to reproduce. His Epistle to Bolingbroke seems to be written in all seriousness; but if the Stoic philosophy sounded somewhat commonplace to the Romans under Augustus, it must have appeared ten times more so to society under George II. The best part of the Imitation, and probably the chief motive of the poet himself, is the passage reflecting on the monied interest which Pope cordially hated. There are many ingenious applications of the original; on the other hand some of the parallels—as that of Aristippus and St. Paul—are more smart than just, and in one passage at least (through too close an adherence to the Latin), his satire upon his own times completely misses fire. (See note to v. 86.)

This Imitation was advertised in the London Magazine of March, 1738, the publisher being Dodsley. The title page in the folio, however, bears the date of 1737.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?[1]
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
See, modest Cibber now has left the stage:[2]
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;[3]
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's cause.[4]

[1] This satire was written in 1738, when Pope was in his fiftieth year. Bolingbroke was in France, whither he had retired in 1735.

[2] Colley Cibber retired from the stage in 1730. He reappeared on it, however, in 1744, when he was over seventy.

[3] He is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's house at Bevismount, near Southampton.—Warton.

So in Moral Epistles, iv.

Load some vain church with o
state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate.

[4] In the folio: "Br—— cause."

In the former editions it was "Britain's cause." But the terms are synonymous.—Warburton.

Pope certainly never intended them to be synonymous except in the ironical sense of his Epistle to Augustus. The commentator, however, had more to gain from flattery than the poet.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."[1]
Farewell, then, verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care, for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock:
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.[2]
Sometimes a patriot,[3] active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton,[4] her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true;

[1] The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus.—POPE.

The new turn given to the image "senescentem equum" in the original is admirably poetical.

[2] *i.e.*, Choose either an active or a contemplative life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances. For he regarded these writers as the best schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: Montaigne excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and Locke in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.—WARBURTON.

[3] "Patriot" was the name assumed by the younger members of the Opposition to distinguish them alike from Ministerial Whigs and Jacobites.

[4] George Lyttelton, son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley in Worcestershire, born 1709. Before his elevation to the peerage he sat in Parliament as member for Okehampton, and was a leading speaker on the side of the Opposition. He wrote much both in prose and verse that is now forgotten. Lord Waldegrave says of him: "Sir George Lyttelton was an enthusiast both in religion and politics; absent in business, not ready in a debate, and totally ignorant of the world: on the other

Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,[1]
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;[2]
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;[3]
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;

hand his studied orations were excellent; he was a man of parts, a scholar, no indifferent writer, and by far the honestest man of the whole society." He died August 22, 1773. See Epilogue to Satires, i. 47.

[1] Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.—POPE.

There is an impropriety and indecorum in joining the name of the most profligate parasite of the Court of Dionysius with that of an Apostle. —WARTON.

There is also an entire perversion of St. Paul's meaning. The Apostle says, "I am made all things to all men *that I might by all means save some*," while Pope says afterwards that Aristippus "*won his way* by yielding to the tide."

[2] I know not why he omitted a strong sentiment that follows immediately:

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.—WARTON.

He did not omit it; he probably intended to render it in the line:

And win my way, by yielding to the tide;

but he seems to have misunderstood the character given by Horace of Aristippus, who did not so much win his way by *yielding* to the tide, as by endeavouring to turn all circumstances to his own advantage.

[3] Here we have one of the frequent instances of "incorrectness" in Pope. He simply means "can want nothing," whereas he appears to say that the poorest are unable to endure want.

I'll do what Mead[1] and Cheselden[2] advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.[3]
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words, and spells, which can control,
Between the fits this fever of the soul:[4]
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bug-bear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty![5]

[1] Speaking of his obligations to this great physician and others of the faculty, in a letter to Mr. Allen about a month before his death, he says: "There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know." —WARBURTON.

Mead is referred to in another connection in Moral Essays, iv. 10.

[2] William Cheselden, Lithotomist and Anatomist, born 1683, died 1750. Pope's opinion of Cheselden was very high. In answer to an enquiry of Swift's who Cheselden was, he says in a letter of 25 March, 1736: "It shows that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery, and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone." Cheselden was thoroughly acquainted with Pope's constitution. He told Spence: "I could give a more particular account of Mr. Pope's health than perhaps any man. Cibber's slander is false. He had been gay, but left that way of life upon his acquaintance with Mrs. B."

[3] In a letter from Bath, dated Nov. 21 (the year not given), Pope writes to Cheselden, apparently with reference to his eyes: "Here are three cataracts ripened for you, Mr. Pierce assures me."

[4] Pope might remember Dryden's version of the fourth book of Lucretius:

The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.
—WAKEFIELD.

[5] Pope has given life to the image,

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.[1]
There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preached to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul![2]
From him whose quills stand quivered at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.[3]

and added terror to the simple expression Pauperiem.—WARTON.

On the other hand he has omitted to express by any equivalent the energy of the man's flight "per mare, per saxa, per ignes," all the elements. "Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole," is a fine and vigorous line; but it wants the headlong rush expressed in Horace's verse.

[1] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The original is:

Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum,

which only says that as silver is of less value than gold, so gold is of less value than virtue: in which simple inferiority, and not the proportion of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object conciseness, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning.—WARBURTON.

[2] These lines are pregnant with the equivocation in which Pope delighted. In the first place they have an obvious local meaning, including all "London's voice" between the East and West Ends, the voice of the Court and the City. They have an equally obvious application to the two parties in the Church. St. James's, the great stepping-stone to preferment in the Church, had had a succession of "Low" Rectors, Tenison, Wake, Clarke, and Secker; while St. Paul's was the great stronghold of the High Church party, the Dean at this time being Francis Hare, the chief opponent of Hoadley in the Bangorian controversy, and the staunch champion of Church Authority. There is, I think, a third meaning in the word "low." Pope thought that "low St. James's" would be applied by many to St. James's Court, in which case they would find a pointed allusion to the love of money which was a notorious feature in the characters both of the King and the Queen. "Low St. James's" would then be equivalent to "the mean Court."

[3] There is an officer called Tally-cutter in the Exchequer, but he is

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; as
"Pray, then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.[1]

subordinate and so near in rank to the clerks with quills, that I do not see Pope's meaning. I have no doubt, however, that the satire is aimed at those great offices in the Exchequer which used to be the great political prizes—auditors, tellers, chamberlains of the Tally Court. Horace Walpole junr. had one with the humble name of usher or door-keeper, which produced him near £5000 a year.—CROKER.

The tallies used in the Exchequer answered the purpose of receipts, as well as simple records of matters of account. They consisted of squared rods of hazel or other wood, upon one side of which was marked, by notches, the sum for which the tally was an acknowledgment; the amount being shown by the number of notches, with separate divisions for pounds, shillings, and pence. On two other sides of the tally, opposite each other, the amount of the sum, the name of the payer, and the date of the transaction, were written by an officer called the writer of the tallies; and after this was done, the stick was cleft longitudinally in such a manner that each piece retained one of the written sides, and one half of every notch cut in the tally. One piece was then delivered to the person who had paid in the money, for which it was a receipt or acquittance, while the other was preserved in the Exchequer. Tallies were discontinued at the remodelling of the Exchequer in 1834. The fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament was supposed to have been caused by the overheating of the flues in which the discarded tallies were being burned.

[1] There is here a curious impropriety, as well as a perversion of the sense of the original. Horace says: "You have virtue, sense, and spirit, but your income is some six or seven thousand short of forty thousand; you will therefore remain a plebeian." He alludes to the Roscian Law, by which the fourteen rows of benches next to the orchestra at the theatre were reserved for the equites with an equestrian property standing of forty thousand sesterces. In Rome money itself conferred a certain status on its possessor, but in England the case was different. Pope points to the worthless noblemen who receive honours and decorations, and justly contrasts them with Barnard; but what the latter wanted, in order to be honoured in the same way, was not money, of which he had plenty, but *birth*: "Barnard, thou art a cit."

[2] It cannot now be discovered to whom these names belong. So soon does satire become unintelligible.—WARTON.

Warton was too hasty in giving up his search after these names; the first and last I have certainly, and the second probably, discovered. The passage originally ran:

As Bug now has and Bestia fain would have,
* * * *
Bestia and Bug their honours, &c.

The harness for a slave is clearly the decoration of one of the knightly orders, and we know, from the Marlborough Correspondence, that the Duke of Kent, K.G., was known by the nickname of Bug. We shall

Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth; [1]
But Bug and D*l, their honours, and so forth.
Yet every child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."

see in a note on the second Dialogue of the Epilogue to the Satires that this Duke was supposed to have been one of those stigmatised by Pope as disgracing the star, and when he was first named for it the Duke of Marlborough wrote: "As to the Garter I think it should not be given till the Queen is sensible of the shame it would be to let so worthless a creature as Kent have it." It is therefore certain that *Bug* was the Duke of Kent. Bestia was, I believe, meant for old Horace Walpole, who though a diplomatist never had, though Pope may have naturally thought that he fain would have, the Bath. Perhaps, however, Pope found that old Horace wished for more substantial rewards; at all events in a subsequent edition he substituted for Bestia the very opposite character of Dorimant, a young man of high fashion in the comedy of the *Man in the Mode*. Who then is Dorimant, whose name we see in the subsequent line contracted into a monosyllable D*l? The asterisk must be filled up by a vowel, and I believe it was meant for *Del*, and that Dorimant was the young Earl of Deloraine, who had lately succeeded his father, and who we know *aliunde* was dissatisfied with the Court, though we did not know on what account. It now seems probable that he wished for the Bath, which his father had had, and which the young lord never obtained, for he died young a couple of years after this satire was published. We have seen from the preceding satire Pope's enmity to Lady Deloraine, and it is highly probable that it extended to her stepson. On the whole I have no doubt that Dorimant and D*l meant Deloraine.—CROKER.

Henry de Grey, Earl of Kent, had the staff in 1704; he was made a Duke in 1710; and received the Garter in 1712. The nickname of "Bug" is applied to him in a letter from Maynwaring to the Duchess of Marlborough (dated 1709); and its origin is suggested in a note of the Earl of Dartmouth to Burnet's History of His Own Times, under the year 1704: "The Earl of Kent was strong in nothing but money and smell, the latter to a high degree." Swift also alludes to this characteristic in Examiner 26, and in some verses written in 1741 (a year after the Duke's death), on the New Knights of the Garter, the following lines occur:

That short bit of riband, for man never meant,
May serve little Portland that served little Kent.
Though stained . . . by nasty old Bug,
What tied an old monkey may hold a young pug.

The Duke of Kent died on the 5th of June, 1740.

[1] Sir John Barnard, born of Quaker parents in 1685, was elected M.P. for London in 1722, was knighted in 1732, and became Lord Mayor in 1737. See Epilogue to Satires, 2, 99. He was one of the most prominent members of the Opposition, and was highly respected by Walpole, who used to say that after Barnard and Polwarth had spoken, the worst part of the attack was over. He died at Clapham on 29th August, 1764, and the inscription "Humani generis decus" was placed on the base of the statue previously erected to him.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's armed without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compared to this a minister's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
The new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;
If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.[1]
Or he,[2] who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble stare;
If honest S*z[3] take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park:
'Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave:"[4]

[1] Lord Hervey's Memoirs describe the rivalry between the German and Italian Opera, which grew in 1734 as serious an affair as that of the Greens and Blues at Constantinople. The Court was Handelist; the King and Queen sat freezing at the empty Haymarket Opera, while the Prince with the Tory nobility filled that of Lincoln's Inn Fields.—PATTISON.

Both Pope and Swift sneer frequently at music, and they have perpetuated their contempt in the epigram, written by one of them on the rivalry between Handel and Bononcini:

Strange all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

[2] *i.e.* Who counsels best, who whispers (v. 101)—or he who, &c.? The construction is obscured by the length to which the first alternative is drawn out. The original is free from this defect.

[3] Augustus Schutz, the elder of two sons of Baron Schütz, a German who came over with George I., and settled his family in England. Augustus had been equerry to George II. when Prince, and became Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to the King, with whom he was in great personal favour.—CROKER.

[4] Observe the difference between the original and the Imitation. Pope turns Horace's reflections on the fickleness of the People into an attack on the vices of the Court. See following note.

Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion,[1] at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,[2]
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;[3]
The rest, some farm the poor-box,[4] some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;[5]

[1] The transition is faulty. Horace, in describing the people as a many-headed *beast*, naturally connects his train of reflection with the fable of the sick lion. He says: "Even if I follow the advice of the People, and take to public life, at which of the many objects of popular ambition shall I aim?" Pope introduces a forced contrast between the Court and the People, and the word "Well," with which this paragraph opens, would only be proper if he were considering an objection.

[2] The undertakers for advancing loans to the public on the Funds.—WARBURTON.

[3] This looks like a stroke at Marlborough,

Infamous for plundered provinces.
—Essay on Man, iv. 298.

[4] Alluding most probably to a society calling itself the "Charitable Corporation," by which thousands were cheated and ruined.—BOWLES.

See note to Moral Epistles, iii. v. 100.

[5] I believe that the allusions in this couplet are both to the same person, and that they are explained by a satire of Sir C. H. Williams, called "Peter and Lord Quidam." In this poem Lord Quidam, who is much reduced in his circumstances, comes to consult Peter Walter how to make money. The latter advises him to hunt for a fortune, and

No labour spare
To be some rich old childless dotard's heir.

He then counsels him what method to pursue:

For rarities beat all the town about.
The fresh Thames salmon, and the Fordwich trout;
The fattest ven'son and the plumpest quail,
The green corn partridge and delicious rail
Procure and send him.

The soundness of his advice he illustrates by successful examples; among others by the following:

Even worthless Sydney's praise I must not grudge,
The assiduous dry-nurse of a wealthy judge;

While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.[1]
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour,[2]
Sir Job sailed forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich-hill!"
Up starts a palace,[3] lo, the obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in town."

His tea he made, his meat at table carved,
His words he echoed, and his looks observed;
With him he went the circuit, to take care
His supper to bespeak, his sheets to air;
And though at last his hopes were here dismayed,
He'd been before a gainer by the trade;
The sweets he tasted once he could not leave,
He got by Topham, though he lost by Reeve.

The person satirised is Lord Sydney Beauclerck, fifth son of the first Duke of St. Albans, and a notorious fortune-hunter. The "childless dotard," on whom he "fawned" in vain, was Sir Thomas Reeve, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the one who actually left him his estate was Mr. Topham of Windsor, mentioned in the Fourth Moral Essay, v. 7. The "rich widow" he *nearly* won was Lady Betty Germaine. Lord Sydney was very handsome, and had persuaded Lady Betty to marry him, but she was dissuaded from the match, Horace Walpole says in a note to the above passage, by the Duke of Dorset, and got off by paying Lord Sydney £1000. The latter afterwards succeeded in securing a wife with a fortune, Miss Norris, with £60,000. See Historical Register, under Nov. 1736. The admiration excited by the beauty of his person is mentioned by Lady M. W. Montagu in a letter to the Countess of Mar, dated April, 1727.

[1] The intensity of contempt in this couplet, and indeed through the whole of the above very characteristic passage, shows the bitterness of Pope's feeling towards the monied interest, which he expressed at greater length in the Third Moral Essay.

[2] This is very inferior to the terseness of the original. "But grant," says Horace, "that some pursue one object, some another, is there a man who can 'act consistent himself with himself an hour.'" Pope would seem to have mistaken the force of "esto."

[3] Perhaps Sir Job may have been Sir Gregory Page Turner, who built a noble palace on Blackheath.—DILKE.

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner[1] to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;[2]
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary![3]
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined[4]
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,

[1] *i.e.* a polisher. A new invention about this period. Gay says in his Trivia, Book ii., 165, that the god of fire

Bears a generous part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.

[2] The profusion of powder on the wig marked the beau, the snuff on the band the sloven. Tom Brown, in his Letters from the Dead to the Living, describes the beau of the early part of the eighteenth century: "We met three flaming beaux of the first magnitude; he in the middle made a most magnificent figure, his periwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he bestowed upon it at least a bushel of powder, I warrant you." Bands were the last surviving portions of the old ruffs.

[3] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See Moral Epistles, ii. 24.

[4] Alluding to Cardinal Ximenes and other dignitaries of the Romish Church, who practised this among their other austerities.—WAKEFIELD.

Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale[1] apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?[2]
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none),
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title,[3] without fortune blessed;
Rich e'en when plundered,[4] honoured while oppressed;
Loved without youth, and followed without power;
At home, though exiled—free, though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demigod?

[1] In the folio "Hales, Doctor of Bedlam." Dr. Richard Hales, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[2] See Essay on Man, iv. 390.

[3] By Bolingbroke's attainder he was deprived of his seat in the House of Lords, and this disability, in spite of his solicitations, was never removed.

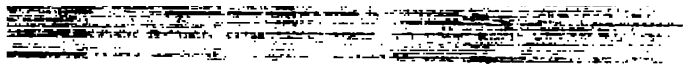
[4] Bolingbroke's estates were forfeited by the Act of Attainder, but were restored to him on his return to England in 1725.

[5] This of course, though applicable to Oxford, was never true of Bolingbroke, who fled from the country without waiting to stand his trial.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.



WITH this Motto in the first edition:—

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.—HOR.

"This fine imitation was first published in 1737. The strong satire with which it abounds was concealed with such delicate art and address, that many persons, and some of the highest rank in the Court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and ministry, and congratulated themselves that Pope had left the Opposition, in which he had been engaged. But it may seem strange they should not see the drift and intention of such lines as the six first, the twenty-ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-sixth, the three hundred and seventy-sixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines."—WARTON.

"Pope, in his celebrated letter to Lord Hervey, has the *hardihood* to boast himself '*a man who never wrote* a line in which the *religion or government of his country*, the ROYAL FAMILY, or *their ministry*, were disrespectfully *mentioned*.' The case was very much altered, when *he wrote this Imitation*, the drift of which cannot be mistaken. I have before taken notice of the *circumstances* of the *times* when it was published, which the reader should keep in mind, as they are the best comment on some passages of particular severity.

"No one, however, can be insensible of the great powers of language, and consummate dexterity of satire, which this Epistle evinces."—BOWLES.

This is certainly the finest of all the Imitations. The admirable skill with which the courtly compliments of Horace are converted into the keenest sarcasm, the ingenuity of the parallels, and the sound common sense of the criticism, all combine to give the poem the air of a spirited original composition. It is difficult to believe that any one can have been so stupid as to imagine that Pope's compliments to the King were seriously intended; indeed, we know that he was in danger of a prosecution in consequence of v. 224, which fact alone would seem sufficient to prove the incorrectness of Warton's statement.

The Imitation was published by Cooper, and, as appears from a letter of Barber to Swift, appeared on the 23rd June, 1737.

It was registered at Stationers' Hall, 6th March, 1737, as follows: "Horace, Epistle i., Imitated by Mr. Pope;" the owner of the copyright being Robert Dodsley.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an Absolute Empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first against the taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their

predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great Prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.—POPE.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

TO AUGUSTUS.[1]

WHILE you, great patron of mankind![2] sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;[3]
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,[4]
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;

[1] The king's name was George *Augustus.*

[2] All those nauseous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a strain of abject adulation, degraded himself by paying to Augustus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed sarcasms, conveyed under the form of the most artful irony.—WARTON.

[3] This has been thought a very obscure expression; but it should be remembered that irony is the leading feature of this Epistle. It was written in 1737, at the time when the Spanish depredations at sea were such that there was an universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the contemptible and degraded English braved on their own element. "At this period," says Mr. Coxe, "the House was daily inundated with petitions and papers relating to the inhumanities committed on the English prisoners taken on board of trading vessels." "Opening all the main" means, therefore, that the King was so liberal as to leave it *open to the Spaniards*, who committed with impunity whatever outrages they pleased, on those who were before considered the almost exclusive masters of it.—BOWLES.

Rather, "Open all the main" has a double meaning. It seems, on the surface, to mean, "open all the main to English trade;" but what is actually meant is, as Bowles says, that the main was left open only to the Spaniards. By the treaty of 1667, the Spaniards had the right of searching merchant vessels in those seas for contraband goods, and the manner in which they exercised the right provoked the liveliest indignation in England. The public excitement reached its height over what Burke calls "the fable of Jenkins's ears."

[4] I have not ventured to alter the punctuation, for the passage stands as here pointed in all the early editions as

How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry,[1] now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gauls subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed,
Or laws established, and the world reformed;
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind![2]
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquered but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour passed,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.[3]

well as in Warburton's. But I cannot help thinking that the comma after "chief" was originally an error, which was left uncorrected; and that the comma should be placed after "arms." Bowles indeed, says: "This line means quite the contrary. The people were wearied with so long a period of peace, and in 1738 the public mind was agitated almost to frenzy, and the cry of instant war, retaliation, and revenge, resounded from one part of England to the other; it is therefore with the bitterest sarcasm that Pope exclaims: 'Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend.'" But besides that it is a clumsy piece of irony merely to say bluntly the exact opposite of what is really meant, and that there is much awkwardness in the second apostrophe to the King as "chief," the point of the satire seems to lie, first, in the words "chief in arms," alluding to the King's notorious desire to command the army in person (see Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 371); and, secondly, in the words "abroad defend," meaning that George II. was more careful for the interests of Hanover than for those of England, which was of course one of the stock charges of the Opposition.

[1] Edward III. and Henry V.

[2] That is to say, "closed their long glories with a sigh at finding how unwillingly the gratitude of base mankind was given."

[3] He seems indebted to Waller's poem on the Protector, throughout this noble passage:

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no distemper when 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.
Had you, some ages past, this age of *glory*
Run, with amazement we should read your story:

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confessed
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.[1]
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,[2]
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:[3]
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;[4]
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green:[5]

But living virtue, *all achievements past*,
Meets *Envy still*, to grapple with *at last*.

Again, in his verses on St. James's Park:

Those ruins of empire! where they rise, they set. – WAKEFIELD.

[1] Compare Epistle to Addison, v. 35:

With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.

[2] After modernising January and May and The Wife of Bath, Pope was hardly the man to make this reflection.

[3] Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII., a volume of whose verses has lately been reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.—POPE.

Pope doubtless alludes to the volume called "Pithy, Pleasant, and Profitable Workes of Maister Skelton." Printed for C. Davis in Pater-noster Row. 1736.

Skelton was Laureate before the year 1490. He took orders in 1498, and was censured, and perhaps suspended from his priestly office, for his satirical ballads against the Mendicants. He afterwards attacked Cardinal Wolsey, and was obliged to take shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he was entertained and protected by Abbot Islip till his death in 1529. He was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Erasmus styled him "Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus."

[4] Compare ver. 97.

[5] A ballad made by a king of Scotland.—POPE.

Our James I. was eminent for poetry no less than for music. We have many poems ascribed by tradition to that king; one in particular, Christ's Kirk o' the Green, is a ludicrous poem, describing low manners with no less propriety than sprightliness.—LORD KAMES.

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.[1]
Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In every public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.[2]
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England[3] he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,[4]

[1] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club.—POPE. Ben Jonson presided over the Apollo Club at the "Devil," which was next door to Child's Bank in Fleet Street. The tavern was pulled down when the Bank premises were extended in 1788.

[2] This is a stroke at the contemporary rage for spectacular and acrobatic exhibitions of all kinds upon the stage in the place of legitimate drama. Sedley notes the beginning of the new taste after Dryden's disappearance from the stage:

Poets of different magnitude advance,
In humble confidence of song and dance.
Ballons and tumblers please, though poets fail.

[3] Courtesy of England is restricted in law to the single case of not disturbing the husband in the enjoyment, for his life, of his wife's estate after her death. Pope applies it loosely to the case of not disturbing the claim of a poet to rank as a classic where a prescriptive title of a full century could not be made out.—PATTISON.

[4] The allusion in Horace is to the

And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,[1]
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
  Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.[2]
Ben, old and poor, as little seemed to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.[3]
Who now reads Cowley?[4] if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;[5]
Forgot his epic,[6] nay Pindaric art,[7]
But still I love the language of his heart.

fallacy called Sorites, and is said to refer to the sophism of Eubulides of Miletus, the question being how many hairs could be pulled out of a man's head before he could be said to be made bald.

[1] The old chronicler. He is mentioned again in the Versification of Donne, Sat. iv. 131.

[2] Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his dotages.—POPE.

[3] This must mean "seemed as little to heed the life to come which is part of every poet's creed." The criticism is not just. Jonson worked to the last with painful art, and his Ode to Himself, after the failure of the New Inn, is a bitter philippic against the bad taste of the public:

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
  And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
  On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
  Whose appetites are dead!
  No! give them grains their fill,
  Husks, draff, to drink and swill:
If they love lees and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

[4] Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), who, in his own age, enjoyed a greater reputation than perhaps any poet of the seventeenth century. He was the head of the "metaphysical" school of poetry, which had in Pope's time gone completely out of fashion.

[5] "Wit, abstracted from its effects on the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of discordia concors; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit thus defined they" (the metaphysical school) "have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises: but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased."—JOHNSON, Life of Cowley.

[6] Cowley's Epic is called the Davideis.

[7] Which has much more merit

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,[1]
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,[2]
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment checked what Fletcher writ;[3]
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;[4]
But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.[5]
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."[6]

than his Epic, but very unlike the character as well as numbers of Pindar.—POPE.

Dryden continued Cowley's Pindaric style, but it had no doubt lapsed in Pope's time, and even when revived by Gray and Collins, with more inspiration, it was coldly received.

[1] The poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.—POPE.

[2] Compare Dunciad, ii. 223.

[3] There is no trustworthy account of the origin of the literary partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher. It was no uncommon thing for managers in the Elizabethan period to employ more than one poet on a play. Thus no less than five poets were engaged in the production of a lost play called Two Harpies. It is, however, probable that the co-operation of Beaumont and Fletcher was the result rather of private friendship than stage convenience.

[4] Nothing was less true than this particular. But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism: in some things right, in others wrong, as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.—POPE.

The criticism on Wycherley and Shadwell was made by Rochester, in his Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace:

Of all our modern wits none seem to me
Once to have touched upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.

Pope said to Spence: "Lord Rochester's character of Wycherley is quite wrong. He was far from being slow in general, and in particular wrote the Plain Dealer in three weeks."—Anecdotes, p. 200.

[5] Thomas Southern, best known by his play of Oroonoko, born 1660, died 1746. See Pope's lines to him, On his Birthday, 1742.

Nicholas Rowe, born 1673, died 1718. His best known tragedies are The Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, and Lady Jane Grey. Johnson says of him: "He seldom moves either pity or terror; but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding."

[6] John Heywood may be called the father of the English stage. His Interludes form the connecting link between the "moralities" and the regular drama. Compare Dunciad, i. 98.

All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.[1]
To Gammer Gurton[2] if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,[3]
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,[4]
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:[5]
Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;[6]

[1] The "vox populi," as far as it is the verdict of a mere passing majority, need be nothing more than the voice of fashion; but from the decision of the world,—quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,—there is no appeal. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." Pope, however, seems here to mean no more than that the judgment of the people is partly right and partly wrong.

[2] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.—POPE.

It is said to have been written by Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The oldest extant edition of the play is dated 1575.

[3] The public never "denied the Careless Husband praise." The play was always popular, and retained the stage throughout the last century. Cibber tells us in his Apology that he wrote the first two acts in 1703, and then laid the play aside in despair of being able to find a Lady Betty Modish. Afterwards, having discovered Mrs. Oldfield's genius, he finished the piece and assigned the part to her. In his letter to Pope, he seems to doubt whether Pope's line was intended to be really complimentary; but the poet could be candid if he chose. Congreve's opinion was less favourable. He says: "Cibber has produced a play, consisting of fine gentlemen and fine conversation together, which the ridiculous town for the most part likes; but there are some that know better."

[4] In the folio Pope inserted a note: "Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal measures as well as the language of Chaucer." Spenser seems really to have thought that the language had become corrupted since the time of Chaucer, whom he calls "the well of English undefiled."

[5] Alluding to the hexameters, pentameters, and Sapphics, in his Arcadia. There was a considerable tendency to this "pestilent heresy" (as the late Lord Derby called it) in Elizabeth's times. Spenser himself addressed some very lame English hexameters to Gabriel Harvey.

[6] "Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain that there are no flats among his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together?"—

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.[1]
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,[2]
Or damn all Shakespeare, like the affected fool
At Court, who hates whate'er he read at school.[3]
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more[4]
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er);

DRYDEN, Preface to Translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace.

[1] The quibbles passing between angel and archangel probably refer to the jests of Satan and Belial in the battle of the Angels, Paradise Lost, Book 6, 609–628. The "school divinity" of the First Person of the Trinity is most pronounced in the Third Book of Paradise Lost.

[2] This may be either understood as a metaphor from a hedger's bill-hook, or, as Warburton takes it, of the brackets in which Bentley used to enclose the lines which he considered spurious. Pope himself applies the word "hook" in this sense to Bentley's critical method, in a note to Dunciad, iv. 194. Probably he intended both meanings. Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 164.

[3] Alluding to Lord Hervey's affected depreciation of classical education in his Letter to a Doctor of Divinity:

All that I learned from Dr. Friend at school,
By Gradus, Lexicon, or Grammar-rule,
Has quite deserted this poor John-Trot head,
And left plain native English in its stead.

See Pope's remarks on these lines in his Letter to a Noble Lord.

[4] Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, born 1636, died 1713. He was the chief friend of Cowley, and Pope, according to Spence, called him a "worse Cowley."

Thomas Carew, born about 1589, died in 1639. Pope said of him to Spence: "Carew (a bad Waller), Waller himself, and Lord Lansdowne, are all of one school; as Sir John Suckling, Sir John Mennis, and Pryor are of another." It is hard to say what he meant by this subtle classification. Carew had certainly on the whole more in common with Sir John Suckling than with Waller, who was obviously the first of the fathers of the eighteenth-century style. Carew, on the other hand, was of Ben Jonson's line. The ground on which all the poets enumerated met in common was "conceit," the bane of seventeenth century verse.

Sir Charles Sedley, father of Catharine Sedley, Duchess of Dorset, a wit and courtier in Charles II.'s reign. He was born in 1639, and died in 1701. His verse is of the fashionable amatory description peculiar to that period, and is praised by his friend Rochester in a characteristic manner:

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art
That can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.

One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthened thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.[1]
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's banks where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;[2]
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,[3]
Or well-mouthed Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names)[4]

[1] So Dryden, in his Essay on Satire:

When one poor thought sometimes left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.

Roscommon, in his Essay, seems also not unattended to:

The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French-wire would through whole pages shine.— WAKEFIELD.

[2] Pope had criticised Shakespeare's manner in the preface to his edition published in 1725. Theobald in his subsequent edition cast some reflections on his presumption.

[3] Thomas Betterton, the son of one of King Charles I.'s cooks, was born in 1635, and had a greater reputation than any actor on the English stage from the Restoration till his retirement in 1710, which took place only a few days before his death. He is described vividly in Cibber's Apology, and a still more minute account of his characteristics is given by Anthony Aston in a pamphlet called A brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esq., his lives of the famous Actors and Actresses:"

"Mr. Betterton, although a superlative good actor, laboured under an ill figure, being clumsily made, having a great head, a short thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and had fat, short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach. His left hand frequently lodged in his breast between his coat and waistcoat, while with his right he prepared his speech; his actions were few but just; he had little eyes and a broad face, a little pock-fretten, a corpulent body and thick legs, with large feet. He was better to meet than to follow, for his aspect was serious, venerable, and majestic, in his latter time a little paralytic; his voice was low and grumbling, yet he could tune it by an artful climax, which enforced universal attention, even from the fops and orange-girls; he was incapable of dancing even in a country dance."

[4] An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *proper names* of Greeks and Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.— POPE.

It is evident that Pope had a

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards or Merlin's prophecy,[1]
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.[2]
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remained, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword[3]
Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored;

grudge against Booth, and the reason of his resentment is to be found in a letter of Dennis to Booth (B.B.) 18th Dec., 1714 (printed among the libels against himself, collected by Pope), in which the former says: "*You are in the right, sir*—Windsor Forest is a wretched rhapsody, not worthy the observation of a man of sense," showing that Booth had first expressed the same opinion to Dennis. At the same time Pope disliked the solemn and formal style of the old school of acting, and was enthusiastic in his praise of Garrick, who was the first to introduce a more free and natural manner.

[1] A translation of the so-called Prophecies of Merlin had been published by T. Heywood in 1641.

[2] "It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, but their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers they would thrust out us, their hopeful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation."—DRYDEN'S Preface to his Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

[3] This passage (139–188) should be closely compared with the original. The comparison will show the difficulties of the Imitation, the ingenuity with which Pope encountered them, and the faults into which he fell in his desire to produce striking modern parallels to the Latin. Horace is arguing against the idea that the merit of his poetical predecessors was a fixed standard to which it was necessary that all modern poets should conform. He illustrates his argument, first by showing how rapidly Greece ran through all the circle of the arts, and then how the Romans exchanged their rustic simplicity for literary refinement; thus proving by two instances that the fickleness of taste was the conse-

In every taste of foreign courts improved,
"All by the king's example lived and loved."[1]
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,[2]
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, softened into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flowed to human form:
Lely on animated canvas[3] stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.[4]
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauched at Court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.[5]
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.[6]
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;

quence of the mutability of human affairs. Pope, on the other hand, confines himself to a sketch of the progress of taste in England since the days of the Restoration, but as he imitates Horace's text in detail his argument becomes confused; lines 155–160 are entirely irrelevant; and the following passage, 161–180, is not properly connected with the general argument.

[1] A verse of the Lord Lansdowne. —POPE.

From his Progress of Beauty:

From the loud palace to the silent grove,
All by the king's example live and love.

[2] In horsemanship to excel—And every flowery courtier writ romance. The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship; the Romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances, translated by persons of quality.—POPE.

[3] Dryden says in his Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller, that the painter's figures

From their animated canvas came,
Demanding souls, and loosened from their frame.

[4] This charming line bears a wonderful resemblance to one in an exquisite Greek epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable that Pope could have seen:

'Η τακέρηις λεύσσουσα κόραις μαλακωτέρον ὕπνου.—WARTON.

Sir Peter Lely (1618—1680) painted the Court Beauties of Charles II.

[5] The Siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England.—POPE.

Compare Imitation of Epistle i., Book i. 105.

[6] See note to ver. 139.

Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.[1]
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care,
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir:
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the Court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.[2]
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He served a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;[3]
E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,[4]
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance.

[1] This is borrowed from Prior's Letter to Boileau:

A consequential ill which Freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause.
—WAKEFIELD.

[2] He seems to allude here, as in Imitation of Satire ii., 2, 156, to the disuse of the custom of saying grace.

[3] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at that time.—POPE.

It was the poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour in assigning to him that medical aphorism of regular practice, "periculum faciamus in corpore vili."—SCRIBLERUS.

See note to Imitation of Horace, Epist. vi., Book i., v. 57. From the notice in the British Chronologist it would appear that Ward gave his medicines to the poor from charity.

[4] The Radcliffe Fellowships in University College, Oxford, were founded by John Radcliffe, M.D.

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile);[1]
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind;
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men;
Flight of cashiers, or mobs[2] he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend or ward, he leaves to Peter;[3]
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the State.[4]

They may be held for ten years by Masters of Arts studying for Medicine, "the half of which time at least, they are to travel in parts beyond sea for their better improvement."

[1] See Moral Epistles, iv. 18. According to Horace Walpole, however, Ripley was possessed of real *mechanical* talent.

[2] The folio has "fires." Altered afterwards, probably in allusion to the mob which broke the poet's windows at Twickenham. Warton says that the flight of cashiers alludes to "Mr. Knight's (one of the cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer."

[3] The friend, perhaps, was George Pitt, Esq., of Shroton, in the county of Dorset, ancestor of the present Lord Rivers. He lived abroad, and during his absence intrusted the management of his estates to Walter. Though it appears that Peter went down but once in a year from London to Shroton, merely to receive the annual rents, at the same time that he visited his own estate in Dorsetshire, yet he had £400 per annum for his trouble. Besides this he brought in a claim of £800 for *extra services*. This was contested in Chancery, and the case is now before me, from which it appears how justly Pope described him.—BOWLES.

[4] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relictâ parmulâ*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest that he alludes to himself in this whole account of a poet's character, but with an intermixture of irony.

What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;[1]
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)[2]
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

Vivit siliquis et pane secundo has a relation to his Epicurism: *Os tenerum pueri* is ridicule. The nobler office of a poet follows; *Torquet ab obscenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned in the 210th, 211th, 212th verses.—POPE.

[1] Dryden speaks with feeling of his own poetical offences against morality. In reference to Collier's attack upon him he says: "In many things he has taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thought and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance." Preface to Dryden's Fables. In his ode to the Memory of Mrs. Killigrew there are the following lines:

O Gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use.
* * * * *
O wretched We! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage.

For Roscommon, see Essay on Criticism, 126.

[2] Warburton has a long note to show that the phrase "courtly stains" refers to the conduct of Addison in claiming for Cato a party signification as soon as George I. succeeded to the throne, though he had objected in Queen Anne's time to the invocation in Pope's prologue "Britons, *arise!*" for fear of the political meaning which might be attached to it. In his poem to the Princess of Wales in 1714, Addison speaks of his Muse as having

Engaged great Cato in her country's cause.

Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;[1]
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
"The rights a Court attacked, a poet saved."[2]
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,[3]
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?[4]
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.[5]
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;

[1] This refers to Swift's pamphlet, "A proposal for the use of Irish manufactures," published in 1720, in which, as he said to Pope in his letter of Jan. 10, 1721, he endeavoured "to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England." "Supplied her laws" must mean "stood in the place of the laws she lacked."

[2] Alludes particularly to the Drapier's Letters, published in 1724. The Court is said to have attacked the rights of the Irish nation because the patent to Wood for coining copper halfpence was granted through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, mistress of George I. Pope was in danger of prosecution for this line, but as it referred to an incident in the previous reign, the offence was passed by. See Alderman Barber's letter to Swift, 23 June, 1737.

[3] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the poor by lending small sums of money on demand.—POPE.

Compare Swift's verses on his own death:

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools or mad.

[4] Horace is quite serious in his "Castis cum pueris, &c." He asks: "How could chaste youths and maidens learn their prayers, unless the Muse provided a poet?" Pope's metamorphosis of the idea is perhaps something of a license, but the humour is certainly admirable.

[5] Mr. E. Ford, of Old Park, Enfield, has been good enough to communicate to me the following information: "In Queen Anne's Prayer Book, 1703, at the end of the Psalms by J. Sternhold, T. Hopkins, and others, is a hymn by R. W., which begins—

Preserve us, Lord, by Thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord.

'R. W.' was apparently the brother of 'W. W.,' William Whittingham,

The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And Heaven is won by violence of song.[1]
Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and opened every soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took the alarm,
Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learned to please and not to wound:
Most warped to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurt with wit.[2]

Dean of Durham, and brother-in-law of Calvin, who translated five of the Psalms in Sternhold and Hopkins's version, to which his initials are prefixed."

[1] So Dryden in his Astræa Redux:

As heaven itself is took by violence.

—WAKEFIELD.

[2] Another instance of faulty criticism arising from Pope's desire to find superficial resemblances to his original. Satire was in no sense a native product of the English genius as it was of the Roman. It is true, as Pope says in his Imitation of the First Satire:

That in Richard's times
A man was hanged for very honest rhymes

but such lampoons were by no means of the same popular order as the Fescennine verses to which Horace alludes, nor had they any connection with the development of English satire, which, though it throve kindly in the soil of English liberty, was in its origin a purely literary growth, derived from the study of the classics. Hall was the first of our regular satirists, and he, so far from being a popular writer, was constant in his onslaughts on that genuine product of the soil, which embodied the true genius of the people—indeed, as Hall thought, of democracy—the Elizabethan drama.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms;[1]
Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms:
Britain, to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.
Waller was smooth;[2] but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remained, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war,
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Showed us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone.
But Otway failed to polish or refine,[3]
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.[4]

[1] This again is an exaggeration, though a brilliant one. It may be said that Horace's assertion is also contrary to fact, as the Romans had begun to Hellenise before they conquered Greece. But the influence of the Greeks was undoubtedly increasingly felt after their absorption by Rome, so that Horace had at least a poet's justification for his epigram; whereas French influence predominated in English literature at a period when France may be said to have practically conquered England, namely, in the inglorious reigns of Charles II. and James II. It was, however, French Romance which chiefly caught the taste of the writers of the Restoration period, and the influence of French "correctness," as exemplified in Racine and Boileau, was not felt in England before the days of the "Spectator," when we certainly did conquer France, though we did not make her captive.

[2] In the Essay on Criticism he praises him for his sweetness:

> A line
> Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.

The fine description of the progress of English poetry that follows is imitated from a passage in Boileau's Art Poétique, Chant i., beginning, "Villon sut le premier."

[3] I will not defend everything in his [Otway's] Venice Preserved, but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression; but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.—DRYDEN, Preface to Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

[4] Alluding to the well-known saying of Ben Jonson: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that, in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.[1]
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as the indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?[2]
What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ![3]
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit![4]
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,[5]
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!

never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand!'"

[1] He (Dryden) was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient he did not stop to make better; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written he dismissed from his thoughts; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly arise from any other cause than impatience of study.—JOHNSON'S Life of Dryden.

[2] He alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood.—WARTON.

If so, the word "fool" scarcely expresses his meaning. Brisk, a character in the Double-dealer, is described by Congreve as "a pert coxcomb," and Witwood, in the Way of the World, is a character of the same kind. Sir Joseph Wittol in the Old Bachelor is a fool, suggested apparently by Sir Andrew Aguecheek, but much less humorous in conception. In any case Pope's criticism was just. Congreve's characters show his own wit, but do not represent nature.

[3] This is notably the case in his first play, Love and a Bottle.

[4] It seems doubtful whether the want of grace spoken of is a moral defect (the word being used as in Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 286) or an intellectual one. Probably, however, it refers to the "heaviness" of Vanbrugh's style, architectural and literary, which Pope and Swift are never tired of ridiculing.

[5] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays.—POPE.

Afra Behn wrote seventeen plays, which were all more or less successful. The piece here alluded to is probably The Rover, for which see Spectator, No. 51. The writer of the paper, Steele, says severely but wittily: "It is not here to be omitted that, in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand, as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for they say the men-authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant at the end of the play."

And idle Cibber how he breaks the laws,[1]
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause![2]
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise;
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.[3]

[1] Cibber says he yielded to the depraved taste of the public against his conscience, and ascribes the degradation of the stage to the competition between the rival playhouses. "From this original hint (*i.e.*, a successful exhibition of pantomime) sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, and which arose upon one or other alternately, at both houses, outvying in expense, like contending bribes on both sides at an election, to secure a majority of the multitude." This is Dryden's plea for his indecency over again; it is not a good one.

[2] William Penkethman, a comic actor, dead a few years before this poem was written, "who," says Cibber, "to say the truth, delighted more in the whimsical than the natural." His buffooneries are ridiculed in Tatler, 188: "Mr. William Penkethman and Mr. William Bullock are of the same age, profession, and sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug; Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus." "Poor Pinkie" seems to have been an appropriate name for him. Cibber says that he had "a seeming humble way of waiving all pretences to merit but what the Town would please to allow him." For further mention of him see Spectator, 370.

[3] "The Coal-black Joke" was the name of a song so excessively indecent that it can hardly have been called for on the stage. The tune was, however, very popular. It is found as the air to one of the songs

What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords;[1]
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes).[2]
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn;
The champion too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.[3]
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,[4]
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;

in The Beggar's Wedding, a ballad opera which was performed in 1730. What the people called for was therefore, in all probability, the *tune* called "The Coal-black Joke." Throughout this passage we trace Pope's animosity against the stage, which probably dated from the condemnation of his and Gay's joint play, Three Hours after Marriage.

[1] In first edition:

For farce the people true delight affords,
Farce long the taste of mobs, but now of lords.

[2] From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes.—WARBURTON.

[3] The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower to dress the champion.—POPE.

[4] In Spectator, No. 31, there is a humorous satire on the popular taste for pageants and raree shows on the stage. A projector is described with a scheme for an opera entitled The Expedition of Alexander the Great: "When Alexander comes into that country in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkey-dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or

While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.[1]
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume,[2] or Oldfield's petticoat;[3]
Or when from Court a birthday suit bestowed,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.[4]
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:

driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle Penkethman is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus."

[1] An excellent couplet; and not improbably indebted to a striking passage in Philips' Letter from Copenhagen:

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.—
WAKEFIELD.

[2] Quin, born 1693, died 1766. He was the leading actor on the English stage between the death of Booth and the appearance of Garrick, who supplanted him in public favour.

[3] It is somewhat strange that he should allude to Mrs. Oldfield as if she were still alive. She died in 1730.

[4] This is perhaps rather ill-natured, and may be meant for a sneer at Booth. The roar of applause with which the latter was greeted might well be attributed to his known merit, and the popular delight at his appearance.

Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library[1] with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnished yet?[2]
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.[3]
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unasked; lament, the wit 's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubbed historians by express command,[4]
To enrol your triumphs o'er the sea and land,

[1] Munus Apolline dignum. The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.—POPE.

[2] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small but choice collection of books.—POPE. This is, of course, ironical. See Imitation of Horace, Epistles, ii. 2, 139. The British Chronologist says under June 10th, 1735: "Queen Caroline ordered a cave to be erected at Richmond and adorned it with astronomical figures and characters, to which she gave the name of Merlin's Cave."

[3] The imitation is here somewhat too close. Public recitation by the poets was fashionable at Rome, and is satirised by Juvenal in his First Satire. But George II. was certainly never pestered by any custom of the kind; and if Pope meant simply to account for the king's contempt for literature by an explanation which was evidently not the true one, he might have made the satire more pointed.

[4] A stroke at the office of historiographer in ordinary which in 1737 was filled by Jenkin Thomas Phillips, Esq., at a salary of £200 per annum. Phillips was the translator of The Life of Ernest the

Be called to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.[1]
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
Or choose, at least, some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.[2]
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;[3]
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;[4]
So well in paint and stone they judged of merit;
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;[5]

Pious, Duke of Saxe Gotha, Great-grandfather of the present Princess of Wales. He also wrote historical dissertations in Latin.—CROKER.

[1] Que ce Roi, dont le nom fait trembler
faut de Rois,
Voulut bien que ma main crayonnat ses
exploits.

Boileau was associated with Racine for the purpose of writing the glories of Louis' reign in October 1677.—PATTISON.

[2] Cibber was made laureate by Walpole in 1730, probably as a reward for writing the Nonjuror, a political play against Jacobitism. He pretends to have had a moral end in view in the play. "I thought," he says, "that to set the authors and principles of that desperate folly [the rising of 1715] in a fair light by allowing the mistaken consciences of some their best excuse, and by making the artful pretenders to conscience, as ridiculous as they were ungratefully wicked, was a subject fit for the honest satire of comedy, and what might, if it succeeded, do honour to the stage by showing the valuable use of it."

[3] Warton gives an extract from the Catholic Church History of England, showing that Bernini made busts of Charles I. and his wife, at the request of the latter, made through Cardinal Barberini. "It is reported that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the King's busts, he observed such melancholy lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal fate that would befal the person it represented." And this he signified to those who were present.

[4] Alluding to the picture of William III. on horseback, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, now at Windsor.

[5] Blackmore was knighted in 1697, not for his poetry, but on being made physician in ordinary to the king. Of William he himself says, in a poem called The Kit-Cats.

Reverse of Louis he (example rare!)
Loved to deserve the praise he could not
hear,
He shunned the acclamations of the throng
And always coldly heard the poet's song.
Hence the great King the Muses did neglect,
And the mere poet met with small respect.

Francis Quarles, born 1592, died 1644. Nothing is known of the pension which, according to Pope, he received from Charles I. He joined the King at Oxford in 1641, and

Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."[1]
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,[2]
The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polished verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought![3]
How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wondered while they dropped the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapped the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;[4]
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:

suffered in his cause, but his attachment seems to have been disinterested. The only office he is known to have filled was that of Chronologer to the City of London, to which he was appointed in 1639.

[1] It seems doubtful whether this expression was ever really used. If Pope is recording a fact, the only interpretation the passage can bear is, that Ben Jonson uttered the exclamation on hearing of Quarles' pension, and that Dennis quoted it when Blackmore was knighted. But probably the poet only wanted to reproduce his original in a pointed imitation, and selected Jonson and Dennis as surly critics, who would have been likely to speak their minds in the fashion described; while "Russian bear" seemed a natural modern equivalent for "Bœotum crasso in aere natum." Dennis was one of Blackmore's most severe and persistent critics.

[2] In the Latin there are three lines without an equivalent in the imitation, but which Pope printed in italics, and enclosed in brackets thus:

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ]

He evidently wished to signify, in the most biting manner possible, that the passage could not possibly be imitated so as to have any application to George II.

[3] A contemptuous reflection on the long peace maintained by the country under Walpole's *régime*, which Pope insinuates was purchased at the expense of honour. The art of the imitation is unsurpassable.

[4] The sudden change of key from the pompous enumeration of the King's glories to undisguised satire, is in Pope's finest style.

The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.[1]
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"[2]
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)[3]
Clothe spice, line trunks, or fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.[4]

[1] Compare Prologue to Satires, ver. 104—110.

[2] This line, which is always marked as a quotation, is an adaptation from a verse in an Epigram on a certain line of Mr. Br—, author of a copy of verses called The British Beauties:

"When one good line did much my wonder raise
For Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;
And had, but that the modest author cries,
'*Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.*'"
—Notes and Queries, Feb. 9, 1850.

I have been unable to identify Mr. Br—st.

[3] Lawrence Eusden, Poet Laureate before Cibber; Ambrose Philips, writer of an Ode to Walpole; Elkanah Settle, city poet in the time of Charles II., and therefore the writer of Odes on the Lord Mayor's Day.

[4] Steele, describing his scheme for an addition to Bedlam, says in Tatler, 174: "It is necessary in this place to premise that the superiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called poetical fury, does not come under my consideration; but the pretence to such an impulse without natural warmth shall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes written by such hands shall be from time to time placed in proper order on the rails of the unhoused booksellers within the district of the College, who have long inhabited this quarter in the same manner as they are already disposed soon after publication." To which passage the editor (John Nichols, the antiquary) adds the following note: "The walls of Bedlam were at that time—1710—and till within these twenty years—1786—almost wholly covered by the dealers in old books." "Soho" is here used not for the Square, which was still fashionable, but Wardour Street, which was originally called "Old Soho," and had already began to acquire a connection with old curiosities.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

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Ludentis speciem et torquebitur.

THE former part of the Epistle, in which the personal allusions and applications are frequent, is vigorous and interesting; the latter half labours under the disadvantage of being a reproduction of one of Horace's sermons, which in Pope's mouth always seem commonplace.

This Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, 28th April, 1737, as follows: "Horace, Epistle ii., Imitated by Mr. Pope;" the owner of the copyright being Robert Dodsley.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

DEAR Colonel,[1] Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.[2]
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins:—"This lad, sir, is of Blois:[3]
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curled!
My only son;—I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:

[1] Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who at the desire of Charles I. translated Davila into English.—WARTON.

Warton's is the only authority for the name of the person to whom this Epistle was addressed. The owner of Rousham at the date of its publication was Robert Dormer, brother of Pope's friend James Dormer. James became possessor of Rousham after Robert's death in 1738. But he was a Major-General in 1734 (see Berkeley's letter of 19 June, 1734, to Lady Suffolk). His mother's name was Cotterell, and when he died he left his estate to his cousin Sir Clement Cotterell, who took the name of Dormer. Warton must be wrong, either altogether or in part. If James Dormer was the person addressed, he must be styled "Colonel" in his capacity of Colonel of the first troop of Horse Grenadier Guards. See Historical Register under March, 1738.

[2] This opening is unfortunate, as it is not in keeping with v. 31. See note on v. 199.

[3] A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.—WARBURTON.

Addison perfected himself in French at Blois.

A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once), I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipped, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey[1] should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punished him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,[2]
Had dearly earned a little purse of gold:

[1] An eminent Justice of Peace who decided much in the manner of Sancho Panza.—POPE.

Walpole, in his notice of Sir Godfrey Kneller, says, "This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who stole a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it." He gives other instances of Sir Godfrey's notions of equity: "Whenever Sir Godfrey was applied to to determine what parish a poor man belonged to, he always enquired which parish was the richer, and settled the poor man there; nor would ever sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man, who could not pay a tax. If he disliked interruption he would not be interrupted. Seeing a constable coming to him at the head of a mob, he called to him without enquiring into the affair: 'Mr. Constable, you see that turning; go that way and you will find an ale-house—the sign of the King's Head—go and make it up.'" —Anecdotes of Painting.

[2] The failure of Pope in a passage which is meant to be natural and easy shows that Horace's own vein is inimitable.

Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.[1]
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.[2]
Next pleased his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my friend" (he cried); "see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?[3]
"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun[4]
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported[5] to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.[6])
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;[7]

[1] Doit—from d'huit, the eighth part of a penny; used for any small piece of money. Some writers derive the word from "digitus," "doigt," *i.e.*, a piece of money so small that it can be covered with the tip of the finger.

[2] A reflection on Marlborough's avarice. Horace says that Lucullus rewarded the soldier "donis honestis."

[3] This attempt to make the story seem natural is not very happy, for such a reply from an English soldier to his General would have been impossible.

[4] Spence says, on the authority of one Mannick, that Pope began to study Latin and Greek by himself at about the age of twelve years. He himself confesses in a letter to Mr. Bridges, on his translation of the Iliad, that his mastery of the language was very imperfect.

[5] A Gallicism, "peu importait," it would have been of little use.

[6] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him in that College.—WARTON.

[7] That is, knottier points of law.

And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,[1]
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists failed,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.
For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses helped to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.[2]
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,[3]
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,[4]
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?[5]

Papists were not allowed to reside within a certain distance of the metropolis. The "paternal cell" was therefore the London house from which his father retired to Binfield after the Revolution. It is to be observed that the autobiographical allusions in this passage are not to be taken too literally. Pope would not have been of an age to read Homer while his father lived in London.

[1] There is much irony in the assumed moderation with which he speaks of the penal laws against the Catholics.

[2] Implying that Poetry was as great a sin as Popery in the eyes of the Government; a not undeserved stroke of satire against the two first monarchs of the House of Hanover and their Prime Minister.

[3] So Swift, in his Libel on Dr. Delany, speaking of Pope, says that he,

> Appealing to the nation's taste,
> Above the reach of want is placed:
> By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
> What Homer never could alive.

[4] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.—POPE.

[5] This is a very just and vivid description of his method of translating the Iliad, which contains something under sixteen thousand lines. He said to Spence: "In the beginning of my translating the Iliad, I wished anybody would hang me a hundred times. It sat so heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and do sometimes still. When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I

But after all what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.[1]
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
"In Palace-Yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one."
"Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,[2]
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?

got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easy enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure."

[1] In the folio: Dar—n—f.

For Dartineuf, see Imitation of Horace, Sat. i. B. ii., 46; for Oldfield, Satire ii., 2, 25.

[2] Wedgewood in his Dictionary of Etymology gives the following account of the word "pig." "An oblong mass of unwrought metal. A sow is an ingot. When the furnace in which iron is melted is tapped, the iron is allowed to run in one main channel, called the sow, out of which a number of smaller streams are made to run at right angles. These are compared to a number of pigs sucking their dam, and the iron is called 'sow' and 'pig' iron respectively. Probably the word was suggested by the word 'sow' having previously signified ingot."

And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own s-r-v-nce in a car?
Go, lofty poet! and, in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,[1]
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.[2]
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er matched before?
The man, who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,[3]
See! strowed with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deemed each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lulled the Exchequer, and one stunned the Rolls;

[1] Dryden, however, in the Prologue to the Pilgrim, says that Blackmore

Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

And he himself relates that Prince Arthur was written "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional uncertain hours as his profession afforded, and for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or passing up and down the streets."

[2] Two villages within a few miles of London.—POPE.

The latter would now scarcely afford a poet opportunity for rural meditation.

[3] The time required to proceed to the degree of M.A. The imitation is here not very happy. Horace gives as an excuse (scarcely a serious one) for not writing, that his literary studies in the University of Athens have unfitted him for pleasing the busy world at Rome. Pope, who had not been at Oxford, could not avail himself of such a plea, and merely introduces a ludicrous picture of an absent-minded student in London, in

Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.[1]
'Twas, "Sir, your law,"—and, "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner"—and "Yours, Talbot's sense."[2]
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.[3]
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."[4]

order that it may serve as a scarecrow to poets.

[1] In the folio: M—y.

Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite scholar than a profound lawyer. —WARTON.

[2] William, first Earl Cowper, lord keeper in 1705, and one of the lords justices on the death of Queen Anne. He was born 1664 and died in 1723. Charles, Lord Talbot, born 1684, was made Lord Chancellor in 1733, and died 1737. Lord Chesterfield describes Cowper's manner, in a letter to his son, dated 5th Dec., 1749. "The late Lord Chancellor Cowper's strength as an orator lay by no means in his reasonings, for he often hazarded very weak ones. But such was the purity and elegancy of his style, such the propriety and charms of his elocution, and such the gracefulness of his action, that he never spoke without universal applause: the eyes and the ears gave him the hearts and understandings of the audience." As to "Talbot's sense," Lord Hervey says in his Memoirs, vol. i., p. 280: "Lord Talbot had as clear, separating, distinguishing, subtle, and fine parts as ever man had. * * No one could make more of a good cause than Lord Hardwicke, and no one so much of a bad one as Lord Talbot."

[3] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet.—WARBURTON.

The sneer is at the poverty of the library in Merlin's Cave, for which see Epistle to Augustus, 355.

[4] An imitation of Dryden, Virgil, Eclogue, iii., 162:

Tell that, and rise up Phœbus for your pains.—WAKEFIELD.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:[1]
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
Each, praised within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read!
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;[2]
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;[3]
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;[4]
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense,)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;

[1] These lines describe with some accuracy the awkward position of poetical confidant in which Pope found himself placed with regard to Aaron Hill, after he had been forced to make amends for his attack on the latter in the Dunciad.

[2] Pope's revivals of old words and phrases are to be attributed rather to his skilful poetic economy than to his charity.

[3] Though Pope had a mean opinion of most of the poets of the early and middle part of the seventeenth century, he was not above borrowing many thoughts and expressions from them. It must be added however that he rarely appropriates other men's thoughts, without making them justly his own, by placing them in a new context, or giving them a more brilliant turn.

[4] In the folio:

Such as wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake.

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;[1]
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."[2]
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;[3]
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)[4]
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,[5]
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damned doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupped, they purged; in short, they cured:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My friends!" he cried, "pox take you for your care!

[1] So Dryden, Art of Poetry:

He cannot pardon a neglected line.
—WAKEFIELD.

[2] Quoted from the Essay on Criticism, v. 362.

[3] "Play the fool" is not definite enough. He means, "be pleased with mere scribbling."

[4] Boileau also imitates the same passage in Horace. Satire iv. 103:

Jadis certain bigot d'ailleurs homme sensé,
D'un mal assez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé,
S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,
Des esprits bien heureux entendre de l'harmonie.
Enfin un médecin fort expert en son art,
Le guérit par adresse, ou plutôt par hasard.
Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,
Moi vous paier? lui dit le bigot en colère;
Vous! dont l'art infernal, par des secrets maudits,
En me tirant d'erreur m'ôte du Paradis!

Both imitations are very inferior to the original. Boileau, however, has the advantage of Pope, as his modern instance is general and characteristic, whereas Pope's is evidently invented out of his necessity, and is intrinsically improbable.

[5] Compare the standard of female self-restraint in Moral Epistles, ii. 268:

And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

That from a patriot of distinguished note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote."
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.[1]
There is a time when poets will grow dull:[2]
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropped before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde Park Corner I forgot,
Meet, and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.[3]
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,

[1] It will be noticed that the line of thought in this Epistle is very disconnected. In following Horace in detail Pope does not seem to have understood the argument of his original, which is indeed somewhat obscure. Horace is giving Julius Florus a number of reasons for his indolence in writing. Among these, he mentions the infinite labour required for good and correct writing. "Bad writers," says he, "are laughed at; still they please themselves. But a genuine poet must submit to ceaseless toil. Could my bad verses please me, or, at least, if I could avoid knowing that they were bad, I would prefer to let the world think me an empty scribbler, just as the madman at Argos, who used to sit in the empty playhouse, under the impression that he was witnessing fine tragedies, abused his friends for curing him of his delusion. As it is I must leave off trifling, and devote myself to philosophy." All this is lost in Pope's imitation, through the amplification of detail.

[2] Writing to Swift (March 25, 1736), of his design of composing Four Epistles to follow the Essay on Man, Pope says: "But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding, indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished; I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry; the flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits, perhaps, will never ripen perfectly."

[3] These four lines are perhaps founded on a recollection of Boileau:

Tantot cherchant le fin d'un vers que je construi,
Je trouve au coin d'un bois le mot que m'avoit fui.—Epistle vi.

The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
When golden angels cease to cure the evil:[1]
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?[2]
Yet still, not heeding what your art can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D * * * loved sixpence more than he.[3]

[1] The angel was the fee for the Royal touch, originally given as a present to the scrofulous person. It seems to have come to be considered an essential part of the cure. Pegge says in his Curialia: "As to the giving of a piece of gold Mr. Browne says, 'it only shows his Majesty's Royal well-wishes towards those who come thus to be healed.' In other parts of his book, however, he tells us that 'some losing their gold, their diseases have seized them afresh; when upon obtaining a second touch and new gold, their diseases have been seen to vanish.'"

[2] So Persius, translated by Dryden:

Tecum habita, et noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Survey thy soul; not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art, and find the beggar there.—WAKEFIELD.

[3] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of Mr., afterwards Bishop Kennet, to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain. Ver. 229 therefore must be filled up thus:

If Devonshire loved sixpence more than he,

and perhaps, therefore, ver. 222 thus:

Look in that breast, most dirty Duke.
—WAKEFIELD.

The adulatory sermon was preached Sept. 5, 1707, at the funeral of the first Duke of Devonshire by White Kennet, who was at that time Rector of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, and was soon afterwards promoted to the Deanery of Peterborough. The second Duke had requested Kennet to preach, and the allusion in the text, as we see from ver. 225, is not so much to the dedication, as to the conclusion of the sermon, in which reference is made to the virtues of the deceased Duke's successor. The following is no doubt the passage referred to: "He leaves a most worthy heir of his titles and fortunes, whom he took care to marry to a daughter of that renowned Patriot, whose person and memory he so much loved and revered. * * * It is an advantage to the Duke that he was set

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abbs Court, if its fields afford [1]
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,[2]
His venison too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself,[3] and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,[4]
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.[5]

out in the world before his full accession of greatness, that he was prepared and trained to public service by often representing a free people in the national assembly with singular elocution, judgment, and fidelity, and by bearing an high office in the Court with universal commendation. He now takes his father's place, and fills his dignity worthy to succeed him. May he outshine him in everything that is great and noble, without any mixture of alloy! May all be of a piece, bright and beautiful! and may he for many ages be succeeded by a race of loyal subjects, true Englishmen, faithful patriots, good Christians, and sincere Protestants in the communion of the Church of England!" Though Kennet's flattery was addressed to the second Duke, Pope's satire probably reflected upon the third, who had been appointed Privy Seal, a post which was desired by the poet's friend, Lord Burlington. Pope enjoys the satisfaction of transfixing with one shaft two Whig Dukes and a Whig Bishop.

[1] A farm over against Hampton Court.—WARBURTON.

Belonging about this time to George, Lord Halifax.—CROKER.

[2] Edward Wortley Montagu. Compare Moral Epistles, iii. 62, and Imitation of Horace, Satire ii., 2, 51.

He is obliged by the exigencies of his line to write "partridge" instead of "partridges." "Snipe" and "grouse" are used as plurals, but not "partridge."

[3] In the folio, H—te.

Compare Moral Epistles, iii. 101, where he is called "the grave Sir Gilbert."

[4] See Oldham's Imitation of Horace, Ode i. 32:

Not the large crops of Eaham's goodly soil,
Which tire the mowers' and the reapers' toil.

[5] Alluding to the proverb, "The devil looks over Lincoln." Fuller, Worthies (vol. ii. p. 6), fancifully explains it of "the ill aspects of malevolent spectators, as the devil overlooked the cathedral of Lincoln, when first finished, with a lowe and tetrick countenance."—PATTISON.

The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand: [1]
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Loose on the point of every wavering hour: [2]
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswold Hills to Saperton's fair dale,[3]
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,[4]
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls,[5]—'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

[1] A perpetuity in law is the vesting of property to all futurity.—WARTON.

Law Lexicon, s. v.: "It is odious in law, destructive to the commonwealth, and an impediment to commerce, by restricting the wholesome circulation of property."—PATTISON.

[2] Compare Imitation of Horace, Satire ii., Book 2, 173–180, where the spirit of this passage is reproduced.

[3] Saperton, a village near Lord Bathurst's seat, Oakley, in the neighbourhood of the Cotswold Hills.

[4] Lord Bathurst frequently corresponded with Pope on the subject of his improvements at Oakley. In a letter dated 14th August, 1736, after telling the poet of many projected alterations in the grounds, he says: "I have also begun to level the hill before the house, and an obelisk shall rise upon your order to terminate the view." And Pope says to Bathurst, in a letter dated September 15—the year not given, but being presumably 1736: "Nevertheless, my lord (to prove I am not angry, but with a mixture of charity incline to rectify what I disapprove), I would not advise you to an obelisk, which can bear no diameter to fill so vast a gap, unless it literally touched the skies, but rather to a solid pyramid of a hundred feet square, to the end there may be something solid and lasting of your works." This Imitation would probably have been written within six months of Bathurst's letter to Pope.

[5] Compare Moral Epistles, iv. 187–190:

Who then shall grace or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
* * * * * * *
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies grow;
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country,—and then raise a town.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank Heaven, there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:[1]
Why one like Bu—— with pay and scorn content,[2]
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:[3]
Is known alone to that Directing Power
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.[4]

[1] Charles, second Viscount, the rival of Sir Robert Walpole, whose sister he married. He retired from office in 1730, but refrained from all intrigues with the Tories and Opposition Whigs, and devoted himself entirely to agriculture. Lord Stanhope says that England, and especially his own county of Norfolk, owes to him the introduction of turnips from Germany.

Sir Thomas Grosvenor succeeded Sir Richard, his brother, in 1733.

[2] Bubb Doddington. See Moral Epistles, iv. 20; Prologue to Satires, 280; and Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue i. 68.

[3] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.—POPE.

James Edward Oglethorpe, born in 1698, was admitted at C. C. C., Oxford, in 1714, but soon afterwards entered the army and served under Prince Eugene. When Pope published this Epistle, Oglethorpe was on the point of setting out for his third expedition to Georgia, taking with him 600 emigrants. In 1745 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General and had a command in Scotland, where it was supposed that he did not do his best against the rebels, and as he was a decided Jacobite there may have been some ground for the suspicion. He sat in several Parliaments, and died 30th June, 1785. He was a friend of Johnson's, and is frequently mentioned by Boswell.

[4] Another allusion to the fatalistic doctrine developed in Essay on Man, ii. ver. 195-204. It is impossible to conceive that our actions can be in-

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep;
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,[1]
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a passenger, God wot!)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?

clined without any constraint of our will.

[1] Alluding to the statute made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists.—WARBURTON.

By the Act of 1700 a Catholic who refused to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and to sign the declaration against transubstantiation, was incapacitated from purchasing, inheriting, or taking lands under any devise or limitation. The next-of-kin who was a Protestant, was granted possession of the lands during his life. This Act was not repealed till 1779.

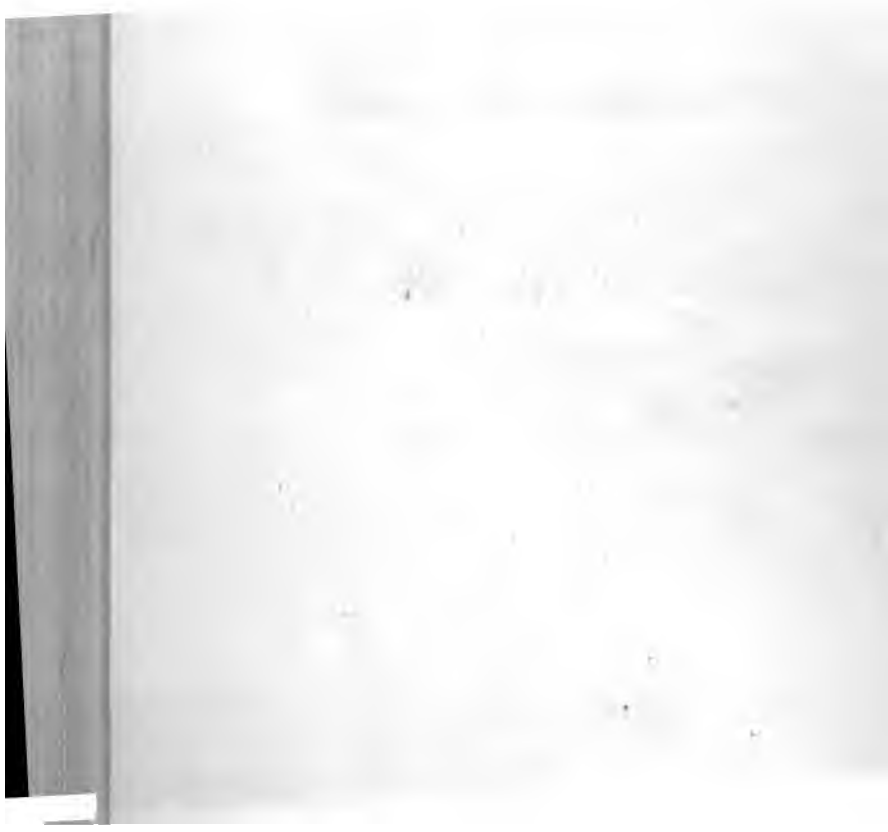
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.[1]

[1] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted these two last lines, the second of which has a quaint and modern turn, and the humour consists in being driven off the stage "potum largius æquo."—WARTON.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I., EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.



"THE colloquial and burlesque style and measure of Swift here adopted did not suit the genius and manner of our author, who frequently falls back, as was natural, from the familiar into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner. See particularly line 125, and also 189:

Tell how the moon beams, &c.

And this difference of style is more striking and perceivable, from the circumstance of their being immediately subjoined to the lighter and less ornamental verses of Swift.

"The four epistles which Mr. Pitt translated; namely, the 19th, 4th, 10th, and 18th of the first book, and which are inserted in the 43rd volume of the Works of English Poets, if they were carefully and candidly inspected, will be found really equal to any of Pope's Imitations, and are executed with a dignified familiarity and ease, in the very manner of Horace.

"After all that has been said of Horace by so many critics, ancient and modern, perhaps no words can describe him so exactly and justly as the following of Tully, spoken on another subject (Lib. 1, de Oratore) 'Accedit lepos quidam, facetiæque, et eruditio libero digna, celeritasque et brevitas respondendi et lacessendi, subtili venustate et urbanitate conjuncta.'"—WARTON.

"Dr. Warton observes, 'That the colloquial and burlesque style and measure of Swift, here adopted, did not suit the genius and manner of our Author, who frequently *falls back*, as was natural, from the familiar into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner.'

"The observation is so far just, that Pope certainly does not display, in his Imitations of Horace, the ease and familiarity of Swift; but this does not detract from their merit any farther than as professed Imitations of Swift. Neither, are the least like Horace. Dr. Warton's description of Horace's character, as a writer of Epistles and Satires (for it does not at all apply to him in his lyric capacity), is, from Cicero de Oratore, lib. i., appropriate and accurate."—BOWLES.

Swift's Imitation first appears in the Miscellanies of 1727. Pope's completion of this Imitation, and his Imitation of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book, were first published in the 8vo edition of his works, printed for Dodsley and Cooper in 1738.

Warton's remarks are just. The octosyllabic metre, which suited Swift's colloquial style, was too facile for Pope's pointed and polished composition. But the Imitations are for this very reason interesting, from the characteristic contrast they afford between the manners of the two poets.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I., EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotchman does his plums.

"Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.[1]
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is, or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,[2]
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laughed down many a summer-sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.[3]

[1] Compare Prologue to Satires, ver. 208. The pronunciation of "obliged" in the eighteenth century was "obleeged," following the French.

[2] Pope's references to his eyesight are contradictory. In the Imitation of Horace, 1st Epistle i., he says that he is "far from a lynx," and that he will

Do what Mead and Cheselden advise
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

On the other hand, he represents his flatterers as telling him, "Sir, you have an eye!" and Warburton says in a note to that passage (Prologue to Satires, i. 118) that his "eye was fine, sharp, and piercing." Probably it was so in appearance when Warburton knew him, and in his early days it may have been as sound and strong as the word "lively" implies, but in later life he contracted the complaint for which he consulted Cheselden.

[3] i.e., when he wrote the Rape of

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuffed his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so,
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Crammed to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,[1]
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,[2]
And lived—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking-fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.

the Lock. Belinda was Arabella Fermor.

[1] Mr. Craggs gave him some South Sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich, as he might have done, by the public calamity. — WARBURTON.

His philosophy was probably assumed. The frequent references to his investments which occur in his correspondence, show that he was not at all indifferent to such matters.

The "Child" here mentioned is Sir Francis Child, the eminent banker, and Lord Mayor of London in 1732.

[2] One of his annuities was on the estate of John of Bucks, son of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and Katherine his wife.

There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.[1]
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it,[2]—I stop short.

[1] His father died in the house in Mawson's Buildings, Chiswick, which the family had rented.

[2] The rest is imitated by Su Pope therefore says, "You may r it in his poems."

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK II., SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT;
THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK II., SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT;[1] THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I 've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house, to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie—
All this is mine, but till I die;
I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.[2]
  If I ne'er got or lost a groat,[3]
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t' other acre:

[1] It must have been written before August, 1714, for Charles Ford writes to the Dean on the 5th of that month: "Pray send me your poem, *Hoc erat in votis*, &c.; or bring it up yourself.'

[2] Contrast this sentiment with Pope's Imitation of Horace, 2 Sat. ii. 167–180.

[3] These lines (13—28) are not in the Imitation as printed in the Miscellanies. They have evidently been added by Pope. The thought and the manner are both unmistakeably his.

Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits.
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose:
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,[1]
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'T is for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis,[2] the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up; take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found:
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.[3]

[1] *i.e.*, Let me not be obliged to cross the Channel twice a year.

Warton says: "He was perpetually expressing his discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England; and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and a Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, Lord Bolingbroke's seat." Swift, however, had scarcely begun to entertain the discontented feelings of his latter days, when these verses were written. The negotiation to which Warton refers took place in 1732, and was part of a project of Bolingbroke's, not of Swift's. See letter of Swift to Gay, dated Aug. 12, 1732—Vol. ii. of Correspondence, p. 281, footnote.

[2] Erasmus Lewis, the friend and correspondent of Swift, who, being Under-Secretary of State in Harley's Government, kept the Dean informed, when in Ireland, of all the machinery of intrigue which was working within the Tory Ministry.

[3] Referring to the expenses he had incurred in his move to Ireland. He

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemmed by a triple circle round,
Chequered with ribands blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplexed,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove;
But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show,
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools, I never saw,
Come with petitions fairly penned,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone:"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—

says in a letter to Archbishop King, Dec. 31, 1713: "I have few obligations (further then personal friendship *and civilities) to any party*; I have nothing to ask for but a little money to pay by debts, which I doubt they never will give me."

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider, 't is my first request."
Be satisfied, I 'll do my best:
Thus presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you——"[1]
'T is (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend
And chose me for an humble friend;[2]
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What 's o'clock?" and, "How 's the wind?"
"Whose chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"[3]
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,

[1] So he writes to Mrs. Howard, 9th July, 1727: "There are, Madam, thousands in the world, who, if they saw your dog Fop use me kindly, would next day tell me in a letter of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being assured that a *word of mine* to you would do anything, desire my interest to speak to you to speak to the Speaker to speak to Sir R. Walpole to speak to the King, &c."

[2] Swift writing to Lord Oxford July 1, 1714, about a month before the fall of the Lord Treasurer, says: "I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but, as a private man, never once. So that if I only look towards myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow; for I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you should see whether I would not with much more willingness attend you in retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, then ever I did at London or Windsor."

[3] All these, with Lord Oxford himself, were members of the Scriblerus Club, and used to meet daily and

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross.[1]
  Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report,
Of some express arrived at Court;
I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the Emperor treat?[2]
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
'Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret."—I protest
'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
  Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,

communicate to each other the good things that came into their heads.

[1] Royal Proclamations were read at Charing Cross.

[2] The Emperor of Austria was thrown over by the English Government, who negotiated the Treaty of Utrecht without consulting his interests.

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine![1]
Or when I sup, or when I dine;
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row:
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And e'en the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior,[2] told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a town-life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a Soul,

[1] Swift's verses end with v. 132. The rest is by Pope. It will be observed that the style becomes more polished and pointed, but much less rapid and easy.

[2] Dan Prior; like Spenser's "Dan Chaucer." Dan is the abbreviation for "dominus." Prior's "tale" was of course, The Town and Country Mouse, written in conjunction with

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte.*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But showed his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord! my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come and live with men:
Consider mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learned at Court)."
  The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;[1]
('Twas on the night of a debate
When all their lordships had sat late).
  Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:

Montague, in ridicule of Dryden's Hind and Panther.

[1] The house of the Prince of Wales, at that time the head-quarters of the Opposition, was in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damned stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

BOOK IV., ODE I.

TO VENUS.

THIS Imitation was registered at Stationers' Hall, 8 March, 1736, as follows: "Horace, his Ode to Venus, Lib. 4, Ode 1. Imitated by Mr. Pope;" the owner of the copyright being John Wright.

It is written with that air of exquisite breeding, in which Pope has no superior, nay probably no equal, and for lightness of touch deserves to be classed with the Rape of the Lock, and the Epistle to Miss Blount on her leaving town before the Coronation."

BOOK IV., ODE I.[1]

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest![1]
I am not now, alas! the man[2] . .
As in the gentle[3] reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton[4] fires.
To Number Five[5] direct your doves,
There spread round Murray[6] all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes[7] the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:

[1] Mr. Croker, who saw a fair copy of this poem, with Pope's corrections, has noted the variations which are given below. The second line is corrected:

O long a stranger, Venus! let me rest.

[2] In the MS.: "Spare me, ah! spare, no more the man."

He mixes two constructions: I am not now the man I was in Queen Anne's time; and "I am not now the same man as in Queen Anne's time."

[3] In the MS., "glorious."

[4] "Pleasing" had been written in the MS., but is erased and altered to "wanton."

[5] The number of Murray's chambers in King's Bench Walk.

[6] In the MS., "M * * y."

[7] In the MS., "wins."

To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.[1]
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form,) and Chloe lend the face:[2]
His house, embosomed in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:[3]
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves, and young[4] desires;
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renewed desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear![5]
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dressed in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the extended dream;

[1] Seward has an anecdote of Lord Mansfield, respecting the difficulties of his early life; I know not what foundation there is for it. He says that Murray, acquainting Lord Foley that he feared he must give up the law, and go into orders, on account of his slender income, Lord Foley generously requested his acceptance of two hundred pounds a year.—BOWLES.

[2] Compare Imitation of Horace, 2 Sat. 2. 42, where it is said that Murray's

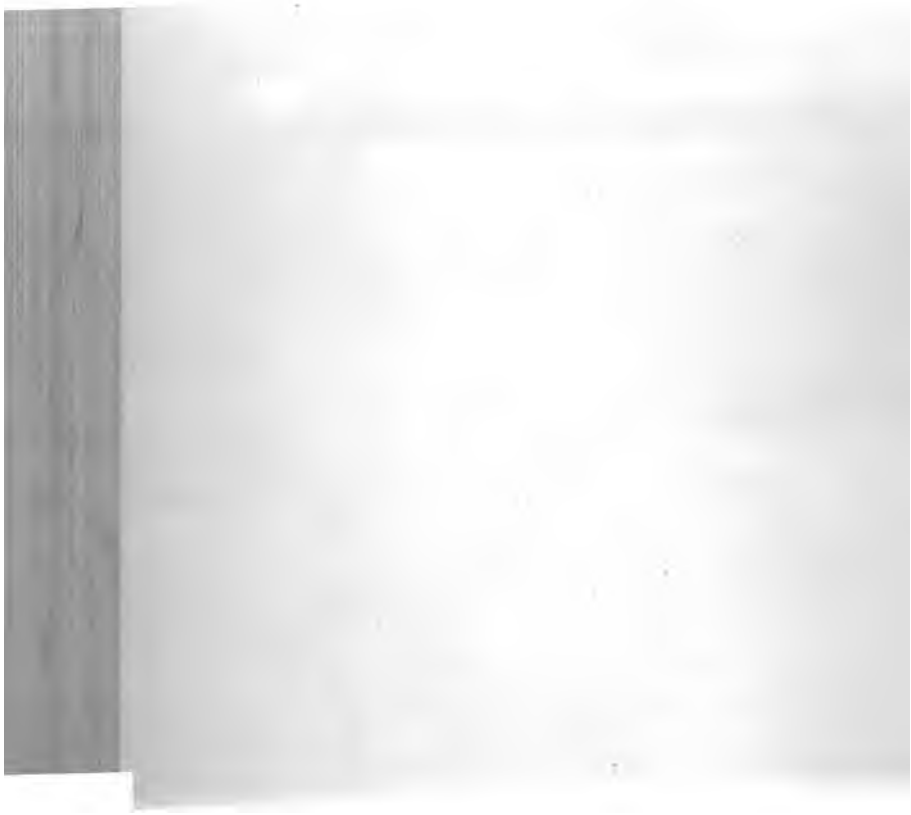
"Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of ea

[3] This alludes to Mr. Mur intention, at one time, of takin loan of Pope's house and groun Twickenham, before he becam distinguished.—BOWLES.

[4] "Soft" had been written i MS., but "young" substituted.

[5] In the MS.: "But why, ah C still too dear."

Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatched away.



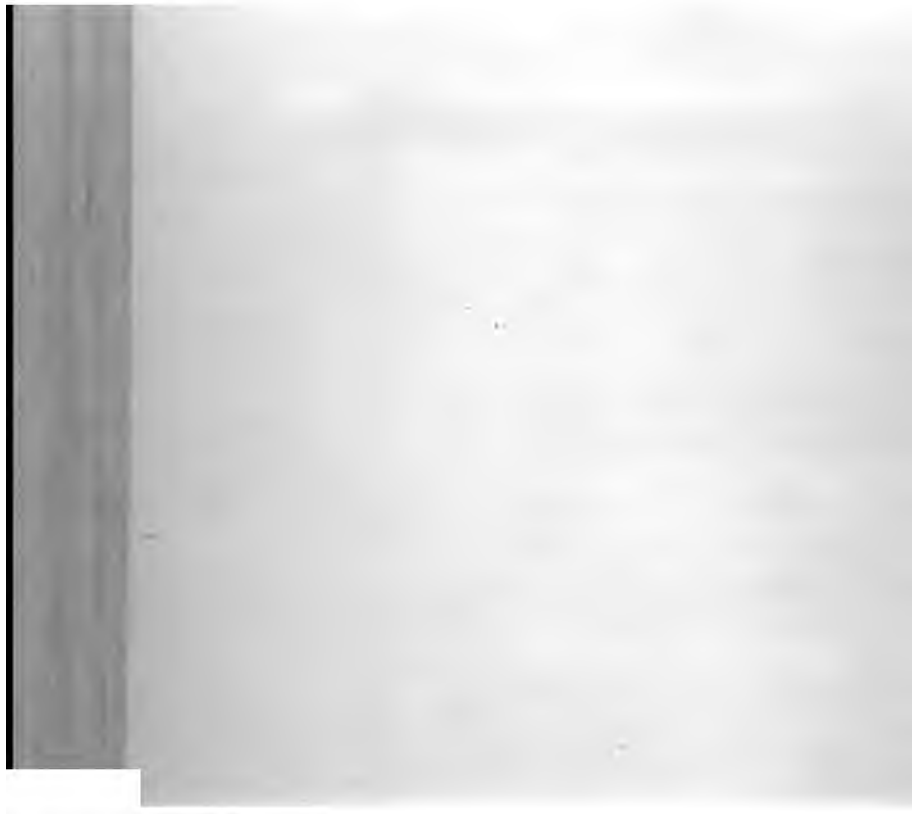
PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those, new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.



THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

(DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,)

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes,
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

"THE wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. Pope's satiric writings had raised a great clamour against him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge he had it in his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned vice publicly, and shewn it in stronger colours than he had done, whether they found it

On the pillory, or near the throne.

In pursuance of this purpose, our Poet hath admirably *versified*, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and, as a mere academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification. In the first edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the First of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the versification mended for his use. He entitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer, Hall, fell under a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Episcopacy, Milton, who first set out an advocate for Presbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to task. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adversaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings he fell upon his poetry. But a stronger proof of the excellency of these Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three first Books, which Hall, ridiculously enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRE: on this, for want of better hold, Milton fastens, and sufficiently mumbles."—WARBURTON.

"Two noblemen of taste and learning, the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford, desired Pope to melt down and cast anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vast fund of sterling wit and strong sense, by the most harsh and uncouth diction. Pope succeeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited so little by the example Spenser had set, of a most musical and mellifluous versification; far beyond the versification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greatest improver of the harmony of our language."—WARTON.

"These Satires made no great impression on the public. Pope

seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself."—JOHNSON.

It will be observed that Warburton's account of the versification of these Satires contradicts Pope's statement on the subject in his Advertisement to the First Imitation of Horace.[1] Warburton distinctly says that they were *versified* "in pursuance of Pope's purpose," viz., as a reply to the clamour raised against his satiric writings. Pope says that they were *published* on that occasion, having been versified long before. If his statement is substantially true, he must have revised and altered them greatly before publication; for the text as it stands is full of allusions to incidents which had occurred since the accession of George II. "The excise and army" alluded to in v. 8 of the Second Satire; "Sutton and Chartres" (v. 36); Peter Walter (vv. 65-80); the gambling at White's (v. 88); show that the current of thought in this Satire is the same as that in the Third Moral Essay, published in 1732. So too, in the following Satire, verses 140-145, still harping on the monied interest; as well as those alluding to the Spanish interference with British commerce (v. 165) to the reconstruction of the works at Dunkirk contrary to the Treaty of Utrecht (v. 165), and to Lord Hervey's influence at Court (vv. 178-9), must, if the Satires were versified as far back as Pope says, have replaced some earlier verses.

It is, however, far more probable that the poet, who had no scruples in such matters, did not tell the whole truth in his Advertisement, though he afterwards confided it to Warburton. We need not doubt his assertion that Lord Oxford and the Duke of Shrewsbury suggested to him to versify the Satires. Dryden had before declared that it would be worth while to do this; and Pope had shown his capacity for such work by his rehabilitation of Chaucer. On the other hand, if the idea had been immediately put into execution, the Satires would probably have appeared with the versions of Chaucer, published in the first volume of his collected works (1717). But the fact is, that in Queen Anne's reign, Pope had not turned his attention to moral satire, and would not have been likely to produce anything so nearly resembling his late satiric manner as these Imitations, the latter of which, at any rate, is far from deserving the contemptuous treatment it received from Johnson. When he was in the full swing of satiric composition he very likely remembered Lord Oxford's old suggestion, and, after acting upon it, thought that it would be effective to introduce the mention of his two noble friends, with a flourish

[1] See page 287.

about their freedom from prejudice and suspicion. He probably wished, too, as in his Advertisement to the Epistle to Arbuthnot, to conceal the fact that the Second Satire was a direct retaliation on his enemies. For it is noticeable that it had been published separately and anonymously in 1733, under the title of The Impertinent, as appears from the following advertisement in the Daily Journal of November 5 of that year: "This day is published 'The Impertinent, or A Visit to the Court.' A Satire. By an Eminent Hand. Printed by Wilford." No mention either of Donne or Pope is made in this publication, which, being for the most part identical with the second of the two following Satires, was reprinted as Pope's by Hill in 1737, after the authorship had become known by the appearance of the Versifications of Donne in the quarto volume of 1735. Pope no doubt intended it chiefly as a stroke at Lord Hervey in return for the Verses to the Imitator of Horace. See especially ver. 184-211.

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

(DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,[1])

VERSIFIED.

SATIRE II.

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.[2]
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) the Excise and Army in:[3]
Catched like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,[4]
Poor and disarmed, and hardly worth your hate!

[1] John Donne, born 1573; was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1620, and died 1631. He was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and the first of the two Satires versified by Pope must therefore have been composed in his early youth, as it is evidently written with a predilection for the Romish Church, the authority of which he began to question about the age of eighteen.

[2] There is nothing in the original to warrant this stroke at Lady Mary. See Imitations of Horace, Sat. ii., 1, 84.

[3] The Excise and the Standing Army were both favourite themes of declamation with the Opposition, who pretended to see in them the instruments of despotism. Pope alludes to them again in Imitation of Horace, Sat. ii., 2, 133–4 and 153–4.

[4] In the same way he represents papistry and poetry as equally heinous crimes in Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii., 2, 67:

Convict a papist he, and I a poet.

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give [1]
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemned, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows blow:
The inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair; but songs no longer move:
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love;
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, passed through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S*tt*n, or who die like Chartres,[2]

[1] It is noticeable that Pope, in his endeavour to make the rude style of Donne pointed and polished, has increased the obscurity of the original. Donne's design is to blacken the character of the attorney by comparing his crimes with others which are allowed to be heinous, but which the poet says have in them something of humanity. Among these he makes a humorous allusion in passing to poetry, and he points out briefly and *in a single paragraph* how every kind of poetry entails a punishment of its own. The argument in the original therefore flows naturally on in Donne's colloquial style to its proper climax in v. 45. Pope, by breaking up the paragraph about poetry, and putting too much point into the description of the different classes of poets, greatly perplexes the meaning, —another proof that his powers of philosophical conception were inferior to his genius for execution.

[2] "Like Sutton," the "Reverend Sutton" of the earlier editions of Moral Essays, iii. 105. See note to that passage.

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;[1]
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only, breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear[2]
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.[3]

[1] The original says, "out-swear the Litanie," improved by the imitator into a just stroke of satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that time by the enemies of the English Liturgy, who, disliking the frequent invocations in the *Litanie*, called them the *taking God's name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for swearing.—WARBURTON.

[2] A line resembling this very beautiful verse is found in the Messiah, v. 42:

Then shall new music charm the *unfoulding ear*.

The beauty of the image in this place is due to Donne; the exquisite softness of the versification is Pope's. Donne writes

Words, words which would tea
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear.

[3] Donne's verse is:

Than when winds in our ruined abbey roa

a reflection on the destruction of the Monasteries. Pope alters this to introduce a sneer against the King's countrymen.

Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter[1] deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.[2]
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters e'en to godly * *.[3]
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:[4]
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,[5]

[1] *i.e.*, Peter Walter. See Moral Essays, iii. 123.

[2] This line, with two or three others in the Satire, is transferred unaltered from Donne, a fact which shows how firmly Pope's style is rooted in the genius of the English language.

[3] Lord Orrery says: "Paul Foley, Esq." Macaulay says of the latter: "He was the son of Thomas Foley, a new man, but a man of great merit, who having begun life with nothing, had created a noble estate by iron-works, and who was renowned for his spotless integrity and his munificent charity. The Foleys were like their neighbours the Harleys, Whigs and Puritans . . . Paul was so wealthy that it was unnecessary for him to follow the law as a profession; but he had studied it carefully as a science. His morals were without stain."—Hist. of England, vol. iv. 467.

[4] *i.e.* From Scotland to the Isle of Wight, from St. Michael's Mount to Dover.

[5] The Duke of Bedford, who lost

Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits *ses heires*:
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doomed to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.[1]
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?

a large fortune to Jansen, the notorious gambler, at White's Coffee-house. See Moral Essay, iii., 67. The Jansen here alluded to was probably either Abraham or Henry, both of whom were sons of Sir Theodore Jansen, for whom see Moral Essay iii. 14 and note.

[1] Our poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given a new lustre to his author's thought. The lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instrument to the bigness of glossed civil laws when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the *necessary words; and* becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern divine. So Luther, while a monk, and by his institution obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new model, he then lengthened the Pater-noster by a new clause. — WARBURTON.

When this Satire was written Donne had evidently a leaning towards the unreformed Church. He, however, afterwards took Anglican orders, and in a book called Pseudo-martyr proved that Papists ought to take the oath of allegiance. His

We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old housekeeper's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly dishes
Some beasts were killed, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banished from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true we all allow,
But oh![1] these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.[2]

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

Catholic tendencies and his hatred of the monied interest that rose out of the spoliation of the monasteries made his satire peculiarly acceptable to Pope.

[1] An allusion to the article on "Good Works."

[2] Having through this Satire given several malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal and then very dangerous to abuse, Donne had reason to bespeak the reader's candour in the concluding lines:

But my words none draw
Within the vast reach of the huge statutes' jaws.—Warburton.

Pope's conclusion is not quite so forcible. He was in danger in consequence of attacks, not upon institutions, but on persons. *One* courtier was certainly offended at his first Imitation of Horace. In his letter to Swift of 2 April, 1733, he says: "I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses." But there is nothing about the Court in this Satire.

I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired;
I hoped for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begged no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court! the Devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no formed design of serving God;
So was I punished, as if full as proud,[1]
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I entered, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,[2]
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropped out of the moon.

[1] In the earlier editions:

Such was my fate whom heaven adjudged as proud.

[2] He was stranger than any of Sloane's *curiosities* or Woodward's antiquities. For Sloane see Moral Essays, iv. 10. Woodward is satirised as Vadius in the Epistle to Addison, v. 41, and as Mummius in Dunciad, iv.

One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, "By your priesthood tell me what you are?"
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of Good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remained;
So time, that changes all things, had ordained!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travelled, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent joined,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I've learned to bear; Motteux[1] I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too.
The Doctor's wormwood style,[2] the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,[3]
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all the plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the Devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason,[4] cozen subtlest whores,

[1] In earlier editions, M * tt * * *.
Peter Motteux, an inferior dramatist of the day. His tediousness is mentioned in the trial of the Critics, Dunciad, ii. 412. "Motteux himself unfinished left his tale." He was found dead in a brothel in 1718.

[2] The person alluded to as "the doctor" has not been identified. The immediate mention, however, of the "hash of tongues a pedant makes," looks like a stroke at Bentley. So in Dunciad, iv. 231: "What Gellius or Stobæus *hashed* before." In this case he would seem to be alluding to Bentley's controversial style.

[3] In earlier editions, "G * * s * n's."
Sir John Gonson. See note to v. 256.

[4] Although the most cautious of men.

With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.[1]
He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God![2]
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!
"Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.[3]
What speech esteem you most?" "The King's," said I.
"But the best words?" "O sir, the Dictionary."
"You miss my aim; I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?" "Onslow, past dispute."[4]
"But, sir, of writers?" "Swift, for closer style;
But Ho * * y for a period of a mile."[5]
"Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;[6]
Nay troth, the apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were."

[1] Compare Prologue to Satires, ver. 146.

[2] This and what follows is a wonderful improvement on the original, and is an excellent specimen of Pope's best manner in dialogue, easy, yet pointed, and polished. He seems to have taken considerable pains with this Satire, which received a good many improvements in the later editions. The preceding Satire was left unaltered.

[3] In earlier editions:

Well met, he cries, and happy sure for each,
For I am too pleased to learn, and you to teach.

Lord Orrery says the blank in the text is to be filled in with "Pope."

[4] Arthur Onslow, chosen Speaker in 1728, filled the post for thirty-three years. In Dunciad, ii. 398, he is mentioned in a less complimentary connection as "potent Arthur."

[5] Hoadley, whose sentences were notoriously interminable. Compare Dunciad, ii. 370: "My H——y's periods," where Pope probably means Hoadley. By Swift's "closer style," he must mean the comparative shortness of his sentences and the terseness and absence of ornament in his writing. In respect of selection and composition of words Swift is not a "close" writer as compared with Pope.

[6] He means that Rabelais' Panurge, great linguist as he was, was also, like him, poor. The object of the courtier, as we see in ver. 80, is to lead the conversation up to his own excellences.

Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
He came, by sure transition, to his own:
Till I cried out, "You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;[1]
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tower had stood."
"Obliging sir! for Courts you sure were made:[2]
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
"Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:[3]
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:[4]
Though in his pictures lust be full displayed,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;[5]
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."

At this, entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretched lutestring, and replies:

[1] *i.e.*, dragoman or interpreter at Babel.

[2] In earlier editions:

Obliging sir, I love you I profess,
But wish you liked retreat a little less.
Spirits like you, believe me, should be seen,
And, like Ulysses, visit courts and men:
So much alone, to speak plain truth between us,
You'll die of spleen, excuse me, nunquam minus.

[3] From Cicero, De Officiis, lib. iii., cap. i.: P. Scipionem, Marce fili, eum, qui primus Africanus appellatus est, dicere solitum, scripsit Cato, qui fuit ejus fere æqualis, nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus; nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset.

[4] By the method of the drunken helot, whereby vice was made odious by example.

[5] Alluding to the infamous sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit composed to accompany the sixteen obscene figures that were designed by Julius Romanus, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. By writing which Aretine lost the favour and countenance of Leo X. and Clement VII., but was afterwards restored to the favour of the Medici family, and wrote some books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph show his character sufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin, poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ognun, fuor che di Dio
Scusandosi col dir, Non lo conosco. — WARTON.

Pope of course means that Aretine has made few converts *to religion*.

"Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
"Then, happy man, who shows the tombs!" said I,
"He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread."
"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!" "Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean."
"Oh, sir, politely so! nay, let me die;
Your only wearing is your paduasoy."[1]
"Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see, is but my deshabille."
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpened, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when angered to a sore:
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He passed it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies,
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.

[1] *i.e.*, silk of Padua. Sheridan, in his Life of Swift, describes the Dean on one occasion as dressed to the full extent permissible to the clergy, "in a paduasoy with a square velvet cap."

When the Queen frowned, or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,[1]
Or quickened a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quartered out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawned his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,[2]
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:[3]
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,[4]
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What, squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients,[5] sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,[6]
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.[7]

[1] He presumably means, "who got a bare covering by his pension."

[2] In earlier editions: "Who makes a trust *or* charity a job." Alluding to the frauds in the Charitable Trust Corporation. See Moral Essays, iii. 100.

[3] Though the first Turnpike Act was passed in 1662, little was done for the improvement of the roads till the reign of George II.

[4] Generally used only as a substantive, meaning "a deal at cards." So Swift, in the Journal of a Modern Lady:

> Past six! and not a living soul!
> I might by this have won a vole!

[5] Alluding to the effect of his use of oils in bilious disorders.—WARBURTON.

[6] In early editions: "Shows Poland's interest, takes the Primate's part."

[7] "The 'London Gazette,' started in 1665, was the first regular newspaper in England. The name Gazette was taken from a newspaper first printed at Venice, and sold for a coin of that denomination. A Gazet, Coryat says, is 'almost a penny, whereof ten do make a liver, that is, nineteence.'"—Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. iv., p. 58. The Post. Boy—Foreign and Domestic, first ap-

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then, as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;[1]
Swears every place entailed for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delayed:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.[2]
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,[3]
Than mine to find a subject, staid and wise,
Already half turned traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.[4]
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt,[5] the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra,[6] joins the dirty train.

peared May 17, 1695, printed by Mr. Abel Roper.

[1] That is, the Prime Minister. Pope has here altered Donne's meaning to suit his own purpose with admirable ingenuity. Donne merely says that the courtier "libels *each* great man" Pope gives his satire a double edge by making the courtier confirm all the charges brought against Walpole's Government by the Opposition.

[2] The tame foreign policy of Walpole and his subservience to Spain had been frequently attacked by the opposition for some time before the publication of this Satire. In 1730 they called for the demolition of Dunkirk as a port, according to the stipulations of the Treaty of Utrecht, but were beaten on a division.

[3] Compare Milton, Comus:

> Who knows not Circe
> The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
> Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
> And downward fell into a grovelling swine
> To roll with Pleasure in a sensual sty.

[4] The idea is the same as in the last verse of the preceding Satire.

[5] The metaphor is taken from liquor about to flow out of a tilted cask.

[6] Umbra is supposed to have been one Walter Carey. His peculiarities

Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.[1]
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see
All the Court filled with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense:[2]
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amusing theme,
Till fancy coloured it, and formed a dream.[3]
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forced e'en me to see the damned at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all the infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?[4]
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?

are depicted in the well-known verses first published in the Miscellany of 1727. He was made Warden of the Mint in 1725; Clerk in Extraordinary of the Privy Council, 17 September, 1727; and Clerk in Ordinary of the same, 14 May, 1729. See Historical Register under those dates. He sat in Parliament for the borough of Clifton - Dartmouth - Hardress, in Devonshire.

[1] Lord Hervey. Compare Prologue to Satires, 348:

The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear.

[2] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in the region of vice is like that of Virgil in the region of heat. They both call out as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place:

O qui me gelidis—
O quickly bear me hence.—WARBURTON.

[3] In first edition:

Here still reflection led on sober thought
Which fancy coloured, and a vision wrought.

[4] Compare Imitation of Horace, Satire ii. 1, 115—120. Throughout the following passage he seems to be striking at Lord Hervey.

Thou, who since yesterday, hast rolled o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a court in wax![1]
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnished race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately, staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.
  See! where the British youth, engaged, no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,[2]
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,[3]
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools,
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?[4]
For these are actors too as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg, but better dressed,
And all in splendid poverty at best.
  Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinell,

[1] A famous show of the Court of France in wax-work.—POPE.

[2] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.—POPE.

As to White's, see Moral Essays, iii. 67, and note. Fig's Academy stood in the fields near Adam and Eve's Court not far from Tottenham Court Road.

[3] Alluding to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain.—WARBURTON.

The Play-house Bill was not passed till 1737. The allusion in the text must therefore be to Sir John Barnard's Bill, introduced in 1735, for the purpose of restraining the license of the stage. The Bill was withdrawn because Walpole tried to introduce clauses increasing the power of the Lord Chamberlain, which Barnard declared was already too great.

[4] Compare Epistle to Augustus, v. 319, and Pope's note.

Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen,[1]
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtine:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,[2]
Of all beau-kind the best proportioned fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul,
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finished, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,[3]
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest:
Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,[4]
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

[1] Pope seems here to confuse Heraclitus with Democritus, "the laughing philosopher." Donne says with propriety, "Would not Heraclitus laugh?" but there would be nothing extraordinary in Heraclitus bursting with spleen.

[2] Albert Durer thought that the true proportions of beauty could be measured by mechanical rules.

[3] In the same manner Boileau, Lutrin, i. 19:

Les Chanoines vermeils, et brillans de santé.

[4] Sir John Gonson, the famous police magistrate, was as celebrated

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,[1]
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe;
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room; but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins I see the wall,[2]
And lined with giants deadlier than 'em all;
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-Bar and Charing-Cross.
Scared at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discovered spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebuke endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

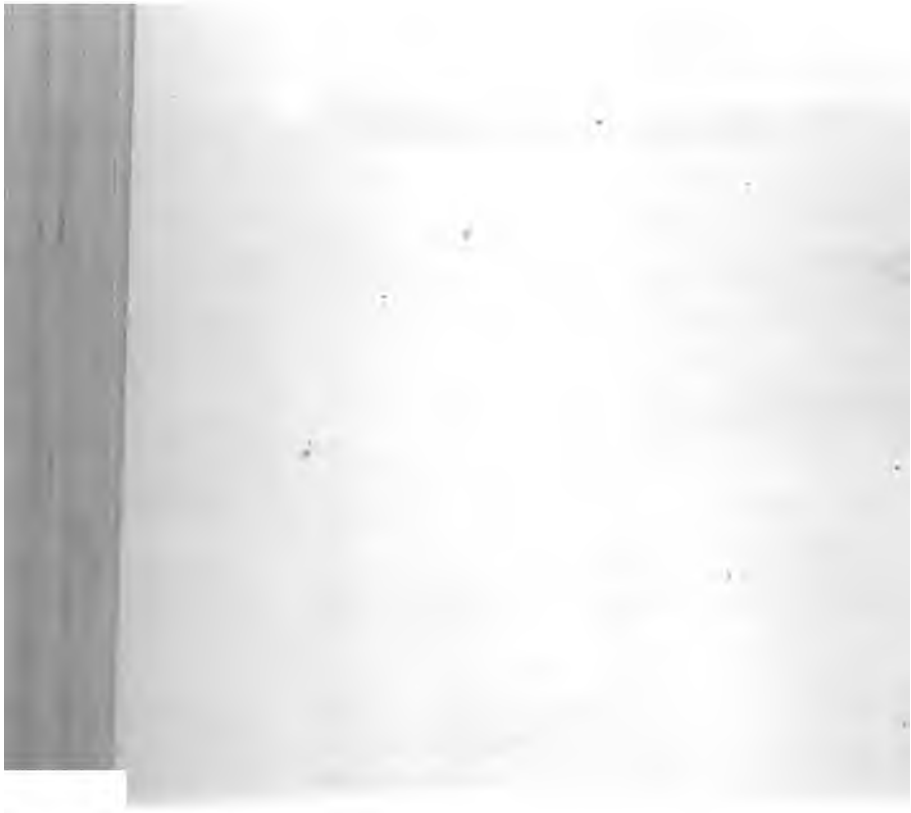
in his day, in the annals of justice, as one of his successors in office, Sir John Fielding, has been since. His portrait is introduced in Hogarth's Harlot's Progress. —BOWLES.

Pope has introduced him again in ver. 54.

[1] Compare Essay on Criticism, Part iii. ver. 28.

Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

[2] The room hung with old tapestry representing the Seven Deadly Sins. —POPE.



EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

"POPE's last Satires of the general kind were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight.' In these poems many are praised and many are reproached. Pope was then entangled in the Opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the Ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown; he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending through much more violent conflicts of faction."—JOHNSON.

"By long habit of writing, and almost constantly in one sort of measure, he had now arrived at a happy and elegant familiarity of style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with dissipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets as well as politicians."—WARTON.

"From the conclusion of this Satire, which is highly poetical and animated, one might suppose that there was neither honesty, honour, public spirit, nor virtue, in the nation. We should, however, always keep in mind the agitated state of Parties at the time. Tories, Jacobites, disappointed Whigs, all under the *name* of *Patriot*, united in *one cry* against the administration of Walpole, who *most truly* deserved that distinguished appellation, and by whose firmness, wisdom, and integrity, under Providence, the Protestant succession was in great measure sustained, in the most trying periods, and with it our laws and liberties.

"But whatever may be said of the political, of the poetical part, particularly the description of vice, and the noble conclusion, there can be but one opinion. More dignified and impressive numbers, more lofty indignation, more animated appeals, and more rich personifications never adorned the page of the satiric muse."—BOWLES.

"As it was the object of the poet, in his Dunciad, to excite his countrymen to exert themselves in the defence and promotion of true taste and sound learning, so, in the following pieces, it is his intention to rouse them to a due sense of their own rights and dignity as a people, to shew them the dangers by which they were surrounded, to exhibit vice and corruption in the darkest colours, and thereby to

stimulate them to the attainment of public integrity, honour, and virtue. This, however, is not the light in which these Dialogues seem to have been regarded by his later editors, and particularly by Dr. Warton, who conceives that 'the satire is carried to excess,' and 'that the prognostications of ruin to the country were vain and groundless; for that in about twenty years afterwards it carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all quarters of the world.' On this it may be observed, that the prognostications of the poet were founded on the political depravity and corruption which he saw around him, and are in fair construction to be considered only as warnings, or denunciations, to apprize his contemporaries, that if they did not act upon higher motives and better principles, and oppose themselves to the torrent, vice would be finally triumphant, would

. . . . lift her scarlet head,
And see pale virtue carted in her stead.

"'From the conclusion of this (the first) Satire,' says Mr. Bowles, 'one might suppose that there was neither honesty, honour, public spirit, nor virtue in the nation.' But this is to take in a literal what the poet meant should be taken only in a hypothetical sense, and to consider a poetical exaggeration as intended for a serious truth. The object of the poet is more decidedly manifested in his second Dialogue, in which he has celebrated numerous instances of public and private virtue, and has declared it to be his intention,

'To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.'

"In short, he avows his resolution to persevere in his purpose

'Till all but truth drops still-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.'

"What effect was, in fact, produced by the remonstrances of the poet upon the manners and morals of his countrymen, and what share he may have had in attaining that great improvement and better state of things which we are informed took place some years afterwards, it would not be an easy task to ascertain; but that these Dialogues forcibly exhibit

'The strong antipathy of good to bad;'

that they inculcate high and generous sentiments of public virtue and independence, and an abhorrence of political profligacy and of low and degrading pursuits, no one will be found to deny."—Roscoe.

Johnson's remarks on these Satires, originally published under the title Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight, are interesting from

their tone of reserve and superiority. Considering that his London was produced on the same day as the first Dialogue; that it was warmly praised by Pope, and that it abounded in the party spirit which Johnson seems inclined to blame in the Epilogue, we should have expected from the critic a little more sympathy and appreciation. As a matter of fact, Pope had been "entangled in the Opposition" since Bolingbroke's return from France, and his political principles were in great measure the fruits of the philosophical instruction which he had received from that statesman. When Johnson says that Pope "forgot the prudence with which he had passed his earlier years," he overlooks the great change which had occurred in the poet's circumstances. Between 1714 and 1725 the latter was laboriously building up his fortunes by his translation of Homer; and even if he had had leisure to indulge his political preferences, the Opposition in George I.'s reign was in too disorganised a state to offer any scope for poetical treatment. But on the accession of George II., Pope's independence was secured, while the anti-Ministerial party, directed by the genius of Bolingbroke and the experience of Pulteney, were eloquent on subjects well calculated to rouse a naturally warm imagination.

Warton and Bowles are right in attributing the heat of these Satires to party spirit, and Roscoe here, as elsewhere, is betrayed into misunderstandings by his fixed resolution to take Pope's virtues exactly at the poet's own valuation. If we were to accept the picture of the age as painted by Pope in the first of these two Dialogues, we should have to regard the Law and the Church as utterly corrupted, Liberty annihilated, Patriotism extinct; in a word, "nothing is sacred now but villainy"; and nothing is bright amidst the general darkness but the moral figure of the poet:

> Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
> Show there was one who held it in disdain.

And this judgment we are to believe is trustworthy, as coming from an impartial spectator—for so he describes himself elsewhere:

> Papist or Protestant, or both between,
> Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
> In moderation placing all my glory,
> While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
> *Imitation of Horace, Satires*, 2, 1, 65.

This boasted "moderation" imposes upon Roscoe, who heads the Ninth Chapter of his Life of the Poet, "Impartiality of Pope's Political Attachments," and says:

"These attachments, it may be said, were pretty equally divided between the great contending parties of Whig and Tory. Whilst on the one hand he kept up his connection with Wyndham and Boling-

broke, Cobham and Bathurst, he maintained on the other the same friendly intercourse with Pulteney, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield."

These remarks betray a strange ignorance of the politics of the period, as well as of the motives of individual statesmen: they are also founded on a complete misconception of Pope's character. The poet no doubt liked to think of himself as superior to sect in religion and to faction in politics. But in respect of *esprit de corps*, he was a staunch adherent both of his church and of his party. He made no response to the endeavours of Atterbury for his conversion. On the contrary, his hostility to the Church of England became more active as he grew older, and he rarely neglected the opportunity of a stroke at a bishop or a church dignitary, particularly if these happened to be Whigs. So in his politics. He seldom praises a Ministerial Whig (Craggs and Pelham were exceptions) but for the purpose of reflecting credit on himself, as in his allusions to his early intimacy with Somers and Halifax; or of discrediting the Court, as when he compliments Jekyll on his fidelity to the old Whig principles, which the Ministerialists had turned into ridicule. When he eulogises Addison as a writer, he takes exception to his "courtly stains." His most poignant sarcasms are levelled at Marlborough, Hervey, Devonshire, Selkirk, Dodington, and others, all prominent members of the Whig party. A graceful personal compliment is paid to Walpole in return for the favour he had conferred on the poet's friend, Southcote; but it is soon after balanced by a bitter sneer at the Minister's conjugal relations. The Tory leaders, on the other hand, are the constant theme of Pope's praise, and I do not remember a single stroke of satire aimed at a member of that party, except in the unfinished piece called Seventeen Hundred and Forty. As for his compliments to Pulteney, Chesterfield, Cobham, and Lyttelton, on which Roscoe (who, by the way, seems to have fancied Cobham to have been a Tory) relies, it is obvious that they are paid not to the Whig principles of those statesmen, but to their energy as members of the combined Opposition.

It has been already said that Pope's politics as well as his philosophy were derived from Bolingbroke. Whoever wishes thoroughly to understand the spirit of the Epilogue to the Satires should read Bolingbroke's Dissertation upon Parties: in that treatise will be found the political groundwork of Pope's glowing rhetoric, just as the philosophical principles of Bolingbroke are found underlying the poetical fabric of the Essay on Man. The following extracts will show how completely the poet had imbibed the spirit of his master. Bolingbroke ascribing the evils of his time to the substitution of the system of indirect influence for the direct exercise of prerogative, says:

"As the means of influencing by prerogative and governing by force were considered to be increased formerly upon every increase of power to the Crown, so are the means of influencing by money, and

of governing by corruption, to be considered as increased now upon that increase of power which hath accrued to the Crown by the new constitution of the revenue since the revolution."

He proceeds to describe the probable consequences of this corrupting influence:

"Britain will then be in that very condition in which, and in which alone, her constitution, and her liberty by consequence, may be destroyed; because the people may, in a state of universal corruption, and will in no other, either suffer others to betray them or betray themselves. How near a progress we have made towards this state, I determine not. This I say, it is time for every man who is desirous to preserve the British Constitution, and to preserve it secure, to contribute all he can to prevent the ill effects of that new influence and power, which hath gained strength in every reign since the revolution; of those means of corruption which may be employed, one time or other, on the part of the Crown, and of that proneness to corruption on the part of the people, that hath been long growing, and still grows. It may otherwise happen that these causes remaining in force, their effects will become too strong to be checked, and will ensure the ruin of the best constitution upon earth, whenever the men in power, shall think their grandeur, or their safety, concerned in the ruin of it. We are not exposed, at present, most certainly, to any such contingency, but the bare possibility of being so is a reason sufficient to awaken and alarm every honest man. Hath not every such man, indeed, reason to be alarmed when he hears the cause of corruption publicly pleaded, and when men are suffered, nay paid by somebody or other, to plead this unrighteous cause as if it was that of our most righteous government?"

The remedy for this prevailing corruption was, according to Bolingbroke, to be found in the appearance of a Patriot King, ruling with the consent, and by means of the affections, of his subjects.

"There is," said he in his Idea of a Patriot King, "no eligible remedy that can so surely and effectually restore the Virtue and Public Spirit essential to the preservation of Liberty, and well nigh lost even in Europe, as the reign of a good and wise Prince. And let me say that it is in *Britain* alone, and in no other part of Europe that we can expect that most uncommon of all Phenomena in the Physical or Moral World, I mean a Patriot King, to arise. *Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*"

Now it must be admitted that Bolingbroke's Monarchical idea of the English Constitution, which in many respects resembles that expounded by Swift in his letter to Pope of 10th January, 1721, has a much stronger foundation in reason than the old Whig Theory as defined by Burke in his Thoughts on the present Discontents. But it is not less certain that such political views as he put forward in the

two volumes from which these extracts are made, were incapable of being translated into practice under the aristocratical form of government which was established on the Revolution of 1688. And looking to Bolingbroke's character, we can scarcely believe that they were intended to be employed except as an instrument of Opposition. This end they served to perfection. They gave a rhetorical basis of action to the landed as opposed to the monied interest; to the party of the Prince of Wales as opposed to the party of the King; to the combined attack of Pulteney and Wyndham as opposed to the mere defensive strategy of Walpole.

The practical application of Bolingbroke's ideas to the politics of the period is full of interest, both as a curious example of the mixed nature of human motives, and also as illustrating the spirit of the following Dialogues. It was the main object of the Opposition to procure the downfall of Walpole, whom they accused of sacrificing for his own purposes the independence of Parliament to the authority of the Crown. Walpole's power rested partly on the confidence reposed in him by the King, partly on the influence, fair or foul, which his position enabled him to exercise in the House of Commons. The Opposition hoped that they might be able to win over some of the Minister's supporters, and so expose him to a Parliamentary defeat, which would probably cause the King to withdraw from him his confidence. Their calculations were not ill-grounded. In 1738, the year of the grand combined attack of the Opposition, the Queen, Walpole's steady supporter, was dead; the King was in bad health; and Walpole's own constitution was believed to be impaired. It was thought that a number of waiters on Providence were ready to leave the falling house in which they had hitherto taken shelter. What the Opposition wanted was a common centre round which they might rally, forgetful of the jealousies and antipathies which divided them. This rallying point for their homage they found in the Prince of Wales, and their scheme, fantastic as it appears to us, was to set him up as the model of a constitutional ruler in contrast to his father, who, as they pretended, was, under the misleading influence of Walpole, gradually acquiring absolute power. These ideas are advocated very earnestly in a letter from Lord Stair to Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, dated Jan. 1, 1738: "There is another thing which does not depend upon many different persons, which, if steadily pursued, must, in a very little time, get the better of all opposition, and that is the conduct of the P—— of W—— * * * If by his conduct, steady and uniform, it appears as well as by his words, that he is really a friend to liberty, and that it appears by his actions and the actions of his friends, that he does not desire that the King should have more power than our Constitution allows—I say such conduct will very soon give the Prince such a character, as will unite all true lovers of

their country in his favour." The "patriotic" heir-apparent unfortunately brought nothing but ridicule on the party whose interests he was intended to promote.

The opinions which Bolingbroke propounded as a politician Pope put forward in his two Dialogues as a poet and a satirist. He too lashed the monied Whigs, with Walpole at their head, in his tremendous invective against the corruption of the times; he too exalted the patriotism of the courtiers of the Prince of Wales as contrasted with the sycophants of the King and Queen. But the remedy for the national evils which he suggested was very different from Bolingbroke's Patriot King. It was his own Satire. Self-love and party spirit have rarely displayed themselves in a more subtle, and it must be added, in a more splendid shape.

The design of the two Dialogues is singularly artful. In the first the friend who is his interlocutor remonstrates with him as a man of the world on the severity of his satire, and the poet humorously makes this prudent person suggest the most immoral objects for ridicule, on the plea that they would be safe. Pope, pretending to fall in with his views, bursts forth into a strain of flattery, more biting in its irony than the severest satire, winding up with the ejaculation,—

> So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
> No gazetteer more innocent than I—
> And let a-God's name, every fool and knave
> Be graced through life, and honoured in his grave.

"Why so?" says his Friend, with the same innocence as before, "you still may lash the greatest—in disgrace." Even here, however, he keeps up his character for prudence by advising him to spare "immortal Selkirk and grave Delaware," who, through all changes of Government, will be sure to remain in place. The poet, taking up the cue, acknowledges that Vice must be respected in high stations, and only rebuked when it exhibits itself in the vulgar,—

> Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
> And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth,
> But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore:
> Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.

Fired with this idea, his imagination calls up the splendid picture of the Triumph of Vice, and, having raised his invective to the highest pitch of indignation, he concludes the Dialogue, in a kind of undertone, by a brief allusion to his own disdain for the universal corruption of the age. This Satire requires to be very carefully read, as almost every phrase has a double allusion, and the marvellous skill of the workmanship is only appreciated when the irony is thoroughly understood.

In the second Dialogue he becomes more serious. The same friend now appears protesting against Pope's practice of personal satire, and throughout the Dialogue the poet asserts the integrity of his motives. He pays ample compliments to his friends, but declares that his verse is not inspired by friendship alone, but zeal for virtue, and that wherever he finds virtuous subjects, he will be quick to praise. He then justifies his Satire on general grounds,—

> Ask you what provocation I have had?
> The strong antipathy of good to bad.
> When truth or virtue an affront endures,
> The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
> Mine as a foe professed to false pretence,
> Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
> Mine as a friend to every worthy mind;
> And mine as men who feel for all mankind.

His friend thinks that this is pride; to which he answers—more characteristically than he perhaps intended:

> Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
> Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.

And then, warmed by the thought, as in the preceding Dialogue, he rises into a strain of lofty eloquence, praising Satire as the last "weapon left for Truth's defence," and exalting the functions of the satirist as the destroyer of Flattery, and the guardian of Freedom. All this is much too unpractical for his prudent friend, who, lifting up his hands and eyes, concludes the conversation,—

> Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
> And write next winter more Essays on Man.

Such is the framework of the two Dialogues, and into this texture are ingeniously woven innumerable allusions to the persons and incidents of the day, all calculated to damage the cause of the Court, the Ministerial party, and the monied interest. In reading these Satires it should be remembered that the year 1737, preceding that in which the two Dialogues were published, was the first in which Walpole's power began to be seriously weakened. The exposure of the frequent frauds of the monied interest which he appeared to palliate, the feuds in the Royal Family, the death of the Queen, who had steadily supported him, and, above all, the supposed cowardice of his foreign policy, had lessened his prestige with the nation, and the Opposition pressed him with ever-increasing ardour. The hopes, the hatreds, and the principles, of the party, led by Pulteney and Wyndham, are all minutely reflected in the satire of Pope.

The first Dialogue was registered at Stationers' Hall, 12th May, 1738, under the title "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight. A Dialogue something like Horace;" the owner of the copyright being Alexander Pope.

The Second Dialogue was registered at Stationers' Hall, 17th July, 1738, as "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight. Dialogue 2. By Mr. Pope;" the owner of the copyright being Alexander Pope.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.[1]

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,[2]
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in 't.[3]
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,[4]
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Dreary of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."[5]

[1] This Satire was originally published under the title of Seventeen Hundred and Thirty Eight. For the reason of the change in the name see Appendix V.

[2] An imitation of Horace's Satire beginning "Sic raro scribis." In the folio of 1738 the interlocutors were A. and B.

[3] After ver. 2 in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit,
Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

As to "Sir Paul," see 1740, ver. 20, and note.

[4] This rapture of our poet is the *μανία* in Aristotle's Poetics, cap. 16, the *mens divinior* or *enthusiastic conception* of Horace; and the *fine phrenzy* of Shakespeare. — WAKEFIELD. The friend alludes to the more imaginative poetry which he had written in his youth.

[5] In folio of 1738:

'Tis all from Horace; did not Horace say,
"Lord Fanny spun a thousand lines a day:"
And long before you, in much better metre,
"Laugh at those fools who put their trust in Peter."

Warton says: "The general turn of the thought is from Boileau:

Avant lui, Juvenal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lashed no sort of vice:[1]
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,[2]
Blunt could do business, H-ggins knew the town;[3]
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,[4]
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropped our ears, and sent them to the king.[5]

[1] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation.—POPE.

Bubo is said to mean Mr. Doddington, Lord Melcombe.—WARTON.

Of this there can be no doubt. See ver. 68.

[2] Sir William Yonge. He had been called "Sir Billy" in the Essay on Man.—Epist. iv. ver. 278.

[3] Huggins, formerly gaoler of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.—POPE.

John Huggins, Esq., Warden of the Fleet Prison, on the report of a Committee of the House of Commons, of which General Oglethorpe was chairman, was prosecuted for extortion and cruelty, amounting to murder, committed by his deputies on the prisoners. He was, however, acquitted. There seems some reason to suspect that the prosecution was prompted by personal or political motives, for Smollett, in his account of the enquiry before the Committee of the House of Commons, adds in a note: "It afterwards appeared that some of the members of this inquest were actuated by other motives than those they professed, and the Committee was suffered to sink into oblivion."—CROKER. Huggins was not—as Pope asserts in his note—expelled from his office, which he had before ceased to hold. Bambridge, who was acting as Deputy Warden, was expelled. The British Chronologist, March 20, 1729, implies that the Committee were bribed.

[4] In the first edition:

Sir George of some slight gallantries suspect,
In reverent S—n note a small neglect.

Sir George Oxenden, a notorious debauchee. For an account of him, see Lord Hervey's Memoirs, ii. 345, where he is compared to Clodius. After the publication of the first edition of the Satire, Sir George left the ministerial Whigs and attached himself to the party of the Prince of Wales. Pope therefore suppressed this stroke of satire, and another of the same kind in the Sober Advice.

For the suppression of the line on Sutton, see Moral Essays, iii. 105.

[5] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears and bid him carry them to the king his master.—POPE.

"Jenkins displayed the ear, which he had preserved, as some assert, in a box, and others in a bottle, asserting that after tearing it off, the Spaniards had said to him: 'Carry it to your King, and tell his Majesty if he were present I would serve him in the same manner.' Being asked by a member what he thought when he found himself in the hands of such a barbarian, he replied: 'I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country.'"—COXE's Walpole.

His sly, polite, insinuating style[1]
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:[2]
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you 'd jest no more—[3]
And where 's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offered you a groat.[4]
Go see Sir Robert! P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour[5]
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;[6]

[1] From Dryden's Translation of Persius, Sat. I.:

With concealed design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join;
And with a sly, insinuating grace,
Laughed at his friend and looked him in the face.

[2] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico,
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.—PERS.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.—POPE.

Mr. Croker says this refers to old *Horace* Walpole.

[3] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.—POPE.

Mr. Croker transcribes in the 8vo of 1738, from a similar copy at Mertoun, a MS. note by Lord Marchmont, "Pulteney" and "Carteret." These two anti-Ministerial Whigs were not inclined to push matters to the same extremities as the rest of the Opposition. It seems they did not enter heartily into the scheme for setting up the Prince of Wales against the King. Lady Murray writes to her uncle Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, on 3rd February, 1738: "If your head (*i.e.*, Pulteney) yields, and gets to Bath to be out of the way, what is to be expected from others?"

[4] After ver. 26 in the MS.:

There's honest Tacitus * once talked as big,
But is he now an independent Whig?

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.—WARBURTON.

The "great man" was a phrase appropriated by common use to the first Minister.—ROSCOE. See Imitation of Donne, Sat. iv. 159.

[5] This compliment is paid to Walpole in return for the service which the latter rendered at Pope's request to his friend Southcote, in procuring for him, through Fleury, an Abbey near Avignon. Southcote had obtained for Pope, when a young man, medical advice which the poet believed was the means of preserving his life. See Spence's Anecdotes, p. 7.

[6] Horace Walpole says of his father three years afterwards: "He who at dinner always forgot that he was a minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together."—WALPOLE to Mann, 19th October, 1741.

Seen him, uncumbered with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.[1]
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.[2]
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.
F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;[3]
A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig,[4]
Who never changed his principle or wig;[5]

[1] These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions.—POPE.

A curious statement. The verses appear in the 12mo of 1738, the year in which the satire was published.

[2] In the folio of 1738:

He thinks one poet of no venal kind.

The verse as it stands is an allusion to Walpole's famous saying that "every man has his price."

[3] A stroke at Walpole. See preceding note. The "horse laugh" is descriptive of Walpole's manner.

[4] Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh of ONE who bestowed it equally on religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.—POPE.

Mr. Croker thinks that "ONE" means the Queen: but from ver. 38 it would appear rather applicable to Walpole. Jekyll was one of the representative old Whigs referred to by Burke in his Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old. He was a manager in Sacheverell's trial. The Court were particularly offended with him for speaking against them on the question of the Marlborough election in 1735. Lord Hervey calls him "an impracticable old fellow of four score with no great natural perspicuity of understanding, who had instead of enlightening that natural cloud only gilded it with knowledge, reading, and learning, and made it more shining, but not less thick."—Memoirs, vol. i. 473.

[5] This alludes to the change in the fashion of wigs. In William III. and Queen Anne's reigns full bottomed wigs were worn, but these were afterwards tied up that they might be worn in the battle or the hunting-field. Lord Bolingbroke was one of the first to adopt this fashion. Though at first regarded as undress, the Ramilies wigs gradually became the high court dress. Fairholt in his Costume in England, p. 361, says: "The beau of 1727 is described in Mist's Journal as 'dressed in a fine linen shirt . . . . a small wig, with an enormous queue or tail.'" In a publication of Curll's called The School of Venus, 1739, there is a frontispiece with a view of the Mall, and a group of four persons, two ladies, an elderly and a young gentleman, the one wearing a full-bottomed tye-wig, and the other a very small one. It appears that Jekyll kept up the old fashion. By his will he left £20,000 to add to the Sinking Fund for the reduction of debt, upon which Lord Mansfield remarked that he might as well have tried to stop up the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig. See Foss's Lives of the Judges, "Jekyll."

A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?" [1]
Why answer, Lyttelton,[2] and I 'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base:
You 'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,[3]
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.

[1] Compare Prologue to Satires, vv. 356-7.

[2] George Lyttelton, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.—POPE.

He succeeded to the place of Doddington, who was discarded from Frederic's favour in 1734. His chief "writings in verse" are Blenheim, and The Progress of Love. The "writings in the spirit of liberty," referred to in Pope's note, are his Persian Letters, which are in prose. Lord Hervey, who was of course prejudiced against him, says of his oratory: "He had a great flow of words, which he always uttered in a lulling monotony, and the little meaning they had to boast of was generally borrowed from the common-place maxims and sentiments of moralists, philosophers, patriots, and poets, crudely imbibed, half-digested, ill put together, and confusedly refunded." Vol. i., p. 434. It is interesting to find Pope here acknowledging the ambiguous method of his satire, remarkable examples of which are seen in the characters of Atossa and Bufo, and in the concluding lines of 1740.

[3] In the first edition:

Ægisthus, Verres hurt not honest Fleury.

Sejanus, Wolsey, the one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dialogue ii., ver. 137.—POPE.

Fleury, Cardinal, and Minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot fashion at that time to cry up his wisdom and honesty. — POPE. Fleury deserved at least the compliment of honesty. Lord Hervey, who had no such motive for praise as the "patriots," says of him: "He had no view in what he saved to enriching himself or his family; the nepotism of other Cardinals, and almost all Popes, had no influence on his conduct, for he had but two nephews, one in the marine, and the other in the Church, and to avoid the reproach of partiality to his own blood, at the expense of the public, he neglected their advancement even to a fault."—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 84.

Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters, that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit![1]
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,[2]
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng![3]

[1] See them in their places in the Dunciad.—POPE.

"Orator" Henley, and Osborne, the pseudonym of the Editor of the London Journal, one of the weekly Government Papers. See Dunciad, ii. 2, 425; iii. 129, 218-229 for Henley; and ii. 312 for Osborne.

[2] In the first edition:

The honey dropping from Ty—l's tongue.

i.e., "Tyrconnel's tongue." Mr. Croker says: "Lord Tyrconnell was of Walpole's party, and moved the address at the opening of the session, 1731-2, so lamely, that Tindal's History, which seldom notices such failures, records him as 'an uncouth speaker.' I do not know why Pope displaced Tyrconnell to substitute Favonio, unless to satirise the former under a Latin name, Tyrconnel (Donegal) being in the extreme *west* of Ireland. He also removes Tyrconnel from Dialogue ii. 158."

The person satirised is John, Viscount Tyrconnell, Baron Charleville, and Lord Brownlow, the same who quarrelled with Savage. See Johnson's Life of Savage. This quarrel may perhaps account for Pope's hostility to Tyrconnell.

[3] In the first edition:

The flowers of Bub—ton, the flow of Y—ng.

i.e., Bubbington—a combination of Bubb Dodington, which identifies the Bubo of ver. 12. Y—ng is Sir William Yonge, coupled again with Bubo in Prologue to Satires, ver. 290. Lord Hervey says of him: "Sir W. Yonge had a great command of what is called Parliamentary language, and a talent of talking eloquently without a meaning, and expatiating agreeably upon nothing, beyond any man, I believe, that ever had the gift of speech."—Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 48. The State Dunces gives him the same character:

Silence! ye Senates, while enriboned Yonge
Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue.
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Formed of smooth periods, and of well-tuned air!

Lord Chesterfield, however, says in a letter to his son: "Sir W. Yonge has, *by a fitness of tongue*, raised himself successively to the best appointments of the kingdom." I cannot discover Pope's reason for constantly connecting Yonge's and Dodington's

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,[1]
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.[2]
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,[3]

names. Both appear to have been great place-hunters.

[1] Alludes to some Court sermons and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries, which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style, and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.—POPE.

Alluding to Dr. Alured Clarke's sermon on the Queen's death. The Duchess of Marlborough says in her Opinions (ii. 162), "There come out every day nauseous panegyrics on her great understanding and goodness, so full of nonsense, of lies, that make one sick. There is one very remarkable from a Dr. Clarke, in order that he may have the first bishopric that falls."

[2] The blanks should be filled up thus: "Hervey's," "Fox's," "The Senate's." Henry Fox (next to his brother Stephen, Lord Hervey's dearest friend), had on January 24th, 1738, moved in a highly encomiastic speech a still more highly encomiastic address on the Queen's death. This incident clears up what has hitherto remained an unexplained allusion. The satire mentions sermons, speeches, addresses, and epitaphs on the Queen's death. The sermons are explained in the last note. "The well-whipt cream of courtly sense" belongs to Lord Hervey, whom Pope suspected of having written Fox's encomiastic speech introducing the address, which address being adopted became the Senate's, and which Lord Hervey finally embodied in the celebrated epitaph on the Queen in Latin and English. Henry Fox, however, was not a man to need any one to make a speech for him, and no doubt Pope was soon apprised that he had made a mistake, in that particular, which he endeavours to slur over in a somewhat different version of the story in the second dialogue:

F. And how did pray the florid youth
[Fox] offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to
a friend [Hervey].
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom
it came,
Whoever borrowed could not be to
blame,
For the whole House did afterwards
the same;

that is, by voting the address.—CROKER.

The above conjecture is confirmed by a pretended correction of an error, made in the Errata to the folios of 1738.

"Erratum.

"In p. 5, v. 69, correct the following mistake:

Which first was H—vy's, F—'s next,

and read:

Which first was F—'s, H—vy's next, &c."

Probably the correction was meant to be offensive, and to add point to Pope's speech in Dialogue ii.

Fox is mentioned again in Imitation of Horace, Sat. ii., 1, 49, and in 1740:

Hervey and Hervey's School, Fox, Harry, Hinton.

[3] Alluding to the Epitaph on the Queen in Latin and English.

As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,[1]
All boys may read, and girls may understand![2]
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;[3]
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,[4]
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts performed, and *all* her children blessed![5]

[1] Middleton, author of the Life of Cicero, which he dedicated with a laboured encomium to Lord Hervey. Compare Dunciad, iv. 103, 104. It is curious to find Warburton—who afterwards consented to father Pope's Notes on the Fourth Dunciad—writing to Middleton, August 27, 1738, on this passage, "I saw with much indignation your name mentioned in one of Pope's late Satires. But I am told by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn that his treatment of you is much resented in town. The young lawyers of Murray's acquaintance were in a public coffee-house upbraiding him with his friend's behaviour; and all the way he had of justifying him was that Pope meant no slur upon him, but rather a compliment, and insisted on it that this was his meaning, which they would by no means allow to be the natural obvious sense."

Bland had been master of Eton College, and was now Dean of Durham. He translated into Latin the soliloquy of Cato in the fifth act of Addison's play. Pope had before attacked him in his capacity of journalist. See Dunciad, i. 231. The poet seems here to suggest that the Epitaph had been written for Lord Hervey by Middleton and Bland.

[2] *i.e.*, full of school phrases and Anglicisms.—WARBURTON.

[3] The cant of politics at that time.—WARBURTON. Used in much the same indefinite way as we use the phrase "public opinion." Lord Stair says in a Memorandum published in the Marchmont Papers, ii. 123: "It is very plain that the nation and the House of Commons are different things; that they have different senses; and that they have had different senses of late."

[4] Queen Consort to King George II.; she died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances, unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.—POPE. As to this and the following note, see Introduction to Satires, p. 9.

How highly our poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his letters to Mrs. Allen, written at that time, in which, amongst others equally respectful, are the following words: "The Queen showed the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony—that of sincere tears."—WARBURTON.

[5] This and the three preceding verses were not in the first edition. The words "all parts performed," refer to the rumour that the Queen had declined to receive the Sacraments.

Warton says: "No subtle commen-

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—[1]
But let, a-God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flattered in his grave.
F. Why so? If Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

tary can torture these words to mean anything but the most poignant sarcasm on the behaviour of this great personage to her son on her death-bed. A very severe copy of verses was circulated at the time, said to be written by Lord Chesterfield, which ended thus:

And unforgiving, unforgiven dies.

So that our author's own note is at variance with his text, as is the letter written to Mrs. Allen."

Bowles quotes Coxe's defence of the Queen. "The tongue of slander has even reproached the Queen with maintaining her implacability to the hour of her death, and refusing her pardon to the Prince, who had humbly requested to receive her blessing. To this imputation Lord Chesterfield alludes in a copy of verses circulated at that time:

And unforgiving, unforgiven dies.

Pope also has consigned to posterity this aspersion:

And all her children blessed.

I am happy to have it in my power to remove this stigma from the memory of this great Princess. She sent her blessing to her son and a message of forgiveness, and told Sir Robert Walpole she would have seen him with pleasure, but prudence forbade the interview, as it might embarrass and irritate the king."—Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, p. 497. But Lord Hervey, who knew all that passed, makes no mention of any message of forgiveness, and quotes some speeches of the Queen showing that her feelings towards the Prince remained unsoftened. Pope was better informed than Coxe.

[1] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the Government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele for some time had this post, and he described it very well in the Apology for Himself and his Writings: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest minister of state, to wit, in the office of Gazetteer; where I worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people say, which I do not deserve."—WARBURTON. But Warburton ought to have known that the Gazetteers in Walpole's time did not at all answer to this description. The irony of Pope's allusion is shown in the passage of a letter written by him to Lord Marchmont, June 22, 1740: "The very Gazetteer *is more innocent* and better bred. When he abuses the brave or insults the dead, he lays the fault another day upon his printer."

But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.[1]
Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lulled with the sweet Nepenthe of a court,
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;[2]
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig minister to Tory,
And when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vexed,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.[3]

[1] Immortal Selkirk. A title given to that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I.; he was so to George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. —POPE.

Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1687. Lord Hervey, in a poetical Epistle to the Queen, says of him:

> Let nauseous Selkirk shake his empty head
> Through six Courts more, when six have wished him dead.

—Lord Hervey's Memoirs, ch. xxxv. He died about a year after the publication of this Dialogue, 15 March, 1739. See Moral Essays, i. 55 and note, and iii. 92. Of Lord Delawarr Mr. Croker says: "John, seventh Earl of Delawarr, the ambassador who conducted the treaty of marriage between Prince Frederick and the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha and conducted her to England. His crime seems to have been that he was a personal favourite with the King and Queen, in whose household he long held an office." Compare 1740, ver. 59.

[2] Pope, in verse 36, reflects on the Court for making free with Scripture. The parody in this line is but one among the offences of the same kind against decency and good taste which abound in his own writings. The line itself is an adaptation of a verse in his Messiah, as it was first printed in the Spectator:

"He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes."

[3] The three sovereigns were William, Anne, and George I. This is one of those oblique strokes of satire in which Pope excelled. George II. and the Prince of Wales were at this

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?[1]
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
Ye gods! shall Cibber's son,[2] without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich[2] outwhore a duke?[3]
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?[4]
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?[5]

time at bitter enmity with each other, and nothing would have been more calculated to annoy the King than a reminder that the hopes of the nation were fixed on the Heir Apparent.

[1] In first edition:

Who starves a mother.

The lines as they stand are a reflection on the conduct of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu towards her sister Lady Mar, who being insane, had been delivered into Lady Mary's custody by the Court of Chancery. She had been first carried off by Lord Grange, and it was doubtless through him or Lord Mar, who was in constant communication with Atterbury, that Pope derived his information, which therefore cannot be regarded as trustworthy. Lady Mary was undoubtedly stingy, but she was fond of her sister. See Mr. Moy Thomas's remarks on this subject in the Preface to his edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Works. The "debt" which Lady Mary "denied" was the money which she had invested for Remond, her unscrupulous French acquaintance, in South Sea Stock when it stood at nine hundred, but almost immediately afterwards sank to four hundred. She says in a letter written in 1721 to the Countess of Mar: "I hear from other people that he is liar enough to publish that I have borrowed the money of him; though I have a note under his hand, by which he desires me to employ it in the funds, and acquits me of being answerable for any losses that may happen."

[2] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad.—POPE. For young Cibber see Dunciad, iii. 139, 326; for Rich, Dunciad, iii. 261.

[3] Elegance demands that these should be two proverbial expressions, *To swear like a lord* is so, but to *outwhore a Duke* certainly is not. However, this shows that the continence and conjugal virtues of the higher nobility must needs be very exemplary.—SCRIBLERUS.

[4] Ward of Hackney, agent for the Duke of Bucks. There was a suit in Chancery about the contracts under which Ward held certain estates from the Duke, and Ward being convicted of fraudulent practices had to stand in the pillory. Compare Dunciad, iii. 34. Pope implies that the contracts made between ministers and their clients are as fraudulent as those drawn by Ward.

[5] Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, was entrusted by George I. with a duplicate of his will, and did

Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)[1]
To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings?[2]
If Blount dispatched himself, he played the man,[3]
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran![4] 125

not execute his trust as he should have done, but he did not pocket the will as Pope says. On the contrary, at the first meeting of the Privy Council under George II., he handed it over to the new king, who pocketed and suppressed it. Horace Walpole gives an account of the transaction in his Reminiscences, chapter vi.

Japhet is Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger. See Moral Essays, iii. 86.

[1] For Bond, see Moral Essays, iii. 100. Peter is, of course, Pope's Crispinus, Peter Walter.

[2] This no doubt alludes to some provisions of the suppressed will, one of which we know was a large legacy (£40,000, it was said) to the Duchess of Kent, whose niece and heiress, Lady Walsingham, Lord Chesterfield married, and Walpole adds that having instituted or threatened a writ for its recovery, his Lordship was quieted by the payment of £20,000. —CROKER.

Observe the extraordinary skill of the *equivoque* in the couplet.

[3] Author of an impious foolish book called The Oracles of Reason, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.—POPE.

Charles Blount, son of Sir Henry Blount, born in April, 1654, married as early as December, 1672, and had a large family. He was the author of The Oracles of Reason, of an infidel treatise entitled Anima Mundi, and of a Life of Apollonius Tyanæus. He also published in 1685, Religio Laici, which he dedicated to Dryden, who speaks in high commendation of his works in his preface to Lucan, on which Sir W. Scott adds a note: "The death of Blount was voluntary. Having lost his wife, the daughter of Sir T. Tyrrel, of Shotover, he fell in love with her sister, and being unable to remove her scruples on the lawfulness of their union, he shot himself in a fit of despair."—CROKER. More particulars about Blount may be found in Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. 353.

[4] Author of another book of the same stamp, called A Philosophical Discourse on Death, being a defence of suicide. He was a noble of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted gamester, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the philosopher's bed-room with two loaded pistols; and as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, "that now was come the time to put the doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an useless member of society, and so was resolved to quit his station; and that, as to him, his guide, philosopher, and friend, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that chance which he adored,

But shall a printer, weary of his life,[1]
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abused demands a nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.[2]
Let modest Foster,[3] if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity that the Italian found himself under the necessity to cry out, Murder; which brought in company to his relief. The unhappy man at last died a penitent.—WARTON.

[1] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper, justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.—POPE.

The man's name was Richard Smith. He was a bookbinder, and a prisoner for debt within the Liberties of the King's Bench. He and his wife were found hanging in their room, their child having been shot. The account of the suicide, and a copy of the paper in which Smith justified his action, are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. ii., p. 722.

[2] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an Act of Parliament in 1736.—POPE.

The Gin Act was passed chiefly through the exertions of Sir Joseph Jekyll and against the judgment both of Pulteney and Walpole. It was meant to restrain the people from their excessive indulgence in Geneva or gin, and was a virtually prohibitory Act, 20*s.* being charged on each gallon sold by the retailer, and £50 being the price of a licence to retail the liquor. So far from checking the evil against which it was aimed, it only led to the increase of frauds on the Revenue, of drunkenness, and of rioting, and in 1743 it was found necessary to frame a new Bill, "by which a small duty was laid on the spirits at the still-head, and the price of licenses reduced to twenty shillings." Mahon's Hist. of England, chap. xxv.

[3] In the first edition, "humble Foster." One of the leading Dissenting preachers of the day. Pope was probably induced to single out Foster for this special praise, because he was a dissenter, and because in 1733 he became conspicuous in a controversy with some of the Church of England clergy, and particularly Dr. Stebbing, Archdeacon of Wilts.—CROKER. Hogarth, in his Memoirs of the Opera (vol. i. p. 305), incidentally illustrates Foster's popularity as a preacher; "Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, says: 'All the world flocked thither' (*i.e.* to the Haymarket Theatre), 'even Aldermen and other citizens with their wives and daughters, to so great a degree, that in the city it became a proverbial expression, that those who had not heard Farinelli sing and Foster preach, were not qualified to appear in genteel company.'" In a note to the above passage, Foster is described as "a celebrated Anabaptist preacher, who lectured on Sunday evenings in the Old Jewry."

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,[1]
Outdo Landaff in doctrine,—yea in life:[2]
Let humble Allen,[3] with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She 's still the same beloved, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:[4]

[1] The Quaker's wife was Mrs. Drummond, of whose preaching a long account is given in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 346. In the British Chronologist under October, 1735, it is stated that "Mrs. Drummond, a young Scottish lady, having turned Quaker, came up to London, and preached in that city, and in most of the great towns of England, particularly to the whole University of Cambridge."

[2] A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied.—POPE.

Dr. Harris died 28th August, 1738, and it is stated that the see was then only worth £600, the Deanery of Wells which he held with it being £700. Mawson succeeded Harris.—CROKER.

Warton says that Harris was "a prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope." In the reading of v. 37 of the First Imitation of Horace in the Chauncy MS., the name "Harris" occurs. If this is meant for the bishop, it would certainly appear that Pope must have had some grudge against him. Noble, in his continuation of Granger's Biographies (vol. iii. 490), says that Harris was recommended by Gibson to the see of Llandaff at the instance of the Duke of Argyle, and that he owed his promotion to a patriotic book on dress, written when he was Prebendary of Canterbury, called Treatise on the Modes, or Farewell to French Kicks, in which he urged his countrymen to dress according to their own taste, and to discard French fashions.

[3] In the folio, "low-born Allen." Mr. Pope, on the republication of this poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus: "I am going to insert in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public to correct myself on such occasions; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean humility. I must therefore, in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of 'low born' to 'humble.' I shall take care to do you the justice to tell everybody this change was not made at yours, or any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge you merited it."—WARBURTON.

[4] Warburton says: "The poet in

Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,[1]
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.[2]
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragged in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground![3]
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,[4]
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!

this whole passage was willing to be understood as alluding to the very extraordinary story of Theodora."

Warton, however, quotes Gibbon, vol. iv., p. 26: "Without Warburton's critical telescope I should never have seen in this general picture of triumphant vice any personal allusion to Theodora."

Nor is it very likely that Pope intended any, though we may easily believe that, as Warburton says, he was "willing to be understood" to have had Theodora in his mind when his future commentator pointed out the coincidence. The idea of personifying the corruption of Walpole's age as a prostitute was sufficiently obvious without the abstruse aid of Procopius.

[1] Alluding to the scarlet whore of the Apocalypse.—WARBURTON.

How then can Pope be supposed to have alluded to Theodora?

[2] Modern readers may require to be reminded that in Pope's days carting, or exhibiting from a cart, was a punishment of prostitutes and procuresses.—CROKER.

[3] A sneer at the peace at any price policy of Walpole. The reader of London, which appeared on the same day as this satire, will remember numerous allusions which Johnson makes to the aggrandisement of Spain at the expense of England.

[4] The Pagod. He probably selected this word with an eye to the many adventurers who about this period were returning from India with vast fortunes, and were buying seats in the House of Commons to profit by Walpole's system of parliamentary corruption.

The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villainy."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.[1]

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;[2]
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;[3]
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

[1] Late Solicitor to the Treasury.—WARBURTON. Nicholas Paxton.

He is referred to again in ver. 141:

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay?

Horace Walpole mentions him in a letter, April 15, 1742, as having been prosecuted for malversation. He was committed to Newgate and remained there during the session.

Mr. Croker says: In the poem called A Supplement to 1738. — "Not by Mr. Pope." Pope is made to account for his gall to Paxton thus:

The largest shower should on his head descend,
Who spoiled a gracious plot, and hanged my friend.

The allusion, of course, is to Atterbury's plot.

[2] An allusion to the Play-house Act, which was declared by the Opposition to be the first step towards the suppression of all freedom of the press. The line seems also to have reference to the old maxim "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." To-day, he says (ver. 8), there is something of invention in my satire, but to-morrow it will be the literal truth.

[3] Imitated from An Epilogue by Dryden:

The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase,
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vice's pace.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
E'en Guthrie saves half Newgate by a dash.[1]
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.[2]
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?[3]
Come on, then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wings, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists—F. Scandal! name them. Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister, who foreswore a debt,[4]
I never named; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame[5]—F. You mean—P. I don't—F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?[6]
Admit your law to spare the knight requires?
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?

[1] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation as to set down no more than the initials of their name.—POPE.

[2] Imitated from Martial, lib. x. xxxiii.

Hunc servare modum nostri novere libelli,
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

[3] It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning: the dice, though they rhyme to vice, can never stand for it; which his argument requires they should do. For dice are only the instruments of fraud; but the question is not whether the instrument, but whether the act committed by it, should be exposed instead of the person.—WARBURTON.

[4] In the first edition:

Who starved a mother, who foreswore a debt.

See Dialogue i. 113.

[5] Wakefield says this refers to Lady Betty Molineux, who married Dr. St. André, after poisoning her former husband, the friend of Locke. It seems, however, much more probable that Pope is alluding to his old attack on Lady Deloraine ("Delia") in Satire i. 81.

[6] Alluding to the old game laws.—WARBURTON.

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? No; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.[1]
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoiled,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;[2]
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench[3] a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;[4]
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hanged ten years ago:[5]
Who now that obsolete example fears?
E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.[6]

[1] In a former edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reasonable De la Bruyère observes, Qui ne sait être un Erasme, doit penser à être Evêque." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a seat on the bench.—WARTON.

[2] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. —POPE.

[3] Pickpockets were sometimes "ducked," and sometimes pumped upon.—CROKER.

[4] One hundred thousand pounds. See Moral Essays, iii. 122.

[5] Jonathan Wild was hanged on the 24th of May, 1725.

[6] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the Bench.—POPE.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.[1]
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborow name?[2]
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,[3]
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love,)[4]

[1] This abbreviation has been appropriated very absurdly to Sherlock. It is undoubtedly meant for Lord Selkirk, between whom and the Prince, there was mutual hatred.—CROKER.

He is referred to in Dialogue i. 92, as "Immortal S——k." The argument is: Peter at some future time may love virtue, in the same way as Selkirk, who now hates the Prince of Wales, will love him when he becomes King—*i.e.*, the love in both cases will spring from mere self-interest.

[2] Scarborow, Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment as Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.—POPE.

Pope's enemy, Lord Hervey, gives the same high character to the Earl "Lord Scarborough was a man of worth, family, quality, sense, figure, character, and honour; he had the garter given him in the late reign; was bred in a camp, and from thence brought to court, and had all the gallantry of the one and politeness of the other: he was amiable and beloved, two things which, though they ought, do not always meet; he was of the Cabinet Council, and was equally fit to be trusted in the most important affairs, or advised with in the most delicate; having knowledge, application, and observation, an excellent judgment, and (without the éclat of showy parts) a discerning, practical, useful, and sound understanding." As to his death, see 1740, ver. 78 and note.

[3] The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.—POPE.

Horace Walpole says: "Esher I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all villas, even to Southcote's. Kent is Kentissime there." Thomson also praises it:

Where in the sweetest solitude embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole.
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.

[4] Means no more than *art* and nature. And in this consists the compliment to the artist.—WARBURTON.

William Kent (1684–1748) was the originator of the modern English style of landscape garden-

The scene, the master, opening to my view;
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent,[1] Rundle has a heart,[2]

ing, which was opposed to the formal Dutch style previously in fashion. Pope, therefore, besides the compliment which Warburton explains, probably intended to praise Kent as a fellow-worker with Nature, not a mere formalist. Kent was an architect and painter, as well as a landscape gardener. His pictures, however, were poor. He painted a portrait of Pope.

[1] This praise of Secker is undoubtedly parsimonious, and the poet almost incurs the censure, which he passed on Addison:

Damns with faint praise.

His notion of "decent" is proved with tolerable precision from his Moral Essays, ii. 163, where after saying that Chloe, the subject of his Satire, wanted what Rundle had, a heart, he subjoins:

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

He means, therefore, to allow Secker moderate, but not leading excellences of character: to exhibit him as free from informal improprieties, rather than a great proficient in sublime virtue. Nor were the political principles of Secker likely to permit a very warm encomium from the prejudiced feelings of our poet.—WAKEFIELD.

Secker was born in 1693, and became first Bishop of Bristol (1735), then of Oxford (1737), and at last Archbishop of Canterbury (1758). Horace Walpole, who loved to disparage everybody, and not least the clergy, says that he was "bred a Presbyterian, a man-midwife, and was president of a very free-thinking club." As a matter of fact, his parents were Dissenters, and he for a time pursued the study, though not the practice, of surgery. The third charge is entirely groundless. Perhaps one of the reasons why Pope selected Secker for *moderate* praise, was, that though in favour with the Court, the Bishop was also respected by the Prince of Wales, whose children he had baptised, as Rector of St. James's. He died in 1768.

[2] Thomas Rundle was born about 1685, and was educated at Oxford, where he established a close friendship with Whiston, and imbibed in his early manhood some of the Arianism of the latter. In 1720 he was made Archdeacon, and in 1721, Prebendary of Durham. The see of Gloucester was solicited for him in 1733 by the Lord Chancellor Talbot, but the appointment was prevented through the influence of Gibson, Bishop of London, who suspected him of heresy. The charge does not appear to have been strongly supported, though Rundle, when a young man, had been an intimate friend of Whiston's, and before he took holy orders declared against obeying ecclesiastical laws, even when they were not unlawful, "which," says Whiston, "was farther than I could go with him." See Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary. He was made Bishop of Derry in 1735, and died in 1742. He is frequently mentioned in Swift's correspondence. From his biography he would seem to have been a man rather of impulse than of "heart"; for he is said "to have been precipitate in forming friendships, and as ready to relinquish them."

Manners with candour are to Benson given,[1]
To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.[2]
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.[3]
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great:[4]
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,[5]
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:

[1] Benson, the friend of Rundle. He was made Bishop of Gloucester in 1733 on the recommendation of Gibson, who perhaps wished to show that he had no personal feeling against Rundle. Pope's praises of Rundle and Benson are probably due to the fact that the treatment which the former received brought a good deal of odium on Walpole.

[2] George Berkeley, born at Kilerin, in Ireland, 1684, was made Dean of Derry in 1724. In 1728 he left Ireland for Rhode Island, having conceived a scheme for the conversion of the North American Indians, which he persuaded the Government to prosecute. The Government, however, having disappointed him, he returned to England in 1730, and in 1734 was made Bishop of Cloyne. He died January 14, 1753. Pope made his acquaintance in 1713, in the house of Steele, and was instrumental in procuring his advancement by introducing him to Lord Burlington. It is needless to say that the panegyric passed upon him in this verse contains no exaggeration.

[3] John, Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorruptible minister, who to the qualities of a consummate statesman added those of a man of learning and politeness. —POPE.

There is not much merit in his having "shunned the zenith" of the Lord Keeper, considering that he was not twelve years old when the latter was deprived of the seals.

Halifax, a Peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's Ministry.—POPE.

Pope does not state in what year his intimacy with Halifax began. He says, however, in his dedication to the Iliad, that Halifax was "one of the first to favour him," so that their connection probably dated from a period while the latter was still in office. The character of Bufo does not afford a very convincing proof of the sincerity of Pope's protestations in this passage.

[4] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. —POPE.

[5] Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III., and President of the Council under Queen Anne.—POPE.

James, Earl Stanhope. A nobleman

How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquered in the Tower![1]
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?[2]
Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?[3]

of equal courage, spirit, and learning.—POPE. As to Carleton, it seems strange that Pope should not know more accurately the offices really held by his distinguished friend. Henry Boyle was Secretary of State under Queen Anne, and President of the Council under Geo. I.; and this is the more remarkable because he seems to have been the "Lord C——" and the "President of the Council" referred to in the Atterbury Correspondence, who appears to have had some mysterious dealings with the Bishop at that suspicious juncture. The line, too, in which Pope says that he compared the ends—that is, the political objects—of Stanhope, a staunch Whig, with those of Carleton, seems to warrant an inference that though the end, the public good, was no doubt the same, yet the means by which each would have pursued it were different, which is very obvious if Carleton was in Atterbury's confidence.—CROKER.

[1] This is mean: the *Tower* spoils everything, as in Epistle vi., Book i., ver. 49 of the Imitations of Horace. But he incurred this insipidity by copying Cowley, but with a still more unhappy turn of the phrase, On the Bishop of Lincoln's enlargement from the Tower:

Your soul then most showed her unconquered power
Was stronger and more armed than in the Tower.—WAKEFIELD.

Pope's verse is not an instance of the bathos like that about Murray and the House of Lords. The Tower had by no means lost its terrors when Atterbury was confined there.

[2] The spirit of severe Roman patriotism was professed by the Opposition Whigs whom Pulteney led. It is the key-note of the Craftsman. Lord Hervey gives the following account of the character of Lord Chesterfield's wit: "Lord Chesterfield was allowed by everybody to have more conversable, entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humour and no distinction, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved by most of his acquaintances; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, profession, no friendship, no obligation, was a shield from the pointed glittering weapons that seemed to shine only to a stander by, but cut deep in those they touched."

[3] So Young, Satire vii., ver. 129:

It bids Argyll in fields and senates shine.
—WAKEFIELD.

The two lines on Argyll are said to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the House of Lords, on occasion of some of Pope's satires, that if any man dared to use his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himself on the mercy of his peers, who, he trusted, would weigh the provocation.—WARTON.

It seems much more probable that they show the hopes entertained by the Opposition of Argyll's defection from the Ministry. The Duchess of

Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,[1]
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Ranked with their friends, not numbered with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,[2]
Still let me say,—No follower, but a friend.[3]
Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;—
I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise:
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.[4]
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.[5]
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

Marlborough says in her Opinions, 1738, "It is said that the Duke of Argyll is extremely angry. It is a common saying that when a house is to fall, the rats go away." Argyll is said to "shake the field," in reference to his distinguished service under Marlborough in Flanders.

[1] In former editions: "Or Wyndham armed for freedom and the throne."

Sir William Wyndham was head of the Hanoverian Tories; Pope's line is therefore just, as well as epigrammatic; meaning that his friend was a Hanoverian in so far as in his love of freedom he allowed the necessity of altering the succession, but that he was a Tory in his zeal for the maintenance of the Royal prerogative. Lord Stanhope says, "Pope's praise (as to Wyndham's mastery over his passions) does not apply to his private life, since it appears that, though twice married, he resembled his friends Bolingbroke and Bathurst as a man of pleasure." Wyndham died within two years of the publication of this Satire.

[2] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. —WARBURTON.

[3] *i.e.* Unrelated to their parties, and attached only to their persons.—WARBURTON.

[4] The "Quaker's beaver" in this verse, and perhaps the "simple Quaker" in ver. 134 of Dialogue i. may be intended to point to Barnard, who was brought up in that Society.

[5] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in 1738. Pope praises him again in the Imitation of Horace, Epistle i. 1, 85. See note to that passage.

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son,[1]
Each widow asks it for "the best of men,"
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.[2]
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hanged, but not be crowned.[3]
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wished, but wished in vain.[4]
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;[5]
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking?

F. Faith the thought's no sin,
I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.[6]

[1] Compare Young, Sat. ii., ver. 165.

The booby father craves a booby son.
—WAKEFIELD.

Pope's verse probably refers to the Duchess of Buckingham, the "booby son" being the young Duke for whom Pope composed an epitaph.

[2] Lord Hailes (Life of Malone, p. 253) says that this is an allusion to Rowe's widow, who is referred to in Pope's epitaph on that poet,

To these, so mourned in death, so loved in life!
The childless parent, and the widowed wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

Nevertheless she afterwards married Colonel Deane.

[3] "The number" is used like "numerus" in Latin. "Nos numerus sumus."

[4] *i.e.*, when he congratulated Achilles with a mixture of regret for his own failure in this respect, on such a herald of his fame as Homer, at a visit to the tomb of that hero.—WAKEFIELD.

[5] Secretosque pios et dantem jura Catonem.—Æn. 8, 670.

"The Æneid was evidently a party piece as much as Absalom and Achitophel. I have formerly said that Virgil wrote one honest line, and that, I now believe, was not meant of Cato Uticensis."—POPE quoted by Spence, Anecdotes, p. 217. Virgil's line referred to Cato the censor.

[6] The meaning is somewhat obscure. Several of Pope's intimate friends, Lords Cobham, Chesterfield, and Stair, had been *dismissed* from their offices, in consequence of voting against the

F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—[1]
Spirit of Arnall![2] aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward,[3] Polwarth is a slave,[4]
And Lyttelton a dark designing knave;[5]
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.[6]
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres,[7] Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?

Court, but, with the exception of Lord Burlington, none had *resigned*. He must mean that they had acted conscientiously, well knowing the consequences that would ensue from their independent conduct.

[1] Here is a most happy imitation of Persius and of Boileau:

Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
Nil moror; euge. Omnes, omnes bene mirse eritis res!
Hoc juvat?

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. ver. 287:

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer le stile,
Je le déclare donc Quinault est un Virgile,
Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru;
Pelletier écrit mieux qu'Ablancourt ni Patru,
Cotin à ses sermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the advantage by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends.—WARTON.

[2] A writer in the pay of Sir R. Walpole. Pope says in a note to Dunciad, ii. 315, that he received, in four years, for his political articles, £11,000.

[3] He had addressed him in Moral Essays, i., as "brave Cobham."

[4] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished like them in the cause of liberty.—POPE.

Lord Polwarth was, after Barnard, the speaker whom Walpole considered the most formidable in debate of all the Opposition, on account of his fairness and independence.

[5] Compare Dialogue i. 47.

[6] See letter to Fortescue, 31 July, 1738, in explanation of this compliment to Walpole, which after all is no very great one, and has a sting in its tail in the allusion to the indifference with which Sir Robert tolerated the notorious levity of his first wife who died only on the 2nd August, 1737, when Sir Robert immediately married his mistress, Miss Skerritt, who died the very month before this satire was published.—CROKER.

Sir Robert's first wife was Catherine Shorter, daughter of Sir John Shorter, of Bybrook, in Kent, Lord Mayor of London.

[7] In the first edition: "Clodius."

What! shall each spur-galled hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,[1]
Or each new-pensioned sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;[2]
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It angered Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kicked that took his pay;
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turned it to a jest,
And begged, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do——
F. Hold, sir! for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?[3]
Or P—ge poured forth the torrent of his wit?[4]
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
["In power a servant, out of power a friend,"][5]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

[1] See note to ver. 1. The "spur-galled hackneys" are the party writers in the pay of the Minister.

[2] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham.—WARTON.

[3] See note to ver. 92 of Dialogue 1.

[4] Compare Imitation of Horace, 2 Sat. i. ver. 82. Dunciad, iv. 30.

[5] This line is to be found in a poem addressed by Dodington, while Lord of the Treasury, to Walpole:

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold.
Fierce opposition he unmoved shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace;
To share thy adverse fate alone pretend,
In power a servant, out of power a friend.

But, in spite of these fine promises, on the accession of George II., Dodington left Walpole, and paid his court to Sir Spencer Compton, whom he expected to be Minister. Walpole never forgave him. According to Lord Hervey, Lyttelton sought to supplant Dodington in the Prince of Wales' favour by dwelling on his ingratitude. He reports him as saying: "Though I hate Sir Robert Walpole myself, and think him a bad man and

The priest whose flattery bedropped the Crown,[1]
How hurt he you? he only stained the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,[2]
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrowed, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:[3]

a bad Minister, yet when I reflect how partial he has formerly been to Dodington, the favours he has conferred on him, the manner in which he brought him into the world, I own I am shocked to hear Dodington railing at him."—Vol. i., 433.

[1] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.—POPE.

It is difficult to understand why Pope should have added this note, unless he wished to cast a slur on the general character of the clergy. He was generally understood to refer to Dr. Alured Clarke, who, as Warton says, wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline. Mr. Croker says the Craftsman, 12th August, 1738, quotes these lines as referring to "a spiritual sycophant, who got a little reputation on first setting out in the world by two very odd and lucky accidents. He happened, it seems, to be of the same name with a *very eminent divine*, and in his person resembled the greatest poet of our age, but he hath now scribbled himself into his genuine character, and is beneath any further notice. I shall therefore conclude with a distich from Mr. Pope's last poem which seems to fit him fairly well: 'The priest, &c.'"

The "very eminent divine" of the same name as Alured Clarke was Samuel Clarke. See note on ver. 69 of Dialogue i.

[2] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71 of the preceding dialogue.—POPE.

The "florid youth" is Lord Hervey, alluding to his painting himself.—BOWLES.

Certainly not. The friend could not have asked how Hervey had offended Pope, nor would "florid" convey a just idea of Hervey's pallid aspect even when mended with paint. The "florid youth" was young Henry Fox.—CROKER.

See note on ver. 70 of Dialogue i.

[3] "Our modern authors write plays as they feed hogs in Westphaly, where but one eats pease or acorns, and all the rest feed upon his or one another's excrements."—Thoughts on Various Subjects, vol. ii., p. 406. Though these remarks were not published in the lifetime of Pope, yet the author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us that Mr. Longueville, in whose custody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impossible that any two writers could casually hit upon an image so very peculiar and uncommon.—WARTON. The book in question was written by Butler, author of Hudibras, and Pope had certainly seen it. See Moral Essay ii. note to ver. 2.

If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,[1]
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind:
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the House.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach.—P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further:[2]—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not,[3] and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write:
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?

[1] This part of the simile was doubtless intended to point to the parsimony of the Court.

[2] He now diverges into a fresh argument. Hitherto he has been excusing himself for the preponderance of blame over praise in his verse; but apart from all personal feeling, he continues, the true inspiring motive of my satire is "the strong antipathy of good to bad" (ver. 198).

[3] In the MS.:

I grant it, sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

For Japhet, Chartres, see the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.—POPE. See Moral Essays, iii. 86 and note. Pope evidently derived his knowledge of Japhet Crook's history from a pamphlet called The Unparalleled Impostor, published in 1731. In this many of Japhet's letters are printed, and they go far to confirm Pope's statement that he could not write. The following, enclosing to Hawkins, his dupe, one of his forged deeds, exhibits the extent of his literature: "Worthy Sir: Inclosed in the Bage is the Grant from the Crown with the other Writeinges be pleased to Take them home with you and at your own Laziour Peruse them

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.[1]
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:[1]
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:[2]
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,[3]
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.[4]

and If it may be your Pleasuer to be Consernd or to serve Me int I shall make the Tittell as good and firm as any on earth and all that I have Afirmed of it is truth. Your Most obledged obeidant Humbell Servant Till He's I Crook &c."

[1] From Terence: Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.—POPE.

[2] This seems fabricated from the materials of Boileau, Discours au Roi, v. 99:

En vain d'un lâche orgueil leur esprit revêtu
Se couvre du manteau d'une austère vertu:
Leur cœur, qui se connoît, et qui fuit la lumière,
S'il se moque de Dieu, craint Tartuffe et Molière.—WAKEFIELD.

[3] He probably means Westminster Hall, the local habitation of the Law and Justice.

[4] The good Eusebius, in his Evangelical Preparation, draws a long parallel between the ox and the Christian priesthood. Hence the dignified clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their thrones by the name of stalls. To which a great prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has

Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day![1]
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,—
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.[2]
When black Ambition stains a public cause,[3]
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,[4]
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.[5]
Not so, when diademed with rays divine,
Touched with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,

rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten: "Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger." By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned who slumber in their stalls. —SCRIBLERUS.

[1] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. —POPE.

[2] After ver. 227 in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
With that which followed Julius to the skies.
Angels that watched the Royal Oak so well,
How chanced ye nod, when luckless Sorel (*a*) fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduced so low;
As to the regal touch and Papal toe,
Hence, haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain

(*a*) The horse on which William III. was riding when he met with the accident that caused his death.

[3] The case of Cromwell in the Civil War of England, and (ver. 229) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.—POPE.

[4] Alluding to Waller's Panegyric on the Protector, of which Johnson says: "Such a series of verses had rarely appeared before in the English language. Of the lines some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical. There is now and then a feeble verse, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of a hero."

[5] See his Ode on Namur, where (to use his own words, "Il a fait un astre de la plume blanche que le Roi porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comète, fatale à nos ennemis."—POPE. The following is the stanza alluded to:

Contemplez dans la tempête
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoutable,
Toujours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats;
Et toujours avec la gloire,
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le suit à grands pas.

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity:[1]
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;[2]
Far other stars than * and * * wear,[3]
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;[4]
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine,)[5]
Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferred by kings;

[1] Imitated from Milton's Comus, ver. 13.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
—WAKEFIELD.

[2] The chief herald-at-arms. It is the custom at the funeral of great peers to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. —POPE. For Anstis see Imitation of Horace, Book i. Ep. 6, 82.

[3] That is, Kent and Grafton. The next line wants explanation. I have some notion Lord Mordington kept a gaming-house.—BENNET.

Dr. Bennet's conjecture as to the asterisks is not the correct one. Pope would not have scrupled to designate Kent and Grafton. I was therefore fully certain that the blanks should be filled up with "George" and "Frederick," and this conjecture I found confirmed by Lord Marchmont, who wrote these names in the margin of his copy.—CROKER.

What Dr. Bennet says about Mordington, is confirmed by a passage in Paul Whitehead's Satire of Honour. It is there said that:

Vice levels all, however high or low,
Thy gamblers Bridewell, and St. James's bites,
The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks a White's.

Mordington's low gaming house is contrasted with the fashionable gambling club at White's. Mr. Carruthers says that Mordington was a Scotch Lord of the blood of the Douglases, and that he died 11th June, 1741.

[4] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards an ambassador to France.—POPE. Lord Stair, born in 1673, died in 1747, was at this time prominent among the Opposition. He had been selected as their spokesman in protesting to the Queen against Walpole's Excise Scheme. Lord Hervey, who disparages everybody, says, "He was reckoned a man of integrity and honour."—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 104.

[5] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle and equally men of honour and virtue.—POPE.

Hough was first brought into prominent notice by his election as President of Magdalen, in opposition to the commands of James II. He was born 1653, and died on the 8th of May, 1743, having been successively Bishop of Oxford, Bishop of Lichfield, and Bishop of Worcester. Pope's

Let Flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line.
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law;[1]
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.[2]

commendation of him is evidently prompted solely by genuine respect.

Edward, Lord Digby, died 30th Nov., 1757. He was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, a circumstance which had no doubt something to do with Pope's compliment.

[1] That is, "When Truth is in danger of being cut by the edge of legal resentment, sharply whetted against the satirist, who has the boldness to assert her cause." Compare ver. 212. But I am not sure whether I understand the passage, and shall be glad to see my interpretation superseded by a better.—WAKEFIELD.

The image seems rather to represent Truth or Satire trembling on the *brink* of the Law, knowing that an incautious step would plunge her into the gulf. See note on ver. 2, and First Versification of Donne, ver. 129.

[2] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.—POPE.

In the MS.: "Quit, quit these themes, and write Essays on Man." His friend advises him to leave personal satire, and to write on Man in the abstract, as he had done in the Essay on Man.

1740.

A POEM.

"AFTER Pope's death, Lord Bolingbroke, in consequence of a clause in his will, had the command of his study. Among the sweepings was the following Satire, which was left unfinished by the poet. It fell, after Bolingbroke's death, into the hands of a kinsman, or friend of his, and has since, by some strange accident, strayed into Ireland. I saw it there about the year 1774, in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, together with a pocket book of Parnell's, Dryden's 'Limberham' corrected by himself, Pope's 'Farewell to London,' and several other papers found in the same drawer."—MALONE.[1]

"I SHALL here present the Reader with a valuable literary curiosity, a fragment of an unpublished satire of Pope, intitled One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty; communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the fragment in the following terms: 'This poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason, yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct allusions, I think in some of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont.'"—WARTON.

This curious production, though of little poetical merit, possesses great historical interest. It shows indeed so few signs of inspiration, that at first sight the reader will be inclined to doubt whether it is really Pope's. But the history of the piece seems to place its authenticity beyond doubt, and when the verses are examined more carefully, many of them are found to be in the poet's unmistakable manner, while the hieroglyphics afford a remarkable illustration of his caution and subtle ingenuity. The poem throws a vivid light on the feelings of that portion of the anti-Ministerial party which was under the immediate influence of Bolingbroke. It was written after the secession of the greater part of the Opposition from the House of Commons in 1739, a step which had been suggested by Bolingbroke himself, and the failure of which naturally led to jealousies and divisions in the motley ranks of Walpole's enemies. The feeling against Pulteney and Carteret, which in MDCCXXXVIII. had appeared as suppressed dissatisfaction, here breaks out in vehement indignation;

[1] Malone's Life, by Sir James Prior, p. 365.

boundless contempt, on the other hand, being poured on the country Jacobites and semi-Jacobites, who obeyed mechanically and without enthusiasm the direction of their more ambitious leaders. The best commentary on the Satire is the letter of Bolingbroke to Marchmont of 29 July, 1739. In this Bolingbroke draws his correspondent's attention to the similar situation of 1716, at which time he says the Constitution was in danger from the violence of party spirit, both on the side of the Whigs, who intended to engross all the power and profit of the State to themselves, and of the Jacobites who refused to recognize the new establishment. He then proceeds:

"Quorsum hæc?—to show you the effects of an ill-concerted Opposition, and that such an Opposition was formerly in a bad cause what you see it actually in a good one, worse for those who made it, and better for those against whom it was made, than no Opposition at all could have been; to show you how easily the foundations were laid of the tyranny of faction, under which you suffer at this hour, by Whigs factiously for the Government, by Tories factiously against it. To confirm your Lordship, if you wanted to be confirmed in that principle, that as long as the spirit of Whiggism and Toryism is kept alive by knaves and fools, the pretence of supporting the present establishment by methods destructive of our Constitution will remain, and that nothing can preserve this Constitution but an union and coalition of men of different parties on a national bottom, which few of those in the Opposition do really intend. This is the worst symptom I discover in our State's illness. Want of concert, activity and steadiness, may proceed from genius, temper, and habit; but this must proceed from a vicious principle at heart. If a man tells you that the measures you propose are absolutely necessary to save his country and yours from further ill consequences of maladministration and from the loss of liberty, but that he cannot take them or appear to take them, because they would turn to the ruin of the Whigs, must you not conclude that such and such a man considers the interest of his country in subordination to that of a party, which is the character of the rankest faction, and prefers his credit in that party to all the duties of a good citizen? All I have been saying has a desponding air, and I do not absolutely despond; the truth is I entertain very little hopes. Our patriots, for such they desire to be thought, and such I wish they were, made a declaration to the people of Britain when they made the secession, that they could do no real service to their country till the independency of Parliament was restored. This formal appeal to the people included the engagement of every man who concurred in it, to use his utmost endeavours, that this independency might be effectually restored and secured. What room will there now be to entertain the least gleam of hope, if neither a sense of public good nor of private honour can render these men true to an engagement so solemn and so important? It had

been better for both not to take the step, than not to carry it forward.

"To declare the independency of Parliament lost, and to sit still, is to acquiesce under the loss, to admit this real, not imaginary subversion of the British Constitution. On the event therefore of the present measure I fix my eyes. If the people will not stand by those who stand by them, or if they, who have undertaken the defence of the national cause, shrink from it, you are a subdued nation. Walpole is your tyrant to-day; and any man his Majesty pleases to name, Horace or Le Heup, may be to-morrow. In this case what can I do, my Lord, who can do so little in any other! I would contribute at any risk to save the Constitution, and to establish an administration upon national principles. But if the spirit at home rises as little, and turns as ill as I apprehend, neither I, nor you, nor any small number of men can avert the evil."

In the same letter Bolingbroke announces that he is about to send Pope certain papers which he desires Marchmont, in concert with the poet, to read and arrange. This doubtless refers to the MS. of the Patriot King, and the concluding lines of this Satire suggest that it must have been written after Pope had received the Essay, and no doubt after Marchmont had shown him the letter of Bolingbroke.

1740.

A POEM.

O WRETCHED B——![1] jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
C——,[2] his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to pow'r.
Through clouds of passion P——'s[3] views are clear,
He foams a patriot to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S——[4] jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.

[1] B——, Britain.—BOWLES.

[2] C——, Cobham. — BOWLES. Quære; Carteret.—CROKER.

Much more probable. Cobham is indicated in ver. 23; and he was not a man of such political importance as these lines suggest.

[3] This looks at first sight decisive against the authenticity of this piece, as Pulteney was not raised to the peerage till July, 1742, but Pulteney had already declared, and even published a pamphlet to that effect, that a peerage and not a place would be his object when his party should become victorious, and we now know from the Marchmont and other papers that a section of the Opposition to which Pope belonged were dissatisfied with the patriotism of Pulteney and Carteret.—CROKER.

[4] Sandys.—BOWLES.

Samuel Sandys (pronounced Sands). Horace Walpole, who hated him as the author of the motion for the removal of his father in 1741, describes him as "a republican, raised on the fall of Sir R. W. to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, then degraded to be a peer and cofferer, and soon after laid aside." His dulness and respectability are sufficiently indicated in this line, and

To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern S——[1] wou'd afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C——[2] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch—s W——[3] who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Har—y or Sir P——?[4]
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G——r, C——m, B——t,[5] pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.

as to his gravity, H. Walpole says in a letter to Mann, Christmas Eve, 1741: "Did you hear what Earle said of Sandys?—that he never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh." He was raised to the peerage in 1743, and died in 1770.

[1] Shippen.—BOWLES.

This is not quite consistent with the fact that the emissaries of the Pretender, who visited England about this period, found Shippen "timid." See Mahon's History of England, vol. 3, p. 43 (larger edition).

[2] Perhaps the Earl of Carlisle.—BOWLES.

More probably Lord Cornbury, who proved his "candour" in the following year by refusing to vote with the Opposition for Walpole's removal.

[3] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.—BOWLES.

"Charles Williams" would not suit the metre, nor indeed the sense, for Sir C. H. Williams was an adherent of Walpole; but the initials suit no other single politician whose name would fit better. The line was perhaps left unfinished, or more probably, as Mr. Carruthers suggests, two surnames were intended.

[4] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.—BOWLES. Oxenden was Sir *George*.—CROKER. There is a passage in Lord Hervey's Memoirs which may explain the allusion to Sir Paul Methuen. He says: "The end of this session (1729) was remarkable only for one change, which was Sir Paul Methuen's quitting the employment of Treasurer of the Household. His pretence for quitting was disliking the conduct of the Court in general, but his true reason was his disapprobation, not of any actual sin, but of their sin of omission in not making him Secretary of State, an appointment which he had once unaccountably in the late reign obtained, and quitted when Lord Townsend and Sir Robert Walpole were disgraced. The character of this man was a very singular one. * * As to the affair of party he called himself always a Whig: after he had quitted he went too often to Court to be well with the Opposition, and too seldom to Parliament to be well with either side—a conduct which procured him the agreeable mixed character of courtier without profit, and country gentleman without popularity."—Vol. i., 125. Compare note to ver. 2 of Dialogue 1 of the Epilogue to the Satires, in which Pope dwells more fully on those features in Sir Paul's character which he here glances at.

[5] Lord Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.—BOWLES.

with wit that must.
And C——d,[1] who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S. *harper bites*.
must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done,
Then, urg'd by C——t,[2] or by C——t stopt,
Inflam'd by P——,[3] and by P—— dropt;
They[4] follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss, if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound;[5]
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.[6]
Rise, rise, great W——,[7] fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .

[1] Lord Chesterfield.—BOWLES.

[2] Lord Carteret.—BOWLES.

[3] William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.—BOWLES.

Lord Chesterfield writes to the Earl of Stair, May, 1740, with a clear reference to Pulteney and Carteret: "Some few mean the public good, and they are for acting, and pushing of constitutional measures; but many more mean only their private interest, and they think public inaction and secret negociations the most conducive to it." And Bolingbroke writes in the same sense and in almost identical words to Marchmont on New Year's Day, 1740.

[4] These and the following lines refer to the bulk of the party, the Tory squires.

[5] *i.e.*, their only cause of discontent is that they have to pay a land-tax of five shillings in the pound.

[6] See Lord Chesterfield's Letter to the Earl of Stair, 3 December, 1739: "Sir Robert's life is thought to be very precarious, and there are many of us who already anticipate in their thoughts the joyful moment which they think not remote of coming into power; and consequently, far from desiring to make shackles for themselves, are rather willing to continue those upon the people which Sir R. has forged for them."

[7] Walpole.—BOWLES.

At length to B—— kind, as to thy . . . [1]
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy H——[2] . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Tho' still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W——,[3] and frontless Young;
Sagacious Bub,[4] so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——?[5]
Hervey and Hervey's school, F——,[6] H——y, H——n,
Yea, moral Ebor or religious Winton.[7]

[1] Mr. Croker completes the couplet:

At length to Britain kind, as to thy whore,
Espouse the nation, you debauched before.

[2] Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague, or his son Horace, who was then on his travels. —Bowles. The word "Dutch" in ver. 50 shows that old Horace was intended. Young Horace was travelling in Italy. Besides, he was not of sufficient importance to be noticed here.

[3] Winnington.—Bowles.

Thomas Winnington died in 1746. Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs of George II.," says of him: "His jolly way of laughing at his own want of principle revolted the graver sort of politicians." Hence perhaps the epithet "veracious." See Lord Hailes in Malone's Life, p. 253.

[4] Bubb Doddington.—Bowles.

In power a servant, out of power a friend.

—Epilogue to Satires, Dial. ii., 160.

[5] Probably Hare, Bishop of Chichester.—Bowles.

Hare, with others of the Bishops, opposed and defeated the Mortmain and Quakers Bill in 1736. Lord Hervey says (Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 104) that he afterwards made his peace with the Court. He had been Sir R. Walpole's tutor at Cambridge, and, according to Lord Hervey, the latter was desirous to promote him to the see of Canterbury.

[6] Fox, Henley, Hinton.—Bowles.

This line was written by some one well acquainted with secret politics, for it appears by the Hervey Papers that Fox, meaning Stephen Fox, his brother Harry, and Lord Hinton, composed what may be called Lord Hervey's personal party.—Croker.

Lord Hinton, eldest son of Earl Powlett, was made a Lord of the Bedchamber 8th Feb., 1733. See Historical Register under that date. Bishop Hare called him "Lord Hervey's Ape." See Memoirs, vol. ii. 103. For the connection between Fox and Hervey, see Epilogue to Satires, i. 71, and note.

[7] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. —Bowles.

The morals of the former were reflected on by Pope in his Sober Advice, and, though he is not actually named, in the first Moral Essay, where he appears as the "reverend sire," Hoadley's hetero-

How! what can O——w,[1] what can D——,
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N——[2] laugh, or D——'s sager,
Or thy dread truncheon M——'s[3] mighty peer?
What help from J——'s[4] opiates canst thou draw,
Or H——k's[5] quibbles voted into law?
C——,[6] that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, B——,[7] but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light pack-horse, or the heavy steer,
The sowzing prelate, or the sweating peer,
Drag out, with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in th' infectious office, *dies*.
The first firm P——y,[8] soon resigned his breath.
Brave S——w[9] lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death.

doxy was the subject of constant attack by the High Church clergy of the time.

[1] Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar, Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.

[2] N., Newcastle; D., Dorset; perhaps the last word should be "sneer." —Bowles.

Newcastle was Secretary of State; Dorset Lord Steward.—Croker.

[3] Duke of Marlborough.—Bowles.

[4] Jekyll.—Bowles. See Epilogue to Satires, i. 39.

[5] Hardwick.—Bowles. *i.e.*, the Lord Chancellor.

[6] Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.—Bowles.

The person alluded to is more likely to be Spencer *Compton*, Earl of Wilmington, Lord President of the Council. Pope says of him elsewhere: "His titles only must be his epitaph, and there can *be nothing in his monument remarkable except his nose, which I hope the statuary will do justice to.*"—Marchmont Papers, vol. ii., p. 297.

[7] Britain.—Bowles.

[8] Probably Daniel Pulteney, whose abilities were sometimes rated higher than William's, particularly after his death (in 1732), and William's peerage.—Croker. The "firmness" of Daniel is meant to contrast with the vacillation of William, already reflected on in ver. 32.

[9] Richard Lumley, Lord Scarborough, who died by his own hand, 29th January, 1740. His

Good M—m—t's fate tore P——th [1] from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard, when W——m [2] died.
Thy nobles Sl——s,[3] thy Se——s bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjur'd, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ⌣ a ⊕ ''' 's [4] ad. . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . .
Alas! on one [5] alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . .[6]
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ⊙'s [7] true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* his . . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.[8]

friends, and Lord Chesterfield particularly, who wrote a most amiable character of him, affected to be unable to account for his suicide; but it seems from this hint of Pope's that the act was committed under the influence of despondency rising out of some scandalous imputation against him.—CROKER.

[1] Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, died February, 1740, when Lord Polwarth of course had to vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

[2] Wyndham.—BOWLES.

Compare the verses on his Grotto: "When British sighs from dying Wyndham stole."

[3] Sl—s = slaves; se—s = senates. —BOWLES.

[4] Perhaps this couplet was intended to run:

An Atheist court, a thief's administration,
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink thee to damnation.

See v. 14: "companion with a thief"—*i.e.*, Walpole.

[5] Note the ambiguity of leaving it in doubt whether this young Marcellus is to be a native or a foreigner, a Papist or a Protestant, and recollect that this was four years before the "45."—CROKER.

[6] Bowles suggests:

Let him no trifler from his *father's* school,
Nor like his *father's father*, still a *fool*—
Be but a man!

[7] King's.—BOWLES.

[8] Probably the lines were intended to run—

Rich *with* his Britain, *in* his Britain strong,
Affect no conquest, &c.

The allusion in that case would be to George II.'s preference for Hanover. The patriot King would "affect no conquest" on the Continent, but he would "endure no wrong" from Spain. He would be rich enough with Britain, and strong in her love.

Whatever his religion or his blood,[1] 95
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

[1] He probably means Frederick, Prince of Wales, who took a decided part with the malcontents against Walpole's administration.—BOWLES.

Bowles first thought this related to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He subsequently thought they alluded to the Pretender, and he filled up the blanks very plausibly. It is evident that he meant an heir apparent, and "whatever his religion or his blood," would equally suit either the heir *de facto* or *de jure*.—CROKER.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

[*Reprinted from Dodsley and Cooper's edition of* 1743.]

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

"Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ;
Interdum Urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò ——"—HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

THAT for this knowledge it is not sufficient to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own observation, singly, V. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, 15; the further difficulty of separating and fixing this, arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c., 23. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, 29. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, 41. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, 51 to 70. Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, 71. Characters given according to the rank of men in the world, and some reason for it, 87. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many, 101. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, 122. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, 130. Unimaginable weakness in the greatest, 140. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature. Of men we cannot judge, by his nature, his actions, his passions, his opinions, his manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change, 160, &c. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and only can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of his actions, 176. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, 181. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, 212. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, 224, &c.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns, he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain;
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind, as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown,
Or fancy's beam inlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds?
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
Life's stream for observation will not stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant, 'tis his principle no more;
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it, in the moment you detect.
Oft, in the passions wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.

As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cause of all we do.
  In vain the grave, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune, or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, other shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
  Not always actions show the man; we find,
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
Not therefore humble, he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
  But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain, rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
  Ask why from Britain, Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct, one, heroic love.
  'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop, what you will:
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In life's low vale, (the soil the virtues like)
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And always set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the vulgar mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd,
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
True, some are open and to all men known;
Others so very close they're hid from none:
(So darkness fills the eye no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
Who but detests th' endearments of Courtine?
While one there is, who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find,
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind.
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy,
And in the cunning, truth itself 's a lie.
Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise,
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out:
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave;
Save just at dinner —— then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patritio's high desert?
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bett.
Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.
What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden saint revere?
A godless Regent tremble at a star?

The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit.
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit!
Europe, a woman, child, or dotard rule;
And just her ablest monarch made a fool!
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! lost, as soon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground!
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
Manners with fortunes, humour change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Affections? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change!
'Tis in the ruling passion: there alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and Clodio stands confest.
Clodio, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him, master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of nature, and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt:
His passion, still to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad out-cast of each Church and State!
And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Clodio broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear, the knave should call him fool.

Nature well known, no miracles remain ;
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet in the search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take :
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends : ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise :
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion, man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this : it sticks to our last sand :
Consistent in our follies, and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race.
Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd
By his own sons that pass him by un-bless'd !
Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate :
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.
Mercy ! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul !
Is there no hope ? alas ! then bring the jowl.
"Odious ! in woollen ! 'twou'd a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And, Betty ! give this cheek a little red.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And blunder on in bus'ness to the last ;
As weak as earnest ; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanes'brow, dancing in the gout.
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind.
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir."
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, sir ? My money, sir ! what all !
"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The mannor, sir ? "The mannor ! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you ! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"O save my country, Heav'n !" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

TO A LADY.

Of the characters of women (considered only as contradistinguished from the other sex). That these are yet more inconsistent and incomprehensible than those of men, of which instances are given even from such characters as are plainest, and most strongly marked; as in the affected, Ver. 7, &c. The soft-natured, 29; the cunning, 45; the whimsical, 50; the wits and refiners, 69; the stupid and silly, 80. How contrarieties run through them all.

But though the particular characters of this sex are more various than those of men, the general characteristick, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform and confined. In what that lies, and whence it proceeds, 109, &c. Men are best known in publick life, women in private, 110. What are the aims, and the fate of the sex, both as to power and pleasure? 121, 133, &c. Advice for their true interest, 151. The picture of an estimable woman, made up of the best kind of contrarieties, 171, &c.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side:
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
Is there, a naked Leda with a swan,
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grows romantic, I must paint it!
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Chuse a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sapho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sapho, at her toilet's greazy task,
And issuing flagrant to an evening mask,
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the setting-sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend,
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.

Sudden she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure, Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see——a pimple on her nose.
  Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
  Ladies like variegated tulips show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Such happy spots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypso once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
  Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare,
Gave alms at Easter in a christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim,
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame!
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
  Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray,
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God but of her stars to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise fool! with pleasures too refin'd to please,
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
With too much quickness ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought:
Who purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her, whose life the Church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a pray'r:

Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no such place!
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit,
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
  Pictures like these, (dear madam) to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right;
For how should equal colours do the knack,
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
  In publick stations men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full view display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in publick 'tis you hide;
Where none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
Each is a sort of virtue, and of vice.
  In men, we various ruling passions find,
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey;
The love of pleasures, and the love of sway.
  That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is still to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this: by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
  Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is, at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to publick strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.
  Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone:
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
  Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To cover flying, and regret when lost.
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend:
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry miserable night;

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
  See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards,
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend,
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot!
  Ah friend! to dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the thought and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
  Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
Who never answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Lets fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' China fall.
  And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last, best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools.
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride,
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces———you.
  Ev'n such is woman's fame: with this un-blest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the year,)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parent's simple pray'r.
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself:
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

THE true use of riches known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice, or profusion. Ver. 1, &c. The point discuss'd whether the invention of money was more commodious or pernicious to mankind, 21 to 28. Riches can scarce afford necessaries either to the avaritious or prodigal, much less any happiness, 81, &c. It is never for their own families, or for the poor, that misers covet wealth, but a direct phrensy without an end or purpose, 100. Conjectures, about the motives of avaritious men, to 152. That it can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, 153 to 178. A picture of a miser acting upon principles which appear to him reasonable, 179. Another of a prodigal acting on the contrary principles which seem to him equally right, 199. The due medium and true use of riches, 219 to 248. The character and praises of the Man of Ross, 250. The fate of the covetous, and of the profuse, in two examples, 298 and 315. That both are miserable, in life and in death. The tale of Sir Balaam, the degrees of corruption by riches, and the consequences, 339, &c.

EPISTLE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BATHURST.

WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n,
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
  But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the Sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.
  Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:
But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
And if we count among the needs of life
Another's toil, why not another's wife?
Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires:
Trade it may help, society extend;
But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend:
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold saps on from knave to knave.
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oyl:
"Huge bales of British cloath blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
(Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd)
Had Colepeper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! that advanc'd so high,
Now lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf can waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf like Sybil's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, gold and all.
What riches give us, let us first enquire;
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and fire,
Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour, Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
They might, (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat:
To some indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:"
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with lifted eyes)
"The wretch he starves" —— and piously denies;
But rev'rend S—on with a softer air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides,
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
Who suffer thus, meer charity should own
Must act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some war, some plague, some famine they foresee,
Some revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a General Excise.
Why she and Sapho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold,

Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
  Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate.
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and butler share alike the box,
"The Judge shall job, the Bishop bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
No mean court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
No lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, (asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease)
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
For tho' such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
  Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each passion sends,
"And diff'rent men, directs to different ends,
"Extremes in nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
  Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare,
The next, a fountain spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him, till they burst.
  Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and sallads, blest his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:

To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreuse stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steed another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
  Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed.
Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine,
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause:
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house that eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet,
Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands,
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To Court he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at Court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
  The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously persu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with œconomy, magnificence,
With splendor, charity, with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.
  To want, or worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n.
Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incence to the skies.
  Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a fidler, flatt'rer, or buffoon:

Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger, 'ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross, divides the weekly bread:
Behold yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.
"Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
"What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.
"Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
"What mines, to swell that boundless charity?"
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
"And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
"His race, his form, his name almost unknown?"
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saw'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;

That live-long Wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal Buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend,
And see, what comfort it affords our end!
  In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung.
On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—Alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this Lord of useless thousand ends.
  His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler was confess'd:
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name?"
  Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—— A tale —— it follows thus.
  Where London's column pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes:
There dwelt a citizen of noble fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name,
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
Constant at church, and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your self," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side;
Till all the dæmon makes his full descent,
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit.
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn,
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady, catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Conningsby harrangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown;
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE SAME.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON.

THE extremes of avarice and profusion being treated of in the foregoing Epistle, this takes up one particular branch of the latter; the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, Ver. 13, that the first principle and foundation, in this as in everything else, is good sense, 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, 65, &c., to 90. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole, 93; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, 103, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in musick, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, 125, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, 161 (recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Epist. 2, and in the Epistle preceding this, V. 165). What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, 169, &c., and finally the great and publick works which become a Prince, 187 to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ,
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats,
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and designs,
For Fountain statues, and for Pembroke coins,
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and rarities for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a garden-gate:
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
Or call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide;
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'n to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale,
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work, designs.
Begin with sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill, or shelter'd seat again.
Behold Villario's ten-years toil compleat,
His arbours darken, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light:
A waving glow his bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er——
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet.
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves,
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews.
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those allies they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "what sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees?
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze.
Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keeness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,
With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs,
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs,
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:

But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat,
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound.
Lo some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Lock or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chappel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of musick, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio, or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb,
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear,
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweetwine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear, no day was ever past so ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease;

Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pr'de or show,
But future buildings, future navies grow;
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' idea's of your mind,
Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
Bid harbors open, publick ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the god, ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

APPENDIX II.

CHARACTER OF MARLBOROUGH.

In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay
(How happy !), those to ruin, these betray,
Mark by what wretched steps great * * grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
One equal course how Guilt and Greatness ran,
And all that raised the Hero sunk the Man.
Now Europe's Laurels on his brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold :
What wonder triumphs never turned his brain,
Filled with mean fear to lose, mean joy to gain.
Hence see him modest, free from pride or show ;
Some Vices were too high, but none too low.
Go then, indulge thy age in Wealth and Ease,
Stretched on the spoils of plundered palaces :
Alas ! what *wealth*, which no one act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
Alas ! what *ease*, those furies of thy life,
Ambition, Av'rice, and the imperious Wife,
The trophied Arches, storied Halls invade,
And haunt their[1] slumbers in the pompous shade.
No joy, no pleasure from successes past,
Timid, and therefore treacherous, to the last.
Hear him, in accents of a pining ghost,
Sigh, with his captive, for his offspring lost.[2]
Behold him loaded with unreverenced years,
Bathed in unmeaning, unrepentant tears,
Dead, by regardless Vet'rans borne on high,
Dry pomps, and obsequies without a sigh.
Who now his fame or fortune shall prolong ?
In vain his consort bribes for venal song.[3]

[1] He forgot to correct "their" to "his" in this line.

[2] Marshal Tallard, who was himself taken prisoner, and whose son was killed at the battle of Blenheim. Addison alludes to the death of the latter in The Campaign :—

> "Unfortunate Tallard ! oh, who can name
> The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
> That with mixed tumult in thy bosom swelled,
> When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repelled,
> Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
> Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground ?
> Thyself in bondage by the victor kept,
> The chief, the father and the captive wept."

Marlborough's only son, the Marquis of Blandford, died on the 20th of February, 1708.

[3] See Introductory Notes to Second Moral Essay, p. 87.

No son, nor grandson, shall the line sustain,
The husband toils, the Adulterer sweats in vain:
In vain a nation's zeal, a senate's cares.
"Madness and Lust"[1] (said God) "be you his heirs;
O'er his vast heaps, in drunkenness of pride,
Go wallow, Harpies, and your prey divide!"
Alas! not dazzled with his noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening of his day:
The whole amount of that enormous Fame
A Tale! that blends the Glory with the Shame!

[1] Alluding to the character of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, satirised in the Second Moral Essay as Philomede.

APPENDIX III.

LETTERS FROM POPE TO JACOB TONSON RESPECTING THE MAN OF ROSS.[1]

Extract from a letter dated Twickenham, 14th Nov., 1731.

"You live not far from Ross. I desire you to get me an exact information of the *Man of Ross*. What was his Xtian and surname, what year he dyed, and about what age? And to transcribe his epitaph if he had one, and any particulars you can procure about him. I intend to make him an example in a Poem of mine."

TWICKENHAM, *June* 7, 1732.

DEAR SIR,

Before I received y^r^ last I intended to write to you my thanks for ye great Diligence (or let me give it a higher title) Zeal you have shown in giving me so many particulars of the Man of Ross. They are more than sufficient for my honest purpose of setting up his fame as an example to greater and wealthier men how they ought to use their Fortunes. You know few of these particulars can be made to shine in verse, but I have selected the most affecting, and added two or three which I learned from other hands. A small exaggeration you must allow me as a Poet, yet I was determined the ground work at least should be truth, which made me so scrupulous in my enquiries, and sure, considering that the world is bad enough to be always extenuating and lessening what Virtue is among us, it is but reasonable to pay it sometimes a little over measure to balance that injustice, especially when it is done for example and encouragement to others. If any man shall ever happen to endeavour to emulate the Man of Ross, 'twill be no manner of harm if I make him think he was something more charitable and more Beneficent than really he was, for so much more good it w^ld^ put the imitator upon doing, and further I am satisfyed in my conscience (from ye strokes in 2 or 3 *accounts* I have of his character) that it was in his will and in his heart to have done every good a Poet can imagine.

My motive in singling out this man was twofold. First to distinguish Real and solid worth from showish or plausible expense, and virtue from vanity; and secondly to humble the pride of greater men, by an opposition of one so obscure and so distant from all ye sphere of public glory—this proud town. To send you any of the particular verses will be much to the prejudice of the whole, which if it has any Beauty derives it from the manner in which it is *Placed* as y^e^ *contrast*E (as ye Painters call it) in which it stands with ye pompous figures of famous or rich or high born men.

I was not sorry he had no monument, and will put that circumstance into a note, perhaps into the body of the Poem itself (unless you entreat the contrary in y^r^ own favour by y^r^ zeal to erect one). I would however in this case spare

[1] The originals of these letters, with others, are now in the possession of W. R. Baker, Esq., Bayfordbury, Herts.

y^r^ censure upon his Heir (so well as he deserves it), because I daresay after seeing his Picture every body will turn that circumstance to his honour, and conclude the Man of Ross himself w^d^ not have any monument in memory of his own good name.

I have no thought of printing ye Poem (which is an Epistle on the Use of Riches) this long time; perhaps not till it is accompanied by many others; and at a time when telling the truth and making and drawing exemplary pictures of men and manners can be of no disservice to the Author, and occasion no slanderer to mistake them and apply them falsely, as I was lately serv^d^ in the character of Timon. But I wish for nothing more than to see you here on the Quiet Banks of the Thames—where any of these things should be frankly shewn to you.

My portrait by Dohl I have sent a week ago to y^r^ nephew; you oblige me in ye copy of my old friend Dr. Garth, and you will always oblige me by continuing to write to me. As to Dr. Bentley and Milton, I think the one *above* and ye other *below* all criticism. Adieu, and Health and Peace and Fair Weather attend you.

Y^r^, A. Pope.

(*Address not preserved, but sent to Tonson at The Hazells, Ledbury.*)

APPENDIX IV.

FIRST DRAFT OF THE EPISTLE TO JERVAS.

THIS small, well polished gem (ye work of years)
In Dryden's diction still more bright appears.
Yet here how faint each Image seems to shine,
Matched with thy soul's rich unexhausted mine!
Whence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Rise / Strike } on ye sketch, or on ye canvass glow,
Where Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness or a Berkeley's[1] eyes.
Nature to thee has all her graces shown,
And gave thee words to make those graces known.
If Raphael writ, or if Leandro wrought,
The verse is perished, or the piece forgot;
Even Fresnoy painted with unfruitful pains;
The artist lost, the critic yet remains.
Of Jervas only future years shall tell,
None practised better, none explained so well.
Thou only saw'st what others could not know,
Or if they saw it, only thou canst show.
Like friendly colours our kind arts unite,
Each from the mixture gathering strength and light;
Their forms, their features in resemblance strike,
As twins they vary, and as twins are like,
Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.
How oft in pleasing labours of the day
Long summer suns rolled unperceived away![2]
At night we met [?], each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend
How oft in fancy long amusement sought [?],
And form[ed] the distant journey in our thought!
Smit with the love of art, methinks, we go,
Together tread the eternal Alpine snow.
* * * [3]

[1] Lady Louisa Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, and wife of James, third Earl of Berkeley. She was appointed in 1714 Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. She died of small-pox, Jan. 1716-7.

[2] Or

In kindred { studies / labours } might we wear the day,
And suns on suns roll unperceived away.

[3] The MS. is here quite undecipherable.

Thou o'er thy Raphael's monument shouldst mourn,
I wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn.
Here Art's rich reliques for our sorrows call,
A mouldered marble, or a faded wall.
There . . . . . .
. . . . . well studied busts attract the eye.

APPENDIX V.

A COMPARISON of the following cancelled page of Warburton's edition of 1751 with the equivalent page in the published edition will explain the origin of the second title of the Epistle to Arbuthnot, and of the change of name in the poem now called Epilogue to the Satires. It will be seen that Warburton had written a long and satirical—and it may be added, a very stupid—note upon the couplet found in Pope's MS. after ver. 6 of that Epistle. He seems afterwards to have thought that it might be impolitic to provoke Mallet's resentment, and he accordingly cancelled the page. But as he had to supply the hiatus in the page, left by the removal of the note, he invented the title Prologue to the Satires; and to carry out his idea he called the two Dialogues, published originally under the title of Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight, the Epilogue to the Satires. It need hardly be said there is no connection between the Epistle to Arbuthnot and the various Imitations of Horace.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT. 9

And now the Poem, which holds ſo much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the diſorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and ſlander could occaſion, concludes with the utmoſt calmneſs and ſerenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [℣ 388 to the end.]

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 6. in the MS.

And now vile Poets riſe before the light,
And walk, like *Marg'ret's Ghoſt*[a], at dead of night.

[a] Written by one MALLOCK. Since riſen, by due degrees, from a maker of Ballads, to a maker of Lives. He made L. B.'s life, and by ill hap forgot he was a *Philoſopher:* he is now about making the D. of M.'s. Be not ſurprized, therefore, gentle reader, if he ſhould forget that his Grace was a *General.* This is he, to whom Mr. P. in his laſt illneſs, in ſpite of the *Ducheſs's prohibition*, gave livery and ſeiſin of APOLLO, in due form of Law. How they came to lay their *heads* together, to convey away Parnaſſus to a ſtranger, Mr. M. can beſt tell. But it proved a bad bargain, and he has ſince arraigned his dead Patron for a Cheat. Happy for him, Mr. P. had more *Gods* than one: and, in the diſpoſal of his ſtock, Apollo's ſpurious ſon, the *French Phœbus*, fell to his ſhare; and he has found him not ſo deaf to his invocation as the aforeſaid God of verſe. SCRIBL.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searle, his old and faithful ſervant · whom he has remembered, under that , in his Will.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT. 9

And now the Poem, which holds ſo much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the diſorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and ſlander could occaſion, concludes with the utmoſt calmneſs and ſerenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [℣. 388. to the end.]

EPISTLE to Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

APPENDIX VI.

VERSIONS OF THE CHARACTER OF ATTICUS.

I.—THE CHARACTER AS PRINTED IN CYTHEREIA, PUBLISHED IN 1723.

If Dennis writes and rails in furious Pet,
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt;
If meagre Gildon draws his meaner quill,
I wish the man a dinner and sit still:
But should there one whose better stars conspire
To form a Bard, and raise a genius higher:
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to Live, Converse, and Write with ease;
Should such a One, resolved to reign alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with Jealous, yet with Scornful Eyes,
Hate him for Arts, that caused Himself to rise;
Damn with faint Praise, assent with Civil Leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to Sneer;
Alike reserved to blame or to command,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend:
Fearing e'en Fools; by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hit [1] the Fault, and hesitate Dislike:
Who when [2] *Two Wits* on rival *Themes* contest,
Approves of both, but likes the Worst the Best.
Like CATO, give *his little Senate Laws*,
And sits attentive to his own *Applause*,
While *Wits* and *Templars* ev'ry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise
Who would not laugh if such a man there be!
Who would not weep, if ADDISON were he.

II.—THE MS. AT LONGLEAT WRITTEN SOME TIME BEFORE 1724.

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill [3]
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still;

[1] This is clearly a misprint for "hint."
[2] The Translators of Homer, viz., Himself and Mr. Tickell. (Sic in orig.)
[3] The "venal quill" in this line, shows that this version was posterior to that published in Cytherea. The alteration was probably made in consequence of the report that the

If D—s rhymes and raves in furious fret,
I'll answer D—s when I am in debt:
Hunger and Malice makes such authors print,
And who'll wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?
But were there one whom better stars conspire
To bless, whom Titan touched with purer fire,
Who born with Talents, bred in Arts to please,
Was formed to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Or pleased to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend
A tim'rous foe and a suspicious friend;
Fearing e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged,
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves them both, but likes the worst the best:
Like Cato gives his little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While Fops and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
What pity, Heaven, if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if A—n were he?

III.—CURLL'S MISCELLANY. 1727.

If Dennis writes and rails with furious Pet,
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt;
If meaner Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the wretch a dinner, and sit still:
Tis Hunger, and not Malice makes them print,
And who'd wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?
But were there one whom better Stars conspire
To form a Bard, and raise his Genius higher,
Blest with each Talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease,
Shou'd such a Man, too fond to Reign alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no Brother near the Throne?
View him with scornful yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts which caused Himself to rise.
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering—teach the rest to Sneer:
Wishing to wound—and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike:

verses had been written after Addison's death, and shows that Pope had thus early formed in his mind the story by which he afterwards sought to rebut the damaging charge against him.

Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend :
Fearing e'en Fools, by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged :
Who when two[1] Wits on rival Themes contest,
Approves of each, yet likes the worst the best ;
Like Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
And sits attentive to his own Applause ;
Whilst Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise ;
Who wou'd not laugh if such a Man there be,
Who would not weep if Addison were he ?[2]

IV.—FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE. PUBLISHED IN THE MISCELLANY OF 1727.

If meagre Gildon draws his venal Quill,
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still ;
If dreadful D——s raves in furious Fret,
I'll answer D——s when I am in debt ;
Tis Hunger, and not Malice, makes them print,
And who'll wage War with Bedlam or the Mint ?
Should some more sober Critics come abroad,
If wrong, I smile ; if right, I kiss the Rod.
Pains, Reading, Study, are their just Pretence,
And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.
Commas and Points they set exactly right ;
And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their Mite.
In future Ages how their Fame will spread,
For routing Triplets, and restoring *ed.*
Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel graced those Ribalds,
From sanguine Sew— down to piddling T——s,
Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells,
A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.
Yet even this Creature may some Notice claim,
Wrapt round and sanctified with Shakespeare's name ;
Pretty, in Amber to observe the forms
Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms :
The Thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil it got there.
Are others angry ? I excuse them too,
Well may they rage ; I gave them but their Due.
Each man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
That casting Weight, Pride adds to Emptiness ;
This who can gratify ? For who can guess ?
The Wretch whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian Tale for half a crown,

[1] The Translators of Homer, viz., Himself and Mr. Tickell.

[2] Curll, it will be seen, must have taken this version from some copy of the Character, differing both from that published in Cythereia and that sent to Lord Harley. Judging from the Fragment in the Miscellany, Curll's version was the earlier.

Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound Brains six Lines a year;
In sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
[1] Jo——n, who now to sense now Nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning;
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
[2] It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
Should modest Satire bid all these translate,
And own that nine such Poets make a T——te,
How would they fume, and roar, and stamp and chafe
How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose Fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each Talent and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse and live with ease;
Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil Leer,
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Or wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
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Alike reserved to blame or to commend
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Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
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What pity, Heaven, if such a man there be,
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[1] Charles Johnson. Author of the Victim and Cobbler of Preston.—POPE.
[2] A verse of Dr. Evans.—POPE.

END OF VOL. VI.

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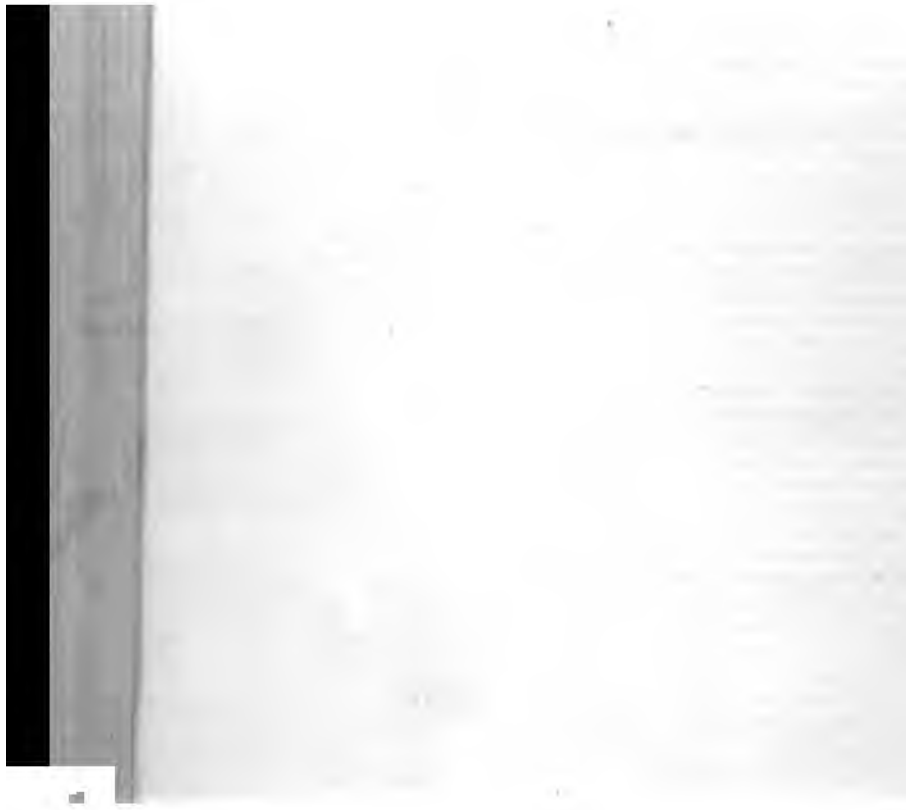

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